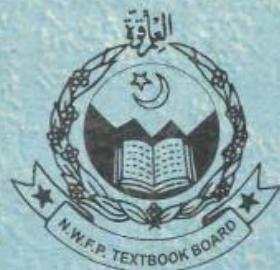


Intermediate  
**English Book II**

For  
**Class-XII**



**NWFP TEXTBOOK BOARD, PESHAWAR**

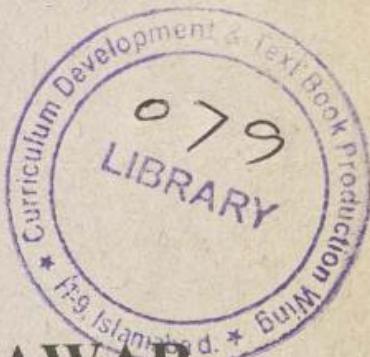
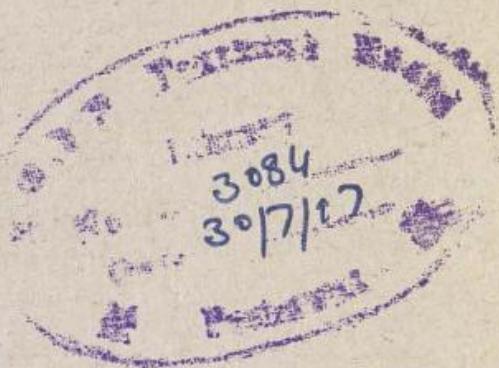


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# *Intermediate English Book II*

*For*

*Class-XII*



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## Preface

This volume contains fourteen essays, a novel and ten poems. Since the selection of reading material has been made bearing in mind students of the higher secondary school level (commonly known as the intermediate level), this volume will provide pleasure as well as education to them all. Education does not mean learning facts and details; it is acquiring values, ethical and moral standards and principles, in short, a code of social behaviour. Every selection in this volume tries to teach a value. Young people of this age group are in a period of life that requires guidance so that they become good human beings.

More important to them than anything else are the problems that concern them deeply at this point in their lives, such as what kind of person they will become, how they may bring real meaning into their lives, how they can achieve what they want, how they can make themselves agreeable and likeable, how they can make their peers admire them, and how they can make their parents and other adults understand them. These are genuine problems and the adults must understand them as such.

Literature is the best means of entertainment as well as guidance. Literary pieces, if chosen well, not only give pleasure but also provide unobtrusive instruction to the youth. Children and young people easily identify with the characters they like, particularly, if these are of the same age group.

The essays, poems, and the novel contained in this anthology deal with things and issues that young people of this age will have to face sooner or later. If the values taught by this collection are really imbibed by the young hearts and minds, they shall verily become the cynosures of the 21<sup>st</sup> century Pakistan.

I hope students and teachers will find this selection entertaining and educating.

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## The Holy Prophet ﷺ : A Perfect Man

Muhammad (SAW) is the only Messenger and man in history whose entire life record is fully preserved. Not only the important events of his life, but the record of his daily life, from birth to death, is written on the pages of history. All his sayings, doings, actions and the details of his conduct and character are kept; even details of his life-style such as how he walked, talked, sat, and prayed. What was the colour of his eyes, his hair, his face? How did he dress? What Surahs did he recite in prayers before and after sleep; when riding a horse or a camel; before and after meals; and at the time of putting on new clothes, etc. How did he live with his family and what was his behaviour with his wives, servants, etc? In short, his whole life, at home, in the mosque and outside, was fully known to his companions, and was recorded as an open book so that the following generations could learn lessons and get inspiration from his example.

Another thing about his life is that, it is most comprehensive and perfect and can serve as an ideal for men and women of all ages, working in all professions and trades. Muhammad (SAW) was not only a Messenger but a human being as well. He taught people to be good, honest and just in their private as well as public dealings, and his teachings were not confined to the mosque. At home, he talked with his wives and in the market place he explained principles of buying and selling. When he was receiving deputations from abroad, he talked about inter-state matters which laid the foundations of international law. When at war, he devised laws of war and peace. While deciding disputes between his companions, he gave them a civil and criminal code of judgement. And to protect the rights of individuals and groups in the state, he gave them the judgements which later became the constitutional law of the Islamic state.

In short, he passed through various stages in his life and experienced many different situations first hand. In his childhood, he was a herdsman and looked after the sheep of his foster-parents and later on, at Makkah, he looked after his family's and neighbour's herds. He became a trader by profession and worked for some time in this capacity to earn his living. He went on trading trips to other neighbouring countries. He married, had children and lived a very happy life with his family. Later on, at Medinah, he became the head of the community and acted in various capacities: as a judge, chief administrator, a military commander, etc. Thus he had vast experience in various positions and had gained a great deal of knowledge of human needs in diverse circumstances.

Fortunately, he left a comprehensive account of all his experiences for the benefit of future generations. His teachings are preserved in their original form in the Qur'an, and his sayings and doings are preserved in the form of Hadith. These records cover matters of morality, spirituality, economics, sociology, and politics. The advice is absolutely perfect and free from human weakness. It shows us the moderate way of life, avoiding both extremes of the right and the left. Besides, it is practical and meets all the needs of man. Above all, the living example of Muhammad (SAW) is completely preserved to command love and reverence from his followers and inspire generations of people forever. These two sources, the teachings and the life example of Muhammad (SAW) will always provide light and guidance to those who need it whatever walks of life they are in.

Muhammad's (SAW) life is a perfect model and example for people to follow to attain goodness, piety and success in their individual as well as social life. People can seek light from his Message and guidance from his life; the two are the eternal sources of guidance for men (and women) in their struggle to achieve perfection in the moral, spiritual and social areas of life. He has set very high and noble ideals through his practical example for all mankind to follow in every field of life.

The Qur'an describes the personality of Muhammad (SAW) in these words, "And you (stand) on an exalted standard of character. (68:4). Thus, in the words of the Quran, the standard of his character and personality was far, far above, that of other human beings. He possessed the best and noblest qualities of the perfect man. He is like a jewel illuminating the dark environment with his radiant personality, ideal example and glorious Message.

Someone once enquired about his character and manners from his wife, Aisha (RA), and she replied that the Quran was his character. This means that not only did he verbally teach the Quran to the people, but practised it and was himself a perfect example of the Quran in practice. Whatever the Quran commanded, he obeyed, and whatever it forbade, he abstained from it more than anyone else. He adopted, more than anyone else, the good qualities the Quran honoured, and rejected those it condemned. According to his wife, Aisha (RA), he never beat any of his servants and never took revenge for anything.

Muhammad (SAW) was thus a true example of a perfect man. He lived the life of an ordinary man. He helped the poor, orphans, and widows. He was kind to the weak and hospitable to strangers and travellers. He suffered cruelties yet harmed none. He was affectionate and loving towards his friends and forgiving and merciful towards his enemies. He was sincere and honest in his mission; good and fair in his dealings; and just in deciding affairs of friends as well as of enemies. In short, all goodness and all excellence seem to have combined in the person of Muhammad (SAW).

A person of such magnitude transcends the barriers of time and space. People of all ages can find something in his life to provide them with guidance in their various fields of activity. The Holy Quran clearly mentions this aspect of life, "We have indeed, in the Messenger of God, a good example (of conduct) for anyone whose hope is in God and the Final Day." (33:1).

Anas (RA) said that he served Muhammad (SAW) for ten years from the time he was eight years old and the Prophet (SAW) never blamed him for anything which was damaged by his hand. If any member of the Prophet's family blamed him, Muhammad (SAW) would simply ask them to leave him alone.

He is an ideal example for men (and women) to follow in their daily life, and people who believe in God and hope for the Day of Judgement can find in him a true ideal and an excellent example for them to follow.

### Vocabulary

Encyclopedia of Seerah Vol –I,  
Afzalur Rehman

Words	Meanings
eternal (adj)	without beginning or end; lasting forever
virtue (n)	the quality or practice of moral excellence or righteousness
malpractice (n)	immoral, illegal, or unethical professional conduct
Divine (adj)	of, relating to, or characterising of God
benefactor (n)	a person who helps or supports a person or an institution, e.g. an orphanage, by giving money
sublime (adj)	of high moral, aesthetic, intellectual or spiritual value; noble, exalted
reverence (n)	profound respect, usually for the sacred or Divine
piety (n)	dutiful devotion to God; observance of religious principles
radiant (adj)	sending out rays of light; bright; shining
magnitude (n)	relative importance or significance
to transcend (v)	to go above or beyond some limit in excellence
deputation	delegation

### Questions:

1. What is the difference between the teachings of the Holy Prophet (SAW) and those of other prophets and messengers?
2. How is the life of the Holy Prophet (SAW) an example for every one?

### Writing:

Narrate an event of sublime conduct from the life of the Holy Prophet (SAW).

# **Unit-I**

## **1. The Paragraph**

### **1.1 What is a Paragraph?**

A paragraph is a collection of related sentences dealing with a single topic. To be as effective as possible, a paragraph should contain each of the following: *Unity, Coherence, a Topic Sentence, and Adequate Development*. As you will see, all of these traits overlap. Using and adapting them to your individual purpose will help you construct effective paragraphs.

#### **1.1.1. Unity:**

The entire paragraph should concern itself with a single focus. If it begins with a one focus or major point of discussion, it should not end with another or wander within different ideas.

#### **1.1.2. Coherence:**

Coherence is the trait that makes the paragraph easily understandable to a reader. You can maintain coherence in your paragraphs by creating logical bridges and verbal bridges.

##### **Logical bridges:**

- The same idea of a topic is carried over from sentence to sentence.
- Successive sentences can be constructed in parallel form.

##### **Verbal bridges:**

- Key words can be repeated in several sentences.
- Synonymous words can be repeated in several sentences.
- Pronouns can refer to nouns in previous sentences.
- Transition words can be used to link ideas from different sentences.

#### **1.1.3. A Topic Sentence:**

A topic sentence is a sentence that indicates in a general way what idea or thesis the paragraph is going to deal with. Although not all paragraphs have clear-cut topic sentences, and despite the fact that topic sentences can occur anywhere in the paragraph (as the first sentence, the last sentence, or somewhere in the middle), an easy way to make sure your reader understands the topic of the paragraph is to put your topic sentence near the beginning of the paragraph. (This is a good general rule for less experienced writers, although it is not the only way to do it).

#### 1.1.4. Adequate Development

The topic (introduced by the topic sentence) should be discussed fully and adequately. Again, this varies from paragraph to paragraph, depending on the author's purpose, but writers should avoid paragraphs that have only two or three sentences. It's more likely that the paragraph is not fully developed if it is that short.

Here are some methods to make sure your paragraph is well-developed:

- Use examples and illustrations
- Cite data (facts, statistics, evidence, details, and others)
- Examine testimony (what other people say such as quotes and paraphrases)
- Use an anecdote or story
- Define terms in the paragraph
- Compare and contrast
- Evaluate causes and reasons
- Examine effects and consequences
- Analyze the topic
- Describe the topic
- Offer a chronology of an event (time segments)

#### 1.2. Paragraph Development

In developing a paragraph, the writer usually (1) begins with a topic sentence, (2) develops the main idea by a series of related sentences that explain the idea fully, and (3) concludes with a sentence that restates or summarizes the main idea. Look at the diagram below which shows the development of a paragraph.

First Sentence	Topic Sentence
Development: Series of related sentences	Sentence 2
	Sentence 3
	Sentence 4
	Sentence 5 (or more)
	Final Sentence
	Concluding Sentence

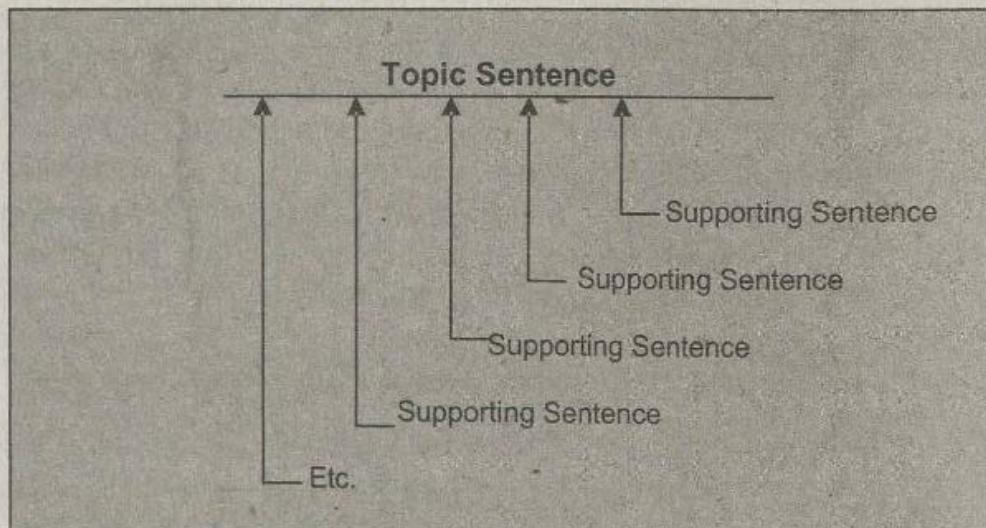
Bear in mind that a paragraph is more than a group of sentences. A paragraph must be unified, meaning that it must deal with one single idea (the main idea) and that each sentence must be related to this idea. It must be coherent—that is,

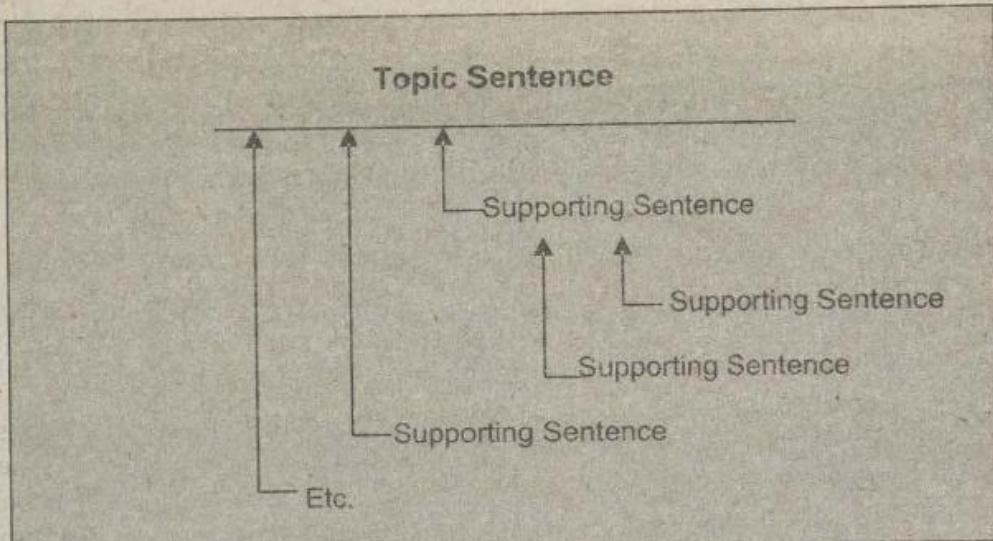
it must state the main idea clearly—and the sentences that develop the main idea must be arranged according to some logical order that will allow the reader to follow your thoughts through the paragraph without stumbling or backtracking. Finally, a paragraph must be complete. It should develop the main idea fully enough so that the reader will understand and appreciate what you are saying.

In the sample paragraph that follows, the main idea (or topic) of the paragraph is stated in the first sentence.

Topic Sentence ( <i>Italics</i> )	<p><i>The next discipline we might call the Discipline of Culture, of Society, of What People Really Do.</i> Man is a social, a cultural animal. Children sense around them this culture, this network of agreements, customs, habits, and rules binding the adults together. They want to understand it and be a part of it. They watch very carefully what people around them are doing and want to do the same. They want to do right; unless they become convinced they can't do right.</p> <p>John Holt "Three Disciplines for Children"</p>
--------------------------------------	---

Remember also that some of the sentences may support the topic sentence directly and some indirectly; that is, some sentences may be related to the preceding supporting sentences by providing examples, details, or further explanation. However, all these sentences must be related to the topic in some way and must refer back to the topic sentence. Notice the following two diagrams.





If a paragraph does all this — that is, 1) if it announces its main idea in the topic sentence, and 2) if all the supporting sentences contribute to the reader's understanding of the main idea — we say that the paragraph is *unified*, or that it has *unity*. If the paragraph fails to do this, we say that it lacks unity.

Now study the following paragraph. It lacks unity. You should be able to say why it lacks unity.

There are two main reasons why I have decided to attend Crichton University next year. Applying to a college is a terribly complicated process. Some of my friends chose colleges for very bad reasons. John has never been to college. I've met his grandfather, and he still has an incredibly sharp mind for a man of his age. Susan chose a university because the food in the region was said to be quite good. Susan is really not too clever, I suppose, so I shouldn't criticise her. Actually, I think it was her father who made the choice for her.

Did you notice that *none* of the above sentences actually discusses the topic which was announced in the topic sentence? The paragraph was supposed to be about the writer's **two main reasons** for choosing Crichton University. However, he never actually tells us. Do you know his two reasons?

If we keep the same topic sentence and rewrite the paragraph in a more unified fashion, we might end up with something like this.

There are two main reasons why I have decided to attend Crichton University next year. **First of all, there is the question of money:** Crichton's tuition is reasonable, and I don't have to pay it all at once. This is important since my father is not a rich man. With Crichton's "deferred payment plan," my father will be able to pay my tuition without too much difficulty. **The second reason is**

the fine education which I feel I will receive there in agriculture, my chosen field. It is a well-known fact that Crichton hires only the finest professors in its Agriculture Department. Moreover, the university requires all agriculture students to gain practical experience by working on farms in the area while they are still attending the university.

Notice that in the rewritten paragraph, the writer gives us **both** his reasons and comments on both of them. Nothing is extra. Nothing is irrelevant to the topic announced in the topic sentence. **The paragraph is unified**, that is, the reader will have no trouble understanding what the writer is trying to say.

Look at the two diagrams above and decide which diagram best fits the structure of the rewritten paragraph. Can you draw a diagram for the paragraph?

---

### **EXERCISE: 1.1** **Identifying Irrelevant Sentences**

**Directions:** The following paragraphs contain sentences which are not directly related to the main ideas of those paragraphs. Identify the irrelevant sentence(s) in each paragraph. Then circle the **key words or phrases** in the topic sentence.

1. Different people spend their weekends in different ways. Some enjoy going to the mountains to hike, ski, or just relax. Water skiing is much more difficult than snow skiing. Others prefer going to the beach to enjoy the seashore activities. Some of these people work very hard during the week; others have rather relaxing jobs. Still others like to relax by staying home and reading a good book.
2. Ever since the time of the Greeks, drama has played an important role in men's lives. The Greek tragedies and comedies were a central part of the life of the citizens of ancient Greece. During the Middle Ages, Bible stories were acted out in churches, and wandering companies of players performed in the streets. William Shakespeare lived during the Elizabethan period. The English language has changed somewhat since Shakespeare's time. In modern times, drama is brought directly into people's homes through the magic of television. Television also offers people such things as quiz and variety shows.
3. Innovations, whether practical or aesthetic, are often resisted by the general population. When the early experimenters in the field of aviation began their work, there were many who said, "if God had wanted man to fly, He would have given him wings." The Wright brothers made the first powered flights in a heavier-than-air craft in 1903 at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Even today there are many who strongly object to modern art and music as being nothing more than "splashes of paint and honking horns." Picasso's well-known masterpiece "The Three Musicians" is done primarily in blues and browns.

4. Zoos are popular with all children. They are able to see examples of wildlife from all continents. 'in wildlife preserves in Africa, the animals wander about freely without fear of being captured. Perhaps the favourite spot in a zoo is the elephant cage. 'There the elephants entertain the children by spraying themselves with their trunks and doing various tricks. The children are especially delighted when an elephant takes peanuts from them with his trunk.
5. Editorials differ from other kinds of news stories. In most regular news stories, it is assumed that no personal opinions are being represented. Newspaper writers are supposed to present the facts of each story in a straightforward, unbiased fashion. Statistics reveal that over sixty-one million newspapers are sold every day in this country. The purpose of the editorial page, of course, is to allow the editors to give their personal opinions. Here is where they tell readers what they think about an issue—who is at fault, who has done a good job, or how a situation could be improved. It is no wonder, then, that Thomas Jefferson was once led to remark that he could more easily accept newspapers without government than government without newspapers.

### **EXERCISE: 1.2**

#### **Identifying Suitable Topic Sentences**

**Directions:** After reading each of the following paragraphs, select the most suitable topic sentence from the three choices following it, and write it as the FIRST sentence of the paragraph on the line provided. Then try to explain why each of the other two items is not appropriate. Possible reasons for not choosing an item might be that

- It is too general;
- It is too specific;
- It is not a complete grammatical sentence;
- It does not relate to the supporting sentences.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ The operation of both can be thought of as being divided into three phases: input, processing, and output. In the case of the computer, the information which is fed into the machine—the data—is the input; the internal operations of the machine constitute the processing; and the result—usually a printout—is called the output. The telephone, too, acts on information presented to it and produces a result. The input is the actual dialling of the number. The switching system which locates the number can be considered the processing phase. Finally, the telephone rings on the other end of the line, indicating that the call has been completed; this constitutes the output.'

#### **Choose a Topic Sentence**

- A. Both the computer and the telephone are helpful inventions.

- B. Computer terminology, such as input and output, is frequently used in other contexts.
- C. Despite apparent differences, the operation of the computer and the telephone have much in common.

3. \_\_\_\_\_

The jack is a portable device for raising the car. It operates by means of force being applied to a level on which the car is balanced. The lug wrench is a tool with a fixed "jaw" for gripping the lug (the type of screw used to hold a tyre in place). It has a long handle so that it is effective in turning the lug, either to tighten or to loosen it. These are the only two tools necessary to change a tyre. They are usually found in the trunk of the car and are kept there at all times so that the motorist can use them, should he have a flat tyre.

#### Choose a Topic Sentence

- A. Flat tyres constitute a serious problem for the motorist.
- B. How to change a flat tyre.
- C. Only two tools are considered standard equipment on new U.S. automobiles.

4. \_\_\_\_\_

The first one is the small pocket dictionary. Dictionaries of this type are usually only abridgments of earlier, more comprehensive dictionaries. The definitions found in a pocket dictionary are usually rather sketchy, and few or no example sentences are given to help the foreign student understand how the word is actually used in a sentence. Equally inadequate is the bilingual dictionary (Thai-English, Spanish-English, Russian-English, etc.). This type of dictionary is often based on the idea of making word-for-word translations, a notion which shows no understanding of the idiomatic nature of all languages. Moreover, bilingual dictionaries are often hastily and sloppily compiled, as well as hopelessly out of date even before they are published.

#### Choose a Topic Sentence

- A. A number of dictionaries are inappropriate for foreign students.
- B. Some dictionaries aren't comprehensive enough.
- C. The worst kind of dictionaries.

5. \_\_\_\_\_

For one thing, more than ten percent of all "senior citizens" in the United States are extremely poor. As a matter of fact, recent statistics suggest that approximately one-seventh of all people over the age of sixty-five live below the poverty level. Aged people also have more health problems than younger people. A third area for concern stems from the fact that public transportation has not

been designed with old people in mind; their activities are often limited to whatever is within walking distance. And finally, there is the separation from family, which causes loneliness. Many older people live by themselves (this is particularly true of widows and divorced women). And then there are the "forgotten five percent," the older people who have been institutionalized—that is, sent to "old age homes" (sometimes called "nursing homes") by families who either cannot or will not take care of them.

#### Choose a Topic Sentence:

- A. Some of the older people in the United States face a number of serious problems.
- B. Old age problems.
- C. Retirement homes in the United States are a disgrace.

6. Infants usually satisfy this very basic need in the course of an ordinary day spent with their parents (feeding, kissing, bathing, etc.). However, if a baby is neglected or even mistreated by being deprived of touch, his development will suffer on all levels—physical, intellectual, and emotional. Some children have even been known to die from this lack of tactile stimulation; it is thought by many doctors that many unexplained "crib deaths" are directly related to lack of touch and its various consequences. Children given out for adoption at a tender age and placed in poorly run orphanages, children brought up by unaffectionate parents, and children whose parents touch them only to beat them—all these types of children run the risk of never reaching their potential as fully developed adults.

#### Choose a Topic Sentence

- A. Babies interacting daily with their parents.
- B. Physical contact is an important factor in an infant's overall development.
- C. Many children are not properly taken care of by their parents.

### EXERCISE: 1.3 Supplying Appropriate Topic Sentences

**Directions:** The topic sentences of each of the following paragraphs have been omitted. After a *careful* reading, write an appropriate sentence for each on the line provided. Notice that the *general topics* of these paragraphs are the same as those in the previous exercise.

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
When you have removed the hubcap from the wheel which has the flat, the jack should be correctly placed so as to be able to lift the car off the ground. Now you

are ready to jack up the car high enough for the tyre to clear the ground. After you have done that, carefully loosen the nuts that hold the tyre and rim in place; the tool which you use to do that is called a lug wrench. Remove the tyre and put the spare tyre in place. Now you are ready to put the nuts back on the wheel and tighten them well with the lug wrench. All that remains is to replace the hubcap.

2. 

---

The one most people are familiar with is the "desk dictionary," sometimes referred to as a general purpose dictionary. Another kind is the pronouncing dictionary, which is concerned with a word's pronunciation more than with its meaning. A third type is the bilingual dictionary, which lists the words in one language and attempts to give equivalent meanings in another language. Other types include technical dictionaries, specialpurpose dictionaries, and scholarly dictionaries.
3. 

---

Under this new system, the customer's monthly telephone bill includes specific information for each long-distance call: the date and time of each call, the rate charged per minute (based on the company's discount system), the length of time the call took, the number and place called, whether the call was direct-dialed or operator-assisted, and the amount charged for the call. As each call is placed, all of this information is fed into a computer and programmed onto each customer's billing card, thus simplifying and clarifying the entire billing process. The Bell Telephone Company hopes that its new billing procedure will reduce the number of inquiries and free its employees to do work which computers are not yet able to perform.

## Three Disciplines for Children

*John Holt*

A CHILD, in growing up, may meet and learn from three different kinds of disciplines. The first and the most important is what we might call the Discipline of Nature or of Reality. When he is trying to do something real, if he does the wrong thing or doesn't do the right one, he doesn't get the result he wants. If he doesn't pile one block right on top of another, or tries to build on a slanting surface, his tower falls down. If he hits the wrong key, he hears the wrong note. If he doesn't hit the nail squarely on the head, it bends, and he has to pull it out and start with another. If he doesn't measure properly what he is trying to build, it won't open, close, fit, stand up, fly, float, whistle, or do whatever he wants it to do. If he closes his eyes when he swings, he doesn't hit the ball. A child meets this kind of discipline every time he tries to do something, which is why it is so important in school to give children more chances to do things, instead of just reading or listening to someone talk (or pretending to). This discipline is a great teacher. The learner never has to wait long for his answer; it usually comes quickly, often instantly. Also it is clear, and very often points toward the needed correction; from what happened he cannot only see what he did was wrong, but also why, and what he needs to do instead. Finally, and most important, the giver of the answer, call it Nature, is impersonal, impartial, and indifferent. She does not give opinions, or make judgments; she cannot be wheedled, bullied, or fooled; she does not get angry or disappointed; she does not praise or blame; she does not remember past failures or hold grudges; with her one always gets a fresh start, this time is the one that counts.

The next discipline we might call the Discipline of Culture, of Society, of What People Really Do. Man is a social, a cultural animal. Children sense around them this culture, this network of agreements, customs, habits, and rules binding the adults together. They want to understand it and be a part of it. They watch very carefully what people around them are doing and want to do the same. They want to do right; unless they become convinced they can't do right. Thus children rarely misbehave seriously in church [or in mosque], but sit as quietly as they can. The example of all those grown-ups is contagious. Some mysterious ritual is going on, and children, who like rituals, want to be part of it. In the same way, the little children that I see at concerts or operas, though they may fidget a little, or

perhaps take a nap now and then, rarely make any disturbance. With all those grown-ups sitting there, neither moving nor talking, it is the most natural thing in the world to imitate them. Children who live among adults, who are habitually courteous to each other and to them, soon learn to be courteous. Children who live surrounded by people who speak a certain way will speak that way, however much we may try to tell them that speaking that way is bad or wrong.

The third discipline is the one most people mean when they speak of discipline — the Discipline of Superior Force, of sergeant to private, of "you do what I tell you or I'll make you wish you had." There is bound to be some of this in a child's life. Living as we do surrounded by things that can hurt children, or that children can hurt, we cannot avoid it. We can't afford to let a small child find out from experience the danger of playing in a busy street, or of fooling with the pots on the top of a stove, or of eating up the pills in the medicine cabinet. So, along with other precautions, we say to him, "Don't play in the street, or touch things on the stove, or go into the medicine cabinet, or I'll punish you." Between him and the danger too great for him to imagine we put a lesser danger, but one he can imagine and maybe therefore want to avoid. He can have no idea of what it would be like to be hit by a car, but he can imagine being shouted at, or spanked, or sent to his room. He avoids these substitutes for the greater danger until he can understand it and avoid it for its own sake. But we ought to use this discipline only when it is necessary to protect the life, health, safety, or well-being of people or other living creatures, or to prevent destruction of things that people care about. We ought not to assume too long, as we usually do, that a child cannot understand the real nature of the danger from which we want to protect him. The sooner he avoids the danger, not to escape our punishment, but as a matter of good sense, the better. He can learn that faster than we think. In Mexico, for example, where people drive their cars with a good deal of spirit, I saw many children no older than five or four walking unattended on the streets. They understood about cars, they knew what to do. A child whose life is full of the threat and fear of punishment is locked into babyhood. There is no way for him to grow up, to learn to take responsibility for his life and acts. Most important of all, we should not assume that having to yield to the threat of our superior force is good for the child's character. It is never good for anyone's character. To bow to superior force makes us feel impotent and cowardly for not having had the strength or courage to resist. Worse, it makes us resentful and vengeful. We can hardly wait to make someone pay for our humiliation, yield to us as we were once made to yield. No, if we cannot always avoid using the Discipline of Superior Force, we should at least use it as seldom as we can.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
discipline (n)	training or conditions imposed to improve, regulate or control behaviour
to swing (v)	to move or cause to move rhythmically as a free-hanging object; sway
impersonal (adj)	devoid of human warmth or sympathy; not having human characteristics
indifferent (adj)	showing no care or concern
to wheedle (v)	to persuade or try to persuade by flattery; to coax
to bully (v)	to hurt, intimidate, or persecute a weaker person to make him do something
grudge (n)	a continuous feeling of resentment against someone due to some insult
contagious (adj)	causing or likely to cause the same reaction or emotion in several people; infectious
ritual (n)	the prescribed or established form of a religious or other ceremony
opera (n)	an extended dramatic work in which music constitutes a dominating feature
to fidget (v)	to move about restlessly
courteous (adj)	polite and considerate in manner
sergeant to private (phrase)	non-commissioned officer to the soldier of the lowest rank
to spank (v)	to slap or smack with the open hand, esp. on the buttocks
impotent (adj)	lacking sufficient strength or power; powerless
resentful (adj)	feeling characterised by anger, bitterness, ill will
vengeful (adj)	desiring revenge; vindictive
humiliation (n)	the lowering or hurting of dignity or pride
to yield (v)	to surrender or relinquish as a result of force or persuasion

## Questions:

1. What makes the Discipline of Nature a “great teacher”?
2. In paragraph two, the writer says children “want to do right, unless they become convinced they can’t do right.” What are the implications of this statement? What happens to the children who are convinced they can’t do right?
3. What is wrong with the Discipline of Superior Force? Why should we use it as seldom as possible? Why must we use it sometimes?
4. As a young adult, you probably remember experiencing many kinds of discipline while you were growing up. Can you think of any classes besides the ones the writer identifies? Describe some different types of discipline.

## Writing Assignments

*Discipline* means many things. It isn’t just a way to teach or to control misbehaviour. Write an essay classifying different meanings of discipline.

## Unit-II

### 2.0 Limiting the Topic Sentence

Once you choose a topic, you will probably find that there are too many things to say about it to put into a single paragraph. Therefore, your problem as a writer consists in deciding what you want to write about your topic. In other words, you need to limit your discussion by using a limiting statement.

**Topic Sentence = TOPIC + LIMITING STATEMENT**

One good way to limit your topic is to place **key words** or **phrases** in the topic sentence. These words or phrases will let the reader know how you are going to discuss the topic. These words or phrases are sometimes called "controlling words or phrases," since they control the organisation of the paragraph. In a paragraph on soccer, for example, they will immediately indicate to the reader that you plan to do one of several things:

- Discuss the history of cricket
- Compare it with another sport
- Describe its difficulty
- Explain the rules of the game

How do you limit a topic in a topic sentence? There are many ways, but below you will find a list of the most common. Once you understand these examples, you will find it much easier to write carefully controlled topic sentences:

Topic	Statement which Limits the Topic	Category
1. Cricket	is now played in several countries including <b>Pakistan</b> .	Place
2. Cricket	has become more popular within the last twenty years.	Time
3. Cricket	is a physically demanding sport.	Aspect
4. Cricket and baseball	have a great deal in common.	Similarities
5. Cricket	is more dangerous than tennis.	Differences
6. A cricket player	can receive various kinds of penalties.	List
7. The World Cup	create interest from cricket fans all over the world.	Effect
8. Cricket	is dangerous for several reasons.	Cause/Reason

As you study the essays in this collection, you will find that experienced writers do not always state outright the main idea of their paragraphs and essays. Instead, they may prefer to suggest or to imply the idea. Notice that the writer must provide enough clues to allow the careful reader to determine the main idea.

### EXERCISE 2.1

#### Identifying Categories Which Limit Topic Sentences

**Directions:** Notice the controlling words and phrases which have been underlined in the example sentence. They have also been identified as to type. Notice also that it is possible to have *more than one* category in a single topic sentence. After you have studied the example, do the same for the remaining sentences. Choose from the eight categories given below.

1. Place
2. Time
3. Aspect
4. Similarities
5. Differences
6. Number
7. Effect
8. Cause

1. Cricket has become increasingly popular in Pakistan in the last twenty years.  
(aspect) (place) (time)

2. Team sports develop an athlete's sense of fair play.  
( )

3. Libraries have three basic kinds of materials.  
( )

4. Women are paid less for equal work than men in certain companies.  
( ) ( )

5. Pollution has caused three major problems in our city in the last five years.  
( ) ( ) ( ) ( )

6. Air travel is more convenient than train travel for at least three reasons.  
( ) ( )

## **EXERCISE 2.2**

### **Guided Practice in Limiting General Topics**

**Directions:** Write a topic sentence for each of the topics listed below. The topic is given. Your job is to limit it in the way(s) which have been suggested. Follow the example.

1. Topic: Quaid-i-Azam, Mohammad Ali Jinnah (aspect) (place)

Quaid-i-Azam M.A. Jinnah was the first Governor General of Pakistan.  
(aspect) (place)

2. Topic: Registration at a large university (aspect) (differences)
3. Topic: Shopping for food (place) (aspect) (differences)
4. Topic: Smoking (effect)
5. Topic: Pakistani food (differences)
6. Topic: Study habits (number) (effect)

## **EXERCISE 2.3**

### **Limiting General Topics**

**Directions:** Below you will find several different topics, all of which are too broad (i.e., too general) to be used as they are. You should limit them. For each topic, write two completely different topic sentences which might serve as topic sentences of two different paragraphs. In parentheses below the sentences, indicate what categories you have used. Follow the example.

#### **I. Topic: Cricket**

- a) There are many reasons for the increased popularity of cricket in Pakistan.  
(number) (reason) (aspect) (place)
- b) Pakistanis generally prefer cricket to football.  
(place) (differences)

#### **2. Topic: The Role Of Women In The Modern World**

- a) \_\_\_\_\_
- b) \_\_\_\_\_

**3. Topic: Religion In Modern Society**

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

**Topic: Sports**

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

**5. Topic: Problems Between Generations**

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

**6. Topic: Earth Quake**

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

## First Year at Harrow

*Sir Winston S. Churchill*

I had scarcely passed my twelfth birthday when I entered the inhospitable regions of examinations, through which for the next seven years I was destined to journey. These examinations were a great trial to me. The subjects which were dearest to the examiners were almost invariably those I fancied least. I would have liked to have been examined in history, poetry and writing essays. The examiners, on the other hand, were partial to Latin and mathematics. And their will prevailed. Moreover, the questions which they asked on both these subjects were almost invariably those to which I was unable to suggest a satisfactory answer. I should have liked to be asked to say what I knew. They always tried to ask what I did not know. When I would have willingly displayed my knowledge, they sought to expose my ignorance. This sort of treatment had only one result; I did not do well in examinations.

This was especially true of my Entrance Examination to Harrow. The Headmaster, Mr. Welldon, however, took a broadminded view of my Latin prose: he showed discernment in judging my general ability. This was the more remarkable, because I was found unable to answer a single question in the Latin paper. I wrote my name at the top of the page. I wrote down the number of the question 'I'. After much reflection I put a bracket round it thus '(I)'. But thereafter I could not think of anything connected with it that was either relevant or true. Incidentally there arrived from nowhere in particular a blot and several smudges. I gazed for two whole hours at this sad spectacle: and then merciful ushers collected my piece of foolscap with all the others and carried it up to the Headmaster's table. It was from these slender indications of scholarship that Mr. Welldon drew the conclusion that I was worthy to pass into Harrow. It is very much to his credit. It showed that he was a man capable of looking beneath the surface of things: a man not dependent upon paper manifestations. I have always had the greatest regard for him.

In consequence of his decision, I was in due course placed in the third, or lowest, division of the Fourth, or bottom. The names of the new boys were printed in the School List in alphabetical order and as my correct name, Spencer-Churchill, began with an 'S', I gained no more advantage from the alphabet than from the wider sphere of letters. I was in fact only two from the bottom of the whole school; and these two, I regret to say, disappeared almost immediately through illness or some other cause.

I continued in this unpretentious situation for nearly a year. However, by being so long in the lowest form I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. They all went on to learn Latin and Greek and splendid things like that. But I was taught English. We were considered such dunces that we could learn only English. Mr. Somervell — a most delightful man, to whom my debt is great — was charged with the duty of teaching the stupidest boys the most disregarded thing — namely, to write mere English. He knew how to do it. He taught it as no one else has ever taught it. Not only did we learn English parsing thoroughly, but we also practised continually English analysis. Mr. Somervell had a system of his own. He took a fairly long sentence and broke it up into its components by means of black, red, blue and green inks: Subject, Verb, Object, Relative Clauses, Conditional Clauses Conjunctive and Disjunctive Clauses! Each had its colour and its bracket. It was a kind of drill. We did it almost daily. As I remained in the Third [year] three times as long as anyone else, I had three times as much of it. I learned it thoroughly. Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence — which is a noble thing. And when in after years my school-fellows who had won prizes and distinction for writing such beautiful Latin poetry and pithy Greek epigrams had to come down again to common English, to their living or make their way, I did not feel myself at any disadvantage. Naturally I am biased in favour of boys learning English. I would make them all learn English: and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour, and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for is not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that.

#### About the Author

Sir Winston S. Churchill (1874–1965), British Prime Minister (1940–45; 1951–55), was also a writer of eminence. He authored several books, the most notable being his *A History of the English Speaking People* (4 vols). He won Nobel Prize in 1953.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
invariably (adv)	without change or alteration
to fancy(v)	to picture in the imagination
to prevail (v)	to prove superior; to gain mastery
discernment (n)	keen perception or judgment
relevant (adj)	related; having direct bearing on the matter; pertinent
blot and smudges	a stain/spot of ink and dirty marks
usher (n)	an official who shows people to their seats, as in a theatre or examination hall, and collects scripts from students taking an exam
foolscap (n)	a size of writing or printing paper (13½ by 17 inches)
sphere (n)	range or field of activity
unpretentious (adj)	keeping a low profile; indistinct; inconspicuous
immense (adj)	unusually large; huge; vast; limitless
dunce (n)	a person who is stupid or slow to learn
disregarded (adj)	unworthy of consideration or respect
to parse (v)	to assign constituent structure to a sentence or words in a sentence, such as verbs, adjectives, nouns, etc.
pithy (adj)	brief but full of meaning and substance
epigram (n)	a witty, often paradoxical, remark concisely expressed
biased (adj)	preferential mental tendency or inclination
to whip (v)	to punish by striking with a strap or rod

## Questions:

1. Churchill says that the examiners asked questions which the students could not answer and not those which they could. Do you agree with the author?
2. Why does Churchill think Mr. Welldon considered him to be worthy to pass into Harrow?
3. Why does the author consider his situation at Harrow as unpretentious?
4. Why were Churchill and other such students not allowed to learn Latin and Greek?
5. Why didn't Churchill feel himself at any disadvantage as compared to those who learnt Latin and Greek?
6. Churchill says that he would whip those students hard who do not learn English well. What do you think?

## Writing Assignment:

Write an essay on your experience of learning English or any other subject at school that gave you an advantage (or disadvantage) over other students? Try to bring humour into it if possible.

## Unit-III

### Discourse Markers - Linking Your Ideas in English

Some words and phrases help to develop ideas and relate them to one another. These kinds of words and phrases are often called discourse markers. Note that most of these discourse markers are formal and used when speaking in a formal context or when presenting complicated information in writing.

**with regard to; regarding; as regards; as far as ..... is concerned, as for**

These expressions focus attention on what follows in the sentence. This is done by announcing the subject in advance. As regards and as far as.....is concerned usually indicate a change of subject

**Examples:**

1. *His grades in science subjects are excellent. As regards humanities ...*
2. *With regard to the latest market figures we can see that ...*
3. *Regarding our efforts to improve the local economy, we have made ...*
4. *As far as I am concerned, we should continue to develop our resources.*
5. *As for Jan's thoughts, let's take a look at this report he sent me.*

**on the other hand; while; whereas**

These expressions give expression to two ideas which contrast but do not contradict each other.

**Examples:**

1. *Football is popular in France, while in Pakistan they prefer cricket.*
2. *We've been steadily improving our customer service centre. On the other hand our shipping department needs to be redesigned.*
3. *Jamal thinks we're ready to begin whereas Aslam thinks we still need to wait.*

**however, nonetheless, nevertheless**

All these words are used to present two contrasting ideas.

**Examples:**

1. *Smoking is proved to be dangerous to the health. Nonetheless, 40% of the population smokes.*
2. *Our teacher promised to take us on a field trip. However, he changed his mind last week.*
3. *Parvez was warned not to invest all of his savings in the stock market. Nevertheless, he invested and lost everything.*

**moreover, furthermore, in addition**

We use these expressions to add information to what has been said. The usage of these words is much more elegant than just making a list or using the conjunction 'and'.

**Examples:**

1. *His problems with his parents are extremely frustrating. Moreover, there seems to be no easy solution to them.*
2. *I assured him that I would come to his presentation. Furthermore, I also invited a number of important representatives from the local chamber of commerce.*
3. *Our energy bills have been increasing steadily. In addition to these costs, our telephone costs have doubled over the past six months.*

**therefore, as a result, consequently**

These expressions show that the second statement follows logically from the first statement.

**Examples:**

1. *He reduced the amount of time studying for his final exams. As a result, his marks were rather low.*
2. *We've lost over 3,000 customers over the past six months. Consequently, we have been forced to cut back our advertising budget.*

*The government has drastically reduced its spending. Therefore, a number of programs have been cancelled.*

**Exercise:**

Select any ten discourse markers and use them in sentences.

## Learning to Write in College

Russell Baker

When our class was assigned to Mr. Fleagle for third-year English, I anticipated another grim year in that dreariest of subjects. Mr. Fleagle was notorious among City students for dullness and inability to inspire. He was said to be stuffy, dull, and hopelessly out of date. To me he looked to be sixty or seventy and prim to a fault. He wore primly severe eyeglasses; his wavy hair was primly cut and primly combed. He wore prim vested suits with neckties blocked primly against the collar buttons of his primly starched white shirts. He had a primly pointed jaw, a primly straight nose, and a prim manner of speaking that was so correct, so gentlemanly, that he seemed a comic antique.

I anticipated a listless, unfruitful year with Mr. Fleagle and for a long time was not disappointed. We read *Macbeth*. Mr. Fleagle loved *Macbeth* and wanted us to love it too, but he lacked the gift of infecting others with his own passion....

He constantly sprinkled his sentences with "don't you see." It wasn't a question but an exclamation of mild surprise at our ignorance. "Your pronoun needs an antecedent, don't you see," he would say, very primly "The purpose of the Porter's scene, boys, is to provide comic relief from the horror, don't you see."

Late in the year we tackled the informal essay. "The essay, don't you see, is the . . ." My mind went numb. Of all forms of writing, none seemed as boring as the essay. Naturally, we would have to write informal essays. Mr. Fleagle distributed a homework sheet offering us a choice of topics. None was quite as simple minded as "What I Did on My Summer Vacation," but most seemed to be almost as dull. I took the list home and dawdled until the night before the essay was due. Sprawled on the sofa, I finally faced up to the grim task, took the list out of my notebook, and scanned it. The topic on which my eye stopped was "The Art of Eating Spaghetti."

This title produced an extraordinary sequence of mental images. Surging up out of the depths of memory came a vivid recollection of a night in Belleville when all of us were seated around the supper table — Uncle Allen, my mother, Uncle Charlie, Doris, Uncle Hal — and Aunt Pat served spaghetti for supper. Spaghetti was an exotic treat in those days. Neither Doris nor I had ever eaten spaghetti, and

none of the adults had enough experience to be good at it. All the good humour of Uncle Allen's house reawoke in my mind as I recalled the laughing arguments we had that night about the socially respectable method for moving spaghetti from plate to mouth.

Suddenly I wanted to write about that, about the warmth and good feeling of it, but I wanted to put it down simply for my own joy, not for Mr. Fleagle. It was a moment I wanted to recapture and hold for myself. I wanted to relive the pleasure of an evening at New Street. To write it as I wanted, however, would violate all the rules of formal composition I'd learned in school, and Mr. Fleagle would surely give it a failing grade. Never mind. I would write something else for Mr. Fleagle after I had written this thing for myself.

When I finished it the night was half gone and there was no time left to compose a proper, respectable essay for Mr. Fleagle. There was no choice next morning but to turn in my private reminiscence of Belleville. Two days passed before Mr. Fleagle returned the graded papers, and he returned everyone's but mine. I was bracing myself for a command to report to Mr. Fleagle immediately after school for discipline when I saw him lift my paper from his desk and rap for the class's attention.

"Now, boys," he said, "I want to read you an essay. This is titled as 'The Art of Eating Spaghetti.' "

And he started to read. My words! He was reading my words out loud to the entire class. What's more, the entire class was listening — listening attentively. Then somebody laughed, then the entire class was laughing, and not in contempt and ridicule, but with openhearted enjoyment. Even Mr. Fleagle stopped two or three times to repress a small prim smile.

I did my best to avoid showing pleasure, but what I was feeling was pure ecstasy at this startling demonstration that my words had the power to make people laugh. In the eleventh grade, at the eleventh hour as it were, I had discovered a calling. It was the happiest moment of my entire school career. When Mr. Fleagle finished, he put the final seal on my happiness by saying, "Now that, boys, is an essay, don't you see. It's — don't you see — it's of the very essence of the essay, don't you see. Congratulations, Mr. Baker."

## About the Author:

*Russell Baker is a Pulitzer Prize winner noted for his humorous writing. Although this passage from his autobiographical book Growing Up is light-hearted, we learn in the end that Baker is earnestly describing an event of serious, almost touching, personal importance.*

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
to anticipate (v)	to foresee and act in advance of something
grim (adj)	gloomy; cruel; severe; horrible;
dreary (adj)	dull; dismal; boring
notorious (adj)	well-known for some bad quality or deed; infamous
stuffy (adj)	excessively dull; uninteresting
prim (adj)	affectedly proper, precise, or formal
starched (adj)	stiff with starch
antique (n)	something old-fashioned; out-of-date
listless (adj)	lacking vigour, enthusiasm, or energy
to sprinkle (v)	to scatter or distribute over an area
antecedent (n)	gr. a word or phrase to which a pronoun refers; an event that happens before another
to tackle (v)	to attempt; to undertake; to confront;
numb (adj)	unable to move; paralysed
to dawdle (v)	to dally; to delay; to waste time; to idle away
to sprawl (v)	to sit or lie in a clumsy manner with limbs spread out
vivid (adj)	distinct, clear, strong
exotic (adj)	foreign, not native
reminiscence (n)	the act of recalling or narrating past experiences
to brace (v)	to prepare oneself for something
to rap (v)	to strike against something with a sharp, quick blow
contempt (n)	disregard; disrespect; mockery
ridicule (n)	mockery; humiliation; laughing at
to repress (v)	to suppress or restrain; to keep under control
ecstasy (n)	a state of exalted delight or joy; rapture
calling (n)	a strong inner urge to follow an occupation
essence (n)	the most distinctive element/feature of a thing

### Questions:

1. Why did the writer not want to write an essay? What discovery changed his mind?
2. Why did eating spaghetti so delight the people at the supper table?
3. What comments does the writer make on the role of formal rules in writing?
4. What is your opinion of Mr. Feagle? How did it change during the course of reading the essay?
5. What was the significance of the essay's main event for the writer?

### Writing Assignments:

1. Write a narrative essay about the most important event you experienced in school or college. Use chronological order to describe the event and the incidents leading up to it.
2. Write a narrative essay on one of the following events in your own life:
  - a. Leaving High School
  - b. Using A Computer For The First Time
  - c. Learning To Have Confidence
  - d. Learning To Control Your Temper

Try to indicate the significance that the event has had for you since it took place. Make your essay lively by bringing out the humorous elements if there were any.

## Unit-IV

### 4. The Essay

#### 4.1 What is an Essay?

The word "essay" comes from the French *essai*, a try or attempt. The essay is an attempt to communicate information, opinion, or feeling, and usually it presents an argument about a topic. In the educational context, an essay is an exercise that gives the student an opportunity to explore and clarify thoughts about a subject. In the larger world the essay appears in newspapers as opinion articles, editorials, reviews, and the more thorough commentary on news.

#### 4.2 The Structure of an Essay

An essay is a collection of paragraphs, but a composition of more than one paragraph is not necessarily an essay. In developing an essay, the writer starts with a **thesis statement**, which is generally part of the **introduction** and may make up the whole first paragraph. Then the writer develops the thesis in a series of related paragraphs, usually called **the body of the essay**. Often, each paragraph has its own individual topic sentence. The conclusion, which may restate the thesis or summarize the essay's important points, is usually found in the final paragraph. The structure of an essay may be presented as follows.

➤ Introductory Paragraph	➤ Motivator ➤ Thesis Statement
➤ First Body Paragraph	➤ Topic Sentence Specific Support Specific Support Specific Support
➤ Second Body Paragraph	➤ Topic Sentence Specific Support Specific Support Specific Support
➤ Third Body Paragraph	➤ Topic Sentence Specific Support Specific Support Specific Support
➤ Concluding Paragraph	➤ Reworded Thesis ➤ Clincher

In a longer piece of writing, such as an essay, the main idea is called the thesis (rather than the topic). The thesis is usually stated in one or more sentences called the thesis statement. Like the topic sentence of a paragraph, the thesis statement is often placed near the beginning of an essay. In the sample essay that follows, the thesis is stated in the opening paragraph.

Thesis Statement	<i>Scientists all agree that packages are very necessary. They also agree that packages are a problem. But they do not agree on what to do about it.</i>
Topic Sentence of Paragraph 2 ( <i>Italics</i> )	<i>There is the make-it-attractive group. These designers concentrate on making the package so interesting that the buyer cannot bring himself to part with it—thus keeping it out of the trash. . . .</i>
Topic Sentence of Paragraph 3 ( <i>Italics</i> )	<i>Next there are the no-package-package groups. They have ideas like spraying a protein coating, derived from corn, on foods to protect them against loss of vitamins and spoilage.</i>
Topic Sentence of Paragraph 4 ( <i>Italics</i> )	<i>In the no-package-package group is a new type of glass that may be the answer to the 26 billion bottles thrown away every year. The glass is coated on the inside as well as on the outside by a water-resistant film. When the bottle is smashed, the glass will dissolve in plain water. . . .</i>
Topic Sentence of Paragraph 5 ( <i>Italics</i> )	<i>Another no-package is the plastic bag used to hold laundry bleach or bluing. Tossed into the laundry, it dissolves before the washing is finished. But the prize will go to the scientist who can come up with a container that is as successful as the ice cream cone.</i>

Suzzane Hilton  
*How Do they Get Rid of It?*

Notice that in the paragraph the development is carried out in a series of sentences. In the essay, the development is carried out in a series of paragraphs. Notice also that each paragraph has its own individual **topic sentence**. When you write an essay, keep in mind the concepts of **unity**, **coherence**, **order**, and **completeness**. Each paragraph should be related to the thesis. The thesis and the main idea of each paragraph should be expressed clearly. The paragraphs should be arranged in a logical order. And the thesis should be developed fully enough so that your reader understands the idea you are expressing.

The thesis statement gives the essay its focus, and for the essay to stay focused, the thesis must be clear and manageable. When you formulate a thesis statement, you will probably begin at a general level — for instance, you might decide that your thesis will have something to do with cricket. The next step will be to narrow your focus to, perhaps, one-day or test cricket matches. But you cannot cover every thing about one-day or test matches in an essay of only a few pages or formulate an effective thesis statement on such a broad topic. So you will have to continue to narrow your focus until you arrive at something you can handle. Perhaps, in the end, your thesis statement will be something like "One-day cricket matches gave cricket something that was missing from test matches — thrill." You will then have a manageable controlling idea — you will write about the thrill of the one-day cricket, not its history or anything else. This you will be able to develop clearly and fully.

Experienced writers may place the thesis statement in later paragraphs or at the end of the essay. They may, indeed, only imply the thesis. For your own writing, the important point to remember is that an effective essay has a clear thesis statement, just as a well-made paragraph has a topic sentence. When you are reading, your task is to discover the writer's thesis. When you are writing, your task is to make your own thesis as clear as possible to your reader. And your best strategy, initially, is to *state your thesis at or near the beginning of your essay*.

### 4.3 Writing the thesis statement

A thesis statement is one of the greatest unifying aspects of an essay. It should act as mortar, holding together the various bricks of an essay, summarizing the main point of the essay "in a nutshell," and pointing toward the development of the essay. Often a thesis statement will be expressed in a sentence or two. The thesis statement can help "map" an essay as it suggests an order or direction for the essay's development. A thesis statement, for example, might read:

*John Holt's essay, "Three disciplines for children," discusses three types of disciplines which children learn as part of their growing up.*

The following sentence could continue:

*These disciplines include Discipline of Nature or Reality, the Discipline of Culture or Society, and the Discipline of Superior Force.*

In this example, the thesis statement suggests an obvious path for development of the essay. The reader would expect the writer to logically discuss the three types of disciplines, preferably, in three paragraphs.

## Writing an Effective Thesis

### How? Why?

A good thesis statement often answers "how" and "why" questions. You may encounter a thesis statement that reads:

- a) *The lifestyle of a rural teenager is very different from the lifestyle of most urban teenagers.*

So what? Why should a reader continue? In what ways are the lifestyles of the youngsters different? Better versions of this statement might be:

- b) *Because of the relative freedom enjoyed by young people in cities today, the lifestyle of urban teenagers is very different from the lifestyle of teens in the villages.*

This at least says why the difference exists.

- c) *A young person in the villages has very different expectations about marriage, family, and personal freedom than do young adults in the cities today.*

This version of the statement emphasizes the rural, not urban, teenager, but it still does not present an argument to be defended.

This following revision of the statement above does present a point "worth making," a point one could contest or support with data:

- d) *A young person in the villages has fewer options for marriage, family, and personal privacy and freedom than do urban young adults today.*

The essay could go on to support what the "options" were and why they were limited. However, the following even more detailed version of this thesis could "map" the essay for a reader:

- e) *Most young people in the villages, who are considered young but responsible adults by the age of eighteen, have fewer social choices when compared to urban teenagers. Unless they follow a career, rural teenagers have to contend with an arranged marriage and bearing children whereas young people in big towns and cities now consider such things as violation of their personal privacy or freedom.*

Note how this statement takes more than a single sentence to make its point. Both of the thesis statements above (d and e) are improvements because they do not simply state the obvious: they give a reason why or how we can accept the thesis statement.

## **Exercise: 4.1**

### **Writing Thesis Statements-I**

**Directions:** Most of the following thesis statements are unacceptable because they are too broad or too narrow. Label each thesis *acceptable* or *unacceptable*. Then revise each unacceptable thesis to make it suitable for an essay of about 250 words.

#### **EXAMPLE:**

**Topic:** Abbottabad is a nice place to visit.

**Thesis Statement:** Its nearness to beautiful summer resorts, its cultural variety, and the absence of a language barrier make Abbottabad an attractive choice for a family vacation, especially, during the summer.

1. The lack of health insurance is ruining everyone's life.
2. A microwave oven uses 70 to 80 percent less electricity than a conventional oven.
3. Pollution is ruining the world.
4. Finding a good apartment can be difficult.
5. Some people dislike travelling.
6. Some people like science fiction movies, and some people prefer other kinds.
7. Many things can be done to make our city better.
8. Some colleges are modifying their financial aid programs.
9. Although most of us would rather not consider the possibility of our homes catching fire, we must prepare our families for such an emergency.

## **Exercise: 4.2**

### **Writing Thesis Statements-II**

**Directions:** Write thesis statements for the following topics. Be sure that each topic is suitably narrow for an essay of about 250-300 words and that the thesis statement shows a purpose and a point of view. Follow the example.

#### **EXAMPLE:**

**Topic:** How the development of closed malls has changed shopping

**Thesis Statement:** The development of closed malls has led to a revolution in the way people shop: we can shop easily at night and in rough weather, we see a greater variety of goods than in any single store, and we are encouraged to think of shopping as fun rather than as a chore.

1. Topic: Talent

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

2. Topic: Someone I Can Count On

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

3. Topic: Travelling Alone

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

4. Topic: Happiness

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

5. Topic: College Life

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

6. Topic: Breakfast

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

7. Topic: A Mountain Resort

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

8. Topic: My Grandparents

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

9. Topic: A Personal Loss

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

10. Topic: Choosing A Car

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Renaissance

Grace Ciavarella and Angelo Calandra

*The Renaissance period was a rebirth of the human desire to explore and to learn more about the world and what could be achieved. Its roots lay in the ancient worlds of Greece and Rome. From these roots grew the ideas which challenged the thinking of the times and which branched off into inquiry into all aspects of the human world. This challenge to old ideas brought enormous change. The fruits of this inquiry and experimentation set the scene for our modern world.*

Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Galileo, Columbus — have you heard of them? One was an artist, one a playwright, one a scientist and one an explorer. (Which was which?) Each, in his own way, represented the spirit of the Renaissance — the desire to question and develop human knowledge and achievement. These gifted men, and many more people like them, lived during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their achievements helped bring about change.

By the end of the thirteenth century, the last of the crusades in the Middle East was over. The Christians had lost their struggle against the Arab Muslims but they brought back to Europe many new ideas and luxury goods. The kings, princes, nobles and their families wanted more of these luxury goods. (Ask yourself — why?) This demand led to a growth in trade. This trade needed bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, craftspeople, sailors, adventurers, warehouses, ports and labour. Ports flourished and towns on trade routes grew. Merchants and traders were the entrepreneurs of the fourteenth century.

Many people were attracted to the towns by the opportunities to learn new skills and gain jobs. Peasants who had fought in the crusades were often given their freedom by their lords and went to the towns. Knights did not always return to their lands. After years of adventure, country life seemed dull. The plague or Black Death (1347-51) killed millions of people, causing a shortage of labour in the countryside. These factors helped cause the breakdown of the feudal system. People had to look for new opportunities.

Look at the map of Europe. As you can see, Italy is central in the Mediterranean area. Most of the new luxuries came from the Middle East and Asia, so Italy's central location enabled its traders to distribute these goods to the

rest of Europe. The location of its ports meant the journey to the Middle East was not too long. Despite storms and pirates, the sea was the safest way to trade, as well as the quickest. Overland routes were dangerous, with their mountains, rivers and bandits. Such routes took months, or even years, to complete. This also made them costly in time and resources.

The people of Italy were also the inheritors of the skills and knowledge of the old Roman Empire. The ports and towns had maintained their sea trade and knowledge when other parts of Europe had been taken over by the barbarians, such as the Saxons and Danes. As trade grew, people in Venice, Genoa and Florence took the lead. Along their trade routes, ideas and knowledge also travelled.

### *Florence: A Renaissance City*

Florence in the fifteenth century was marvellous. Florentines believed they were living in a 'golden age'. It was a city that had everything — successful banks, prosperous businesses, wealthy citizens, craftspeople, artists and thinkers or intellectuals. All flourished from the city's profits. Just as the gold rush of the 1850s made Melbourne the 'Queen of the South', the same economic vitality flowed through Florence.

Italy was a collection of fourteen states and kingdoms. Florence's geographic position made it a major avenue of trade between the north and the south of Europe.

To be successful in trade, people have to develop initiative, be creative, and take risks. They have to be resourceful, energetic and competitive. Florentines had these attributes. In the 1300s, the citizens had jumped at the trade in silk, wool and flax. They took a risk and invested money into building a textile industry. New ideas in dyeing and manufacturing made Florence the centre of the European textile industry. From these profits, they used their initiative and lent money to kings and princes — and to the Pope. Banking made further profit. Florence grew into a financial capital.

By the fifteenth century, Florence was wealthy. As a republic, its citizens were used to self-government. It did not have a king making all the rules. The merchants became powerful and the leading families were not only made up of landowners; they were business people and bankers, people who were always ready for new ideas to make money and increase their wealth and power. They competed with each other, not just in business but in their lifestyle. They wanted

to impress others and improve the quality of their lives. This was good news for architects, artists, sculptors and artisans such as masons, carvers, gold and silver craftspeople and leather workers. In turn, to impress their patrons, the craftspeople experimented in their work. Many talented people flocked to the city.

In the fourteenth and most of the fifteenth centuries, the Medici family (pronounced 'med-ee-chee') was the leading family in Florence.

The Medicis were bankers. The most famous was Lorenzo de Medici, or 'Lorenzo the Magnificent'. He was wealthy and lived in opulent style. Lorenzo represented the spirit of the times. He was interested not just in money but also in government, literature, art, music, science and philosophy. He conducted business, wrote poetry and songs and was also a patron of Michelangelo and other artists. Like Florence, he was full of life.

### ***Humanism, Art and Architecture***

After the collapse of the Roman Empire, life was hard. Very few people could read or write and few knew about the world beyond their own village. However, in the late thirteenth century, Marco Polo, an explorer, brought back to Italy tales of his adventures in China. His travels stirred people's interest in what lay beyond their own lands. As trade grew, other explorers brought back tales of Spice Islands, fantastic animals and plants, precious metals and gems. Trade and exploration opened up the world and encouraged learning. Wealth from trade meant people with leisure and money to spend could become educated. Scholars began translating the manuscripts from the ancient world, opening up new areas of thought about politics, religion, science and art. This was considered the beginning of humanism in Europe — an interest in the world and people, the desire to know more.

One invention which helped spread the tales of adventure and ideas from the classical world was Johann Gutenberg's printing press. He used movable metal type for printing, a process which had been developed in China four centuries earlier. Before this, all writings in Europe had to be copied by hand, so books were very expensive and time-consuming to produce. Printing was revolutionary, just like computers in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Books were printed in people's own languages instead of Latin and this encouraged more people to learn to read and write. Books were cheaper, too, so more people were able to buy them. Ideas could be spread quickly. The world was opening up.

Humanism had a huge impact on art and architecture. Before this time, castles and manors were built for protection, not comfort or beauty. The Church lavished money on its buildings and decorations but the masons and craftspeople were told what to create. The wealth brought from trade coupled with the teachings of humanism meant more people became interested in spending money on comfort and luxury to enrich their lives.

Craftspeople, artists, sculptors and architects were hired by the rich and encouraged to use their own ideas. Patrons, like the Medici family, wanted buildings with domes, columns and rounded arches, in the classical Roman style. Brunelleschi was an architect who achieved this in Florence. Artists experimented and began to paint in three-dimensional style. As the paintings and sculptures from Italy indicate, artists began to paint and sculpt from life and not just on religious themes, investigating the way the body moved and how it was made. Artists like Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Donatello, Botticelli, Giotto and Raphael wanted to expand human knowledge, not lock it away.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
entrepreneur (n)	the owner or manager of a business enterprise
feudal (adj)	relating to the institution of land, landlords
bandits (n)	armed robbers belonging to a group
barbarian (n)	a primitive or an uncivilised person, vicious and wild
initiative (n)	the first step or action of a matter
resourceful (adj)	ingenious, capable, and full of initiative
attribute (n)	a property, quality, or feature
flax (n)	fibre made into thread and woven into linen fabrics
sculptor (n)	a person who makes figures by carving wood or stone, moulding plaster or casting metal
artisan (n)	a skilled workman; craftsman
carver (n)	someone who carves in wood or stone or metal
to flock (v)	to go together in large number as if in a flock
opulent (adj)	having or indicating wealth; abundant; plentiful
invasion (n)	the act of invading with armed forces
famine (n)	a severe shortage of food due to crop failure or overpopulation

pestilence (n)	any epidemic outbreak of a deadly and highly infectious disease
to stir (v)	to rouse or awaken
manuscript (n)	the original handwritten or typed version of a book/article
manor (n)	the house of a lord and the lands attached to it; a landed estate
to lavish (v)	to give, spend, or apply abundantly or generously

### Questions:

1. Which civilisations provided the inspiration for change?
2. When new ideas were discussed, what was challenged?
3. What was the basis for the success of Florence?
4. Give some examples of why you think traders needed to be resourceful and creative.
5. Why did artists flourish in Florence?
6. What stirred people's interest in the world beyond their own lands?
7. How did humanism begin in Europe and what was its impact on art and architecture?
8. What made the world open up for the people of Florence?

### Group Discussion:

1. Think of an example from the 20<sup>th</sup> century or in today's society where an old idea has been challenged and it has resulted in change (e.g., women's rights and child labour).
2. The printing press was a more important invention than the computer.

## Unit-V

### 5. Getting Started

#### 5.1 Brainstorming

Brainstorming provides a nearly guaranteed solution to writer's block. It's actually a very easy process.

1. Begin with a blank piece of paper.
2. Write your paper's topic, such as "The Ethics of Cigarette Advertising," at the top.
3. Write down everything you can about the topic; omit nothing, no matter how odd or unusual, and don't stop until you are completely out of ideas. Don't worry about grammar or editing. Here's an example:

#### Essay Topic: The Ethics of Cigarette Advertising

- a) Cigarettes and cancer
- b) Cigarette ads not on TV
- c) Teenagers and cigarettes
- d) Government subsidizes tobacco farmers
- e) Macho image of Smokers
- f) Anti-smoking groups
- g) Surgeon General's warnings
- h) Why don't we see pipe and cigar ads?
- i) Nicotine is addictive
- j) Cigarettes still very popular

4. Look at the list above, and reconsider the paper's topic. Ideas (d) and (h) stray from the topic, so cut them.
5. Organize the remaining points. Idea (a) provides a decent place to start a draft, since it states a central truth about smoking.
6. Next, try to logically arrange the other points in the order that you would use in your essay. It helps to think about patterns into which ideas would fall, such as "Appeal of Ads," "Limits on Ads," "Future of Ads." You could write down these categories and then categorize your ideas from the brainstorming list. You'll end up with a working "outline" for the paper.
7. New ideas may occur to you as you organize the material. That's okay as long as these ideas relate to the topic.
8. You're almost ready to begin a draft, or at least an introductory paragraph. You still need to clearly state a thesis.

## 5.2 Writing an Outline

### 5.2.1 What is an Outline?

Basically, an outline is an organized list of related items or ideas. It is a method of grouping together things that are similar in some selected way, then presenting them in a simplified manner that clearly illustrates the relationship within each group and among all of the groups. For example, we can organize the following names into two groups: men's names and women's names.

<i>Men's names</i>	<i>Women's names</i>
Akbar	Affia
Behram	Bilqees
Dilawar	Dilaran
Farid	Faiza
Zulfiqar	Zainab

Preparing an outline is essentially a problem of classifying and organising. It is necessary to understand in what ways objects, acts, or ideas are related to each other.

An outline is useful in both reading and writing. Because writing is language that is intended to be read, reading and writing are different ends of the same communication process. If a writer has used an outline to help him organise his writing clearly, his reader should be able to analyse its organization clearly by outlining it. In other words, an outline is useful in planning the organising of writing. An outline is also useful in uncovering the organisation of writing. The writer puts flesh on the skeleton of his outline. The reader removes the flesh to see the skeleton underneath.

For example, suppose your English teacher assigns a composition about a *Eid-ul-Fitr* as celebrated in our country. As you think about this topic, you decide that there are three main things you could say about this festival. You jot them down like this:

Date of festival  
Meaning and significance  
Celebrations: 1) Religious, social or family; 2) Special customs or events

Now you can easily develop these ideas and write an essay, the three main points being discussed in three paragraphs with an introduction and a conclusion.

You will learn about writing the introductory and the concluding paragraphs in the next section.

Although an outline is usually written in one of two forms, depending on its purpose and its subject: (1) a topic outline, or (2) a sentence outline, we will only study the topic outline as it is the easiest to write.

Here is another example of a longer topic outline:

### The Purpose of Study Skills

- I. To introduce students to proper attitudes towards their studies
  - A. Attitude towards English
    1. Reasons for studying English
    2. Study habits in English
  - B. Attitude towards other subjects
    1. The importance of motivation
    2. The need for concentration
    3. The problem of distractions
- II. To instruct and to provide practice in study skills
  - A. Using a dictionary
  - B. Learning vocabulary
  - C. Outlining
  - D. Note-making
  - E. Using a library
  - F. Preparing for examinations

#### **Exercise: 5.1**

#### **Writing an Outline**

Assume that your teacher has assigned one of the following topics for an essay. Prepare an outline of the topic. Do not write the essay. Simply plan a carefully developed outline of what you would write for the assigned topic. Do not forget to brainstorm.

1. The importance of a daily newspaper
2. Three places in Pakistan that tourists should visit
3. The meaning of different gestures in my native language

## 5.3 Writing the Essay

We have just discussed outline and you also had some practice in writing them. So let's look at the structure of a five-paragraph-essay in an outline form. Here it is:

### I. Introductory Paragraph

- A. *General Topic Sentence*
  - 1. Subtopic 1 (Supporting statement)
  - 2. Subtopic 2 (Supporting statement)
  - 3. Subtopic 3 (Supporting statement)

### B. *Transition*

### II. First Supporting Paragraph

- A. *Restate Subtopic One*
  - 1. First Supporting Detail or Example
  - 2. Second Supporting Detail or Example
  - 3. Third Supporting Detail or Example

### B. *Transition*

### III. Second Supporting Paragraph

- A. *Restate Subtopic Two*
  - 1. First Supporting Detail or Example
  - 2. Second Supporting Detail or Example
  - 3. Third Supporting Detail or Example

### B. *Transition*

### IV. Third Supporting Paragraph

- A. *Restate Subtopic Three*
  - 1. First Supporting Detail or Example
  - 2. Second Supporting Detail or Example
  - 3. Third Supporting Detail or Example

### B. *Transition*

### V. Closing or Summary Paragraph

- A. *Synthesis of main topic*
  - 1. Synthesis of Subtopic One
  - 2. Synthesis of Subtopic Two
  - 3. Synthesis of Subtopic Three

### B. *General Concluding Statement*

The five-paragraph-essay follows a defined format. The first paragraph introduces us to the thesis of the essay and directs us to the three main supporting subtopics. The second to fourth paragraphs are all similar in format. Often called the main body of the essay, they individually restate the subtopics, and are developed by giving supporting information. The fifth and last paragraph restates the main thesis idea and reminds the reader of the three main supporting ideas that were developed. Finally, there is the general concluding statement that rounds off the discussion. All of these paragraphs are important.

The introductory paragraph is the place in which the writer introduces the reader to the topic. It is important to make this a clear and limited statement. This is where the writer grabs the reader's attention. Because of its purpose, it is often the first sentence of the paragraph. It is followed by three subtopics that develop the thesis. Between this paragraph and all paragraphs of the essay, there needs to be some kind of a transition word, phrase, or sentence.

Next, the body of the essay contains paragraphs two to four. They are all similarly constructed. Their topic sentences are restatements, often in original form, of the three supporting ideas presented in the first paragraph. The subtopic of each of the body paragraphs is again supported by three or more supporting sentences, which cement, in the reader's mind, the relevancy and relationship of each of the subtopics to the thesis statement.

Finally, the fifth paragraph is the summary paragraph. It is important to restate the thesis and three supporting ideas in an original and powerful manner as this is the last chance the writer has to convince the reader of the validity of the information presented. Because the purposes of the first and fifth paragraph are so similar that some writers construct them at the same time. They will edit them, as necessary, as they do with each and every part of the essay.

It is important to reiterate that each of the paragraphs is joined together by a transition word, phrase or sentence. Transitions help the reader to follow the flow of the logic and sequencing. All of the essay types follow this basic transition format. However, there is more latitude with the narrative essay because of its nature.

### **5.3.1 Introduction Paragraph**

#### **5.3.1.1 *What is an introduction paragraph?***

The introduction paragraph is the first paragraph of your essay.

### **5.3.1.2 *What does it do?***

It introduces the main idea of your essay. A good opening paragraph captures the interest of your reader and tells why your topic is important.

### **5.3.1.3 *How do I write one?***

1. Write the thesis statement. The main idea of the essay is stated in a single sentence called the thesis statement. You must limit your entire essay to the topic you have introduced in your thesis statement.
2. Provide some background information about your topic. You can use interesting facts, quotations, or definitions of important terms you will use later in the essay.

#### ***Example:***

Cricket has been a part of life in Pakistan for over 50 years. It has evolved into an extremely popular sport watched and played by millions of Pakistanis. The game has gone through several changes since cricket was first played in Pakistan.

## **5.3.2 Supporting Paragraphs**

### **5.3.2.1 *What are supporting paragraphs?***

Supporting paragraphs make up the main body of your essay.

### **5.3.2.2 *What do they do?***

They develop the main idea of your essay.

### **5.3.2.3 *How do I write them?***

1. List the points that develop the main idea of your essay.
2. Place each supporting point in its own paragraph.
3. Develop each supporting point with facts, details, and examples.

To connect your supporting paragraphs, you should use special transition words. Transition words link your paragraphs together and make your essay easier to read. Use them at the beginning and end of your paragraphs.

Examples of transition words that can help you to link your paragraphs together:

For listing different points	For counter examples
First	However
Second	Even though
Third	On the other hand
Last	Nevertheless
<b>For additional idea</b>	<b>To show cause and effect</b>
Another	Therefore
In addition	Thus
Related to	As a result of
Furthermore	Consequently
Moreover	As a consequence
Also	

Like all good paragraphs, each supporting paragraph should have a topic sentence, supporting sentences, and a summary sentence.

### 5.3.3 Summary Paragraph

#### 5.3.3.1 *What is a summary paragraph?*

The summary paragraph comes at the end of your essay after you have finished developing your ideas. The summary paragraph is often called a "conclusion."

#### 5.3.3.2 *What does it do?*

It summarizes or restates the main idea of the essay. You want to leave the reader with a sense that your essay is complete.

#### 5.3.3.3 *How do I write one?*

1. Restate the strongest points of your essay that support your main idea.
2. Conclude your essay by restating the main idea in different words.
3. Give your personal opinion or suggest a plan for action.

#### *Example:*

Overall, the changes that occurred in cricket have helped to improve the game. Cricket is faster and more exciting as a result of changes in the past 50 years. For these reasons, modern cricket is a better game than cricket played earlier.

## 5.4 The Stages of Essay Writing

### 5.4.1 The Prewriting Stage

#### 5.4.1.1 What is the prewriting stage?

The prewriting stage is when you prepare your ideas for your essay before you begin writing. You will find it easier to write your essay if you build an outline first, especially when you are writing longer assignments.

#### Six Prewriting Steps:

1. **Think carefully about what you are going to write.** Ask yourself: What question am I going to answer in this paragraph or essay? How can I best answer this question? What is the most important part of my answer? How can I make an introductory sentence (or thesis statement) from the most important part of my answer? What facts or ideas can I use to support my introductory sentence? How can I make this paragraph or essay interesting? Do I need more facts on this topic? Where can I find more facts on this topic?
2. **Open your notebook.** Write out your answers to the above questions. You do not need to spend a lot of time doing this; just write enough to help you remember why and how you are going to write your paragraph or essay.
3. **Collect facts related to your paragraph or essay topic.** Look for and write down facts that will help you to answer your question. Timesaving hint: make sure the facts you are writing are related to the exact question you are going to answer in your paragraph or essay.
4. **Write down your own ideas.** Ask yourself: What else do I want to say about this topic? Why should people be interested in this topic? Why is this topic important?
5. **Find the main idea of your paragraph or essay.** Choose the most important point you are going to present. If you cannot decide which point is the most important, just choose one point and stick to it throughout your paragraph or essay.
6. **Organize your facts and ideas in a way that develops your main idea.** Once you have chosen the most important point of your paragraph or essay, you must find the best way to tell your reader about it. Look at the facts you have written. Look at your own ideas on the topic. Decide which facts and ideas will best support the main idea of your essay. Once you have chosen the facts and ideas you plan to use, ask yourself which order to put them in the essay. Write

down your own note set that you can use to guide yourself as you write your essay.

### **5.4.2 The Writing Stage**

#### **5.4.2.1 What is the writing stage?**

The writing stage is when you turn your ideas into sentences.

#### **Five Writing Steps:**

1. For the introduction, write the thesis statement and give some background information.
2. Develop each supporting paragraph and make sure to follow the correct paragraph format.
3. Write clear and simple sentences to express your meaning.
4. Focus on the main idea of your essay.
5. Use a dictionary to help you find additional words to express your meaning.

### **5.4.3 The Editing Stage**

#### **5.4.3.1 What is the editing stage?**

The editing stage is when you check your essay for mistakes and correct them.

#### **Editing Steps:**

#### **Grammar and Spelling**

1. Check your spelling.
2. Check your grammar.
3. Read your essay again.
4. Make sure each sentence has a subject.
5. Make sure your subjects and verbs agree with each other.
6. Check the verb tenses of each sentence.
7. Make sure that each sentence makes sense.

#### **Style and Organization**

1. Make sure your essay has an introduction, supporting paragraphs, and a summary paragraph.
2. Check that you have a thesis statement that identifies the main idea of the essay.
3. Check that all your paragraphs follow the proper paragraph format.
4. See if your essay is interesting.

# The Man Who Was A Hospital

*Jerome K. Jerome*

It was my liver that was out of order. I knew it was my liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch — hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases; generally, I forgot which was the first distemper I plunged into — some fearful, devastating scourge, I know and, before I had glanced half down the list of “premonitory symptoms,” it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it — wondered what else I had got: turned up St. Vitus’s Dance — found, as I expected, that I had that too — began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically — read up again and learnt that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright’s disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude, I had not got, was housemaid’s knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feeling prevailed, I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case it must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class: students would have no need to "walk the hospitals", if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need to do would be to walk round me, and, after that take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse; I could not at first find any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants", I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said: "I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what the matter is with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked-down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it — a cowardly thing to do, I call it — and immediately afterwards butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said: "You are a chemist?"

He said: "I am a chemist. If I were a co-operative stores and family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:

*"1 lb. beefsteak, every 6 hours;  
Ten-mile walk every morning;  
Bed at 11 sharp every night;  
And don't stuff your head with things you don't understand."*

I followed the directions, with the happy result — speaking for myself — that my life was preserved and is still going on.

#### About the Author:

Jerome K. Jerome (1859-1927), a novelist and playwright, is the famous author of the humorous masterpiece, *Three Men in a Boat*. His work is known for a blend of humour and sentiment.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
to impel (v)	to urge or force (a person) to an action, belief; compel
virulent (adj)	(of a disease) extremely infective, poisonous
hay fever (n)	an allergic reaction to pollen and dust with sneezing, runny nose, and watery eyes
indolently (adv)	lazily; idly; sluggishly
distemper (n)	a disease or disorder ( <i>archaic</i> )
scourge (n)	affliction; misfortune; curse
premonitory (adj)	warning; cautionary
to sift (v)	to examine minutely
Bright's disease (np)	chronic inflammation of the kidneys
diphtheria (n)	swelling of the throat causing difficulty in breathing and swallowing
conscientiously (adv)	carefully; painstakingly; diligently
malady (n)	any disease or illness
housemaid's knee (np)	inflammation and swelling of the bursa in front of the kneecap due to constant kneeling on a hard surface
slight (n)	an act of omission or neglect
invidious (adj)	incurring or tending to arouse resentment; unfairly or offensively discriminating
acquisition (n)	a person or thing of special merit added to a group
decrepit (adj)	broken down or worn out
wreck (n)	a person or a thing that has suffered ruin
chum (n)	a close friend
to hamper (v)	to obstruct, prevent, restrain

## Questions:

1. How did Jerome K. Jerome come to suspect that he had a bad liver?
2. The author says, "I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck." Why?
3. Why did the author think he had all the diseases listed in the book?
4. Why did the author feel hurt when he discovered that he did not have the housemaid's knee [disease]?
5. Why should the author be an acquisition to the medical class? Why did he think that the medical students would have no need to 'walk the hospital'?
6. What is the significance of the doctor's advice: "Don't stuff your head with things you don't understand?"

## Group Discussion:

Think of a situation in which you pretended you knew a lot about something (such as, a game, a medical ailment, a subject, etc.). Discuss that experience, bringing about its humorous effect.

## **Unit-VI**

### **6. Writing a Précis**

#### **6.1 What is a précis?**

It is a short summary of the essential ideas of a longer composition. It should communicate the main idea of the text and the main supporting points – 'written in your own words' – in a very brief form. No interpretation or comment should be interjected. It must possess clear, emphatic diction and effective sentence construction. It must have unity and coherence. The précis should give someone who has not read the original a clear and accurate overview of the text.

#### **6.2 Why write a Précis?**

- To help improve your in-class writing skills
- To give you experience in something that you will undoubtedly have to do when you go to university.
- To help you in note-taking and studying.
- To note and study the MAIN points of an article or lecture.

#### **6.3 Writing the Précis/Summary**

The main purpose of the précis question is to find out whether, from a straightforward passage, students can unearth a central theme, and trace its development through a series of clearly defined stages. You should follow the following steps.

##### **6.3.1 Steps in Writing the Précis**

###### **Find the Main Idea (the thesis)**

Read the passage quickly to find out the main idea (the thesis). As you already know, the thesis is usually stated in the first paragraph. Every new paragraph may start a new topic or aspect of a topic. For a start, attempt the following exercise.

##### **EXERCISE 6.1**

**Directions:** Read each passage and then choose the sentence which best gives the main idea (or thesis) of the passage.

1. My sister is interested in dressmaking. Yesterday evening, she went to visit a friend. The two girls discussed the latest fashions for some time. When my sister left her friend's flat, she got in a lift. Then she had the surprise of her life. The lift got stuck between the fifth and the sixth floors. At the time there was another girl in the lift, and they were trapped for over an hour. Eventually they managed to attract the attention of a boy, who informed the janitor. A mechanic arrived and succeeded in repairing the lift sufficiently to move it down to the fifth floor. The girls got out and left the mechanic to complete the work.
  - a) My sister often visits her friend to discuss dressmaking.
  - b) Yesterday my sister went to a friend's flat to talk about current fashions in dressmaking.
  - c) Yesterday my sister was trapped in a lift for an hour.
  - d) When people are trapped in a lift, a mechanic comes to free them.
2. Ten or twenty thousand years ago, men lived on what they could catch rather than on what they could grow. Whether as fishermen or as hunters, they had to rely for survival on their ability to trap, kill and eat animals. In the process of time, men learnt that seeds produce plants. (They already knew with some accuracy which plants were edible.) It is no surprise that our ancestors gradually learnt to grow their own food. This, coupled with skill in taming and domesticating animals, enabled them to store food. With more experience, farmers learnt to produce more food than they needed for their own families. They used this surplus food as a form of money with which to buy tools, weapons, and even ornaments. Thus trade started and craftsmen (who were neither hunters nor farmers) managed to earn a living.
  - a) Our ancestors gradually learnt to grow their own food.
  - b) Early men were mainly hunters, who relied on what they could catch.
  - c) When men tamed animals, they could get their own food.
  - d) Early men were hunters, then farmers and eventually traders as well.
3. Lack of care, particularly on the part of the drivers, is probably the major cause of traffic accidents, although pedestrians are sometimes to blame. This carelessness can take many forms. A driver may be chatting with a companion. He may be watching somebody in another vehicle. He may be thinking about some trouble at work or at home. He may be smoking and trying to find the ash-tray. He may be talking to someone on his cell phone. Whatever the reason may be, there is no excuse for many of the accidents which occur.
  - a) Lack of care is probably the main cause of accidents on roads, although pedestrians are at times responsible, too.

- b) Most traffic accidents are caused by carelessness.
- c) There is no excuse for many of the traffic accidents which occur.

### **Find the Method of Development**

Read the passage again to search for the way the author has developed the thesis. The author may have used one of the following methods:

- Time order — step by step
- Advantages and disadvantages
- Cause – event – result
- Place order – what happens in different places
- Order of importance

### **Find the Topic Sentences**

Read the passage again but more carefully than before. Try to find out the topic sentences of each paragraph. See how they support the thesis. Make rough notes of the important and relevant points. Leave out details, examples, illustrations and irrelevant points.

### **Leave out details, examples and illustrations**

**Details:** The farmers grew rice, maize, wheat and barley.

**Generalisation:** The farmers grew cereals. (or crops or food)

**Details:** She could play the piano well and even had some idea of how to play the violin and guitar. She could read music and had written several of her own songs.

**Generalisation:** She was an excellent musician.

**Details:** The population was two million in 1965, over three million by 1970, and then rose rapidly to four million by 1976. Much to the surprise of the Government, it reached six million by the end of 1992.

**Generalisation:** The population increased rapidly between 1965 and 1992

**Write the rough draft.** Use your rough notes to write a fluent précis with no errors of spelling, punctuation or grammar. Use linking words to connect the idea in one sentence with the idea in the next sentence. Don't copy from the passage. Use your own words as far as possible.

**Write the final draft:** Check for length. Add or omit words to get to the right length. Check spelling, punctuation and grammar once again.

### **Don't do these things**

- Don't add information to the passage. Don't comment on information given in the passage. Give a summary of the main points — whether you agree with them or not.
- Don't write incomplete sentences. Write as if you are writing a paragraph with its topic and all supporting statements.
- Don't forget to cross out (very clearly) any rough work or draft summaries. An examiner may get annoyed if he marks a summary and then turns the page to find the final summary on the other side.

### **Use the correct number of words**

- Follow the limit given in the question.
- You will lose marks if you exceed the limit. Exceeding the limit means you have included details, examples, and illustrations that should have been omitted.
- If your summary is too short, you have probably left out some important points.

# Fear of Dearth

Carl Tucker

I HATE JOGGING. Every dawn, as I thud around New York City's Central Park reservoir, I am reminded of how much I hate it. It's so tedious. Some claim jogging is thought conducive; others insist the scenery relieves the monotony. For me, the pace is wrong for contemplation of either ideas or vistas. While jogging, all I can think about is jogging — or nothing. One advantage of jogging around a reservoir is that there's no dry shortcut home.

From the listless looks of some fellow trotters, I gather I am not alone in my unenthusiasm: Bill-paying, it seems, would be about as diverting. Nonetheless, we continue to jog; more, we continue to *choose* to jog. From a practically infinite array of opportunities, we select one that we don't enjoy and can't wait to have done with. Why?

For any trend, there are as many reasons as there are participants. This person runs to lower his blood pressure. That person runs to escape the telephone or a cranky spouse or a filthy household. Another person runs to avoid doing anything else, to dodge a decision about how to lead his life or a realization that his life is leading nowhere. Each of us has his carrot and stick. In my case, the stick is my slackening physical condition, which keeps me from beating opponents at tennis whom I overwhelmed two years ago. My carrot is to win.

Beyond these disparate reasons, however, lies a deeper cause. It is no accident that now, in the last third of the twentieth century, personal fitness and health have suddenly become a popular obsession. True, modern man likes to feel good, but that hardly distinguishes him from his predecessors.

With zany myopia, economists like to claim that the deeper cause of everything is economic. Delightfully, there seems no marketplace explanation for jogging. True, jogging is cheap, but then not jogging is cheaper. And the scant and skimpy equipment which jogging demands must make it a marketer's least favoured form of recreation.

Some scout-masterish philosophers argue that the appeal of jogging and other body-maintenance programmes is the discipline they afford. We live in a world in which individuals have fewer and fewer obligations. The work week has shrunk. Weekend worship is less compulsory. Technology gives us more free time. Satisfactorily filling free time requires imagination and effort. Freedom is a wide and risky river; it can drown the person who does not know how to swim across it. The more obligations one takes on, the more time one occupies, the less threat freedom poses. Jogging can become an instant obligation. For a portion of his day, the jogger is not his own man; he is obedient to a regimen he has accepted.

Theologists may take the argument one step further. It is our modern irreligion, our lack of confidence in any hereafter, that makes us anxious to stretch our mortal stay as long as possible. We run, as the saying goes, for our lives, hounded by the suspicion that these are the only lives we are likely to enjoy. All of these theorists seem to me more or less right. As the growth of cults and charismatic religions and the resurgence of enthusiasm for the military draft suggest, we do crave commitment. And who can doubt, watching so many middle-aged and older persons torturing themselves in the name of fitness, that we are unreconciled to death, more so perhaps than any generation in modern memory?

But I have a hunch there's a further explanation of our obsession with exercise. I suspect that what motivates us even more than a fear of death is a fear of dearth. Our era is the first to anticipate the eventual depletion of all natural resources. We see wilderness shrinking; rivers losing their capacity to sustain life; the air, even the stratosphere, being loaded with potentially deadly junk. We see the irreplaceable being squandered, and in the depths of our consciousness we are fearful that we are creating an uninhabitable world. We feel more or less helpless and yet, at the same time, desirous to protect what resources we can. We recycle soda bottles and restore old buildings and protect our nearest natural resource — our physical health — in the almost superstitious hope that such small gestures will help save an earth that we are blighting. Jogging becomes a sort of penance for our sins of gluttony, greed, and waste. Like a hair shirt or a bed of nails, the more one hates it, the more virtuous it makes one feel.

That is why we jog. Why I jog is to win at tennis.

## About the Author

Carll Tucker was born in New York City in 1951 and received a B.A. from Yale University in 1973. An editor and writer, Tucker began his career as a columnist for the Patent Trader newspaper. He was theatre critic and book columnist for the Village Voice from 1974 to 1977 and editor of the Saturday Review from 1978 to 1981, for which he wrote a regular column, "The Back Door," from which this selection is drawn. In 1983, Tucker assumed the editorship of the Patent Trader. Tucker's subject in "Fear of Dearth" is jogging. In a cause and effect analysis, Tucker sets out to explain why Americans choose to jog. "From a practically infinite array of opportunities", he questions, "we select one that we don't enjoy and can't wait to have done with. Why?"

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
dearth (n)	an inadequate amount, esp. of food; scarcity
tedious (adj)	causing fatigue or boredom or tedium; monotonous
conducive (adj)	contributing, leading, or tending towards some good result
monotony (n)	wearisome routine; dullness
vistas (n)	a view, esp. through a long narrow avenue of trees, buildings
trotter (n)	a person or animal that trots, runs; here joggers, runners
diverting (adj)	distracting; entertaining; amusing
cranky spouse (np)	fussy and bad-tempered wife or husband
slackening (adj)	loosening; slowing
overwhelm (v)	to overpower; to overcome
obsession (n)	a persistent occupation, idea, or feeling
zany (adj)	comical funny in an endearing, charming way
myopia (n)	short-sightedness
scant (adj)	scarce, insufficient
skimpy (adj)	(of clothes, etc.) made of too little material; scanty
scout	(esp. at Oxford University) a college servant; low status
masterish (adj)	not in full authority; seemingly master
scout masterish philosophers	so-called authorities; pseudo-philosophers having no status, recognition or real authority
obligation (n)	a moral or legal requirement; duty
regimen (n)	Med. a systematic course of therapy, often including a recommended diet, exercise, etc.
irreligion (n)	lack of religious faith
to stretch (v)	to extend; to prolong
mortal stay (np)	life in this world which is mortal, short-lived
cult (n)	a specific system of following (religious or otherwise), esp. with reference to its rites and deity, a person or idea

charismatic (adj)	having charisma, a quality that inspires great enthusiasm and devotion in a large number of people
to crave (v)	to desire intensely; to long for; yearn for
unreconciled (adj)	not used to; not in terms with;
depletion (n)	reduction; decrease; deficiency;
stratosphere (n)	the second atmospheric layer in which temperature generally increases with height
junk (n)	poisonous gases and chemicals in the atmosphere; discarded and second-hand objects; rubbish
to squander (v)	to spend wastefully or extravagantly
to blight (v)	to spoil or destroy
penance (n)	voluntary self-punishment to atone for a sin or crime
to atone (v)	to compensate for; to make for; to pay for
gluttony (n)	the act or practice of eating in excess
hair shirt (np)	a shirt made of hair cloth worn next to the skin as a penance; a secret trouble or affliction
bed of nails (np)	a situation or position of extreme difficulty

### Questions:

1. What, according to Tucker, are the reasons people jog for? Do they jog for the "Fear of Dearth"? Bring out the elements of humour in the essay.
2. Is Tucker being serious in his analysis? How can you tell?
3. Dearth means 'an inadequate amount, esp. of food; scarcity. Do you think the title of this essay is effective? Why did the author choose this particular title?

### Writing Assignments:

1. If you engage in a regular athletic activity, analyse the reasons why you do so. Why that activity? What does appeal to you? Or if you avoid any such activity, analyse why you do so. Write an essay analysing the reasons for your activity or inactivity.
2. Select another popular activity or preoccupation (such as, dieting, blue jeans, cell phones, eating junk food, computer gaming, etc.) and in an essay analyse the reasons for its popularity. Try to avoid the most obvious reasons and focus instead on what this thing or activity reveals about our society.

## Unit-VII

### Direct and Indirect Speech

You can answer the question "What did he/she say?" in two ways:

- by repeating the words spoken (direct speech)
- by reporting the words spoken (indirect or reported speech).

### Direct Speech

Direct speech repeats, or quotes, the exact words spoken. When we use direct speech in writing, we place the words spoken between inverted commas ("....") and there is no change in these words. We may be reporting something that's being said NOW (for example a telephone conversation), or telling someone later about a previous conversation.

#### Examples:

*She says "What time will you be home?"*

*She said "What time will you be home?"*

*and I said "I don't know!"*

*"There's a fly in my soup!" screamed Salim.*

*Javed said, "There's an elephant outside the window."*

### Indirect Speech

Reported speech is usually used to talk about the past, so we normally change the tense of the words spoken. We use reporting verbs like 'say', 'tell', 'ask', and we may use the word 'that' to introduce the reported words. Inverted commas are not used.

*She said, "I saw him."* → *She said that she had seen him.*

- **'That'** may be omitted:

*She told him that she was happy.*

*She told him she was happy.*

- **'Say'** and **'tell'**: Use **'say'** when there is no indirect object:

*He said that he was tired.*

Always use **'tell'** when you say who was being spoken to (i.e. with an indirect object):

*He told me that he was tired.*

- 'Talk' and 'speak' are used to describe the action of communicating:
  - He talked to us.
  - She was speaking on the telephone.
  - with 'about' to refer to what was said:
    - He talked (to us) about his parents.

## TENSE CHANGES

Normally, the tense in the reported speech is one tense back in time from the tense in the direct speech:

*She said, "I am tired."* → *She said that she was tired.*

The changes are shown below:

### Simple present

"I always **drink** coffee", she said.

### Simple past

*She said that she always **drank** coffee.*

### Present continuous

"I am **reading** a book", he explained.

### Past continuous

*He explained that he **was reading** a book*

### Simple past

"Bilal **arrived** on Saturday", he said.

### Past perfect

*He said that Bilal **had arrived** on Saturday*

### Present perfect

"I **have been** to Spain", he told me.

### Past perfect

*He told me that he **had been** to Spain*

### Past perfect

"I **had just turned** out the light," he explained.

### Past perfect

*He explained that he **had just turned** out the light.*

### Present perfect continuous

They complained, "We **have been waiting** for hours".

### Past perfect continuous

*They complained that they **had been waiting** for hours.*

### Past continuous

"We **were living** in Paris", they told me.

### Past perfect continuous

*They told me that they **had been living** in Paris.*

### Future

"I **will be** in Geneva on Monday", he said

### Present conditional

*He said that he **would be** in Geneva on Monday.*

### Future continuous

She said, "I'll be **using** the car next Friday".

### Conditional continuous

*She said that she **would be using** the car next Friday.*

## NOTE:

1. You do not need to change the tense if the reporting verb is in the present, or if the original statement was about something that is still true, e.g.

*He says he has missed the train but he'll catch the next one.*

*We explained that it is very difficult to find our house.*

2. These modal verbs do not change in reported speech: *might, could, would, should, ought to*, e.g.

*We explained that it could be difficult to find our house.*

*He said that he might bring a friend to the party.*

## CHANGE OF TIME AND PLACE REFERENCE

Time/place references are also changed in reported speech

### Examples:

"I will see you **here tomorrow**", she said. → She said that she would see me **there the next day**.

The most common of these changes are shown below:

<b>Today</b>	→	<b>that day</b>
"I saw him <b>today</b> ", she said.		<i>She said that she had seen him <b>that day</b>.</i>
<b>Yesterday</b>	→	<b>the day before</b>
"I saw him <b>yesterday</b> ", she said.		<i>She said that she had seen him <b>the day before</b>.</i>
<b>The day before yesterday</b>	→	<b>two days before</b>
"I met her <b>the day before yesterday</b> ", he said.		<i>He said that he had met her <b>two days before</b>.</i>
<b>Tomorrow</b>	→	<b>the next/following day</b>
"I'll see you <b>tomorrow</b> ", he said		<i>He said that he would see me <b>the next day</b>.</i>
<b>The day after tomorrow</b>	→	<b>in two days time/ two days later</b>
"We'll come <b>the day after tomorrow</b> ", they said.		<i>They said that they would come <b>in two days time/ two days later</b>.</i>
<b>Next week/month/year</b>	→	<b>the following week/month/year</b>
"I have an appointment <b>next week</b> ", she said.		<i>She said that she had an appointment <b>the following week</b>.</i>

**Last week/month/year**

"I was on holiday **last week**", he told us.

**ago**

"I saw her **a week ago**," he said.

**this (for time)**

"I'm getting a new car **this week**", she said.

**this/that (adjectives)**

"Do you like **this shirt**?" he asked

**here**

He said, "**I live here**".

»→

**the previous/week/month/year**

He told us that he had been on holiday **the previous week**.

»→

**before**

He said he had seen her **a week before**.

»→

**that**

She said she was getting a new car **that week**.

»→

**the**

He asked if I liked **the shirt**.

»→

**there**

He told me he lived **there**.

**Other changes:**

In general, personal pronouns change to the third person singular or plural, except when the speaker reports his own words:

He said: "I like your new car." »→ He told me that he liked my new car.

I said: "I'm going to my friend's house." »→ I said that I was going to my friend's house.

**HOPES, INTENTIONS, PROMISES**

When we report an intention, hope or promise, we use an appropriate reporting verb followed by a *that-clause* or a *to-infinitive*:

"I'll pay you the money tomorrow." »→

He promised to pay me the money the next day.

He promised that he would pay me the money the next day.

Other verbs used in this pattern include:

*hope, propose, threaten, guarantee, swear.*

**Examples:**

▪ "I'll be back by lunchtime."

He promised to be back by lunchtime.

He promised that he would be back by lunchtime.

- "We should arrive in London before nightfall."  
*They hoped to arrive in London before nightfall.*  
*They hoped they would arrive in London before nightfall.*
- "Give me the keys to the safe or I'll shoot you!"  
*He threatened to shoot me if I didn't give him the keys to the safe.*  
*He threatened that he would shoot me if I didn't give him the keys to the safe.*

## ORDERS, REQUESTS, SUGGESTIONS

1. When we want to report an **order or request**, we can use a verb like 'tell' with a **to-clause**.

Examples:

*He told me to go away.*

The pattern is **verb + indirect object + to-clause**.

(The indirect object is the person spoken to.)

Other verbs used to report orders and requests in this way are: **command, order, warn, ask, advise, invite, beg, teach, forbid**.

Examples:

a) The doctor said to me, "Stop smoking!"	»→	The doctor <b>asked me to stop smoking.</b>
b) "Get out of the car!" said the policeman.	»→	The policeman <b>ordered him to get out of the car.</b>
c) "Could you please be quiet," she said.	»→	She <b>asked me to be quiet.</b>
d) The man with the gun said to us, "Don't move!"	»→	The man with the gun <b>warned us not to move.</b>

2. Requests for objects are reported using the pattern **ask + for + object**: Examples:

a) "Can I have an apple?" she asked.	»→	She <b>asked for an apple.</b>
b) "Can I have the newspaper, please?" he said	»→	He <b>asked for the newspaper.</b>
c) "May I have a glass of water?" he said.	»→	He <b>asked for a glass of water.</b>
d) "Sugar, please," she said.	»→	She <b>asked for the sugar.</b>
e) "Could I have three kilos of onions?" he said.	»→	He <b>asked for three kilos of onions.</b>

3. **Suggestions** are usually reported with a *that-clause*. 'That' and 'should' are optional in these clauses:

She said: "Why don't you get a mechanic to look at the car?"	»→	She suggested that I should get a mechanic to look at the car. <b>OR</b> She suggested I get a mechanic to look at the car.
--	----	---

Other reporting verbs used in this way are: *insist, recommend, demand, request, propose*.

**Examples:**

a) "It would be a good idea to see the dentist", said my mother.	»→	My mother <b>suggested I see</b> the dentist.
b) The dentist said, "I think you should use a different toothbrush".	»→	The dentist <b>recommended that I should use</b> a different toothbrush.
c) My manager said, "I think we should examine the budget carefully at this meeting."	»→	My manager <b>proposed that we examine</b> the budget carefully at the meeting.
d) "Why don't you go to Nathiagali for a change?" she said.	»→	She suggested <b>that I go</b> to Nathiagali for a change.

**Notes:**

*Suggest* can also be followed by a gerund: I *suggested* postponing the visit to the dentist.

## QUESTIONS

1. Normal word order is used in reported questions, that is, the subject comes before the verb, and it is not necessary to use 'do' or 'did':

"Where does Peter live?" »→ She asked him **where Peter lived**.

2. **Yes / no questions:** This type of question is reported by using 'ask' + 'if / whether + clause':

"Do you speak English?"	»→	He asked me <b>if I spoke English</b> .
"Are you a doctor or a dentist?"	»→	He asked me <b>whether I was a doctor or a dentist</b> .
"Is it raining?"	»→	She asked <b>if it was raining</b> .
"Have you got a computer?"	»→	He wanted to know <b>whether I had a computer</b> .
"Can you type?"	»→	She asked <b>if I could type</b> .

"Did you come by train?"	»→	He enquired whether I had come by train.
"Have you been to Quetta before?"	»→	She asked if I had been to Quetta before.

### 3. Question words:

This type of question is reported by using 'ask' (or another verb like 'ask') + question word + clause. The clause contains the question, in normal word order and with the necessary tense change.

#### Examples:

a) "What is your name?" he asked me.	»→	He asked me <b>what my name was</b> .
b) "How old is your mother?", he asked.	»→	He asked <b>how old his mother was</b> .
c) The mouse said to the elephant, "Where do you live?"	»→	The mouse asked the elephant <b>where he lived</b> .
d) "What time does the train arrive?" she asked.	»→	She asked <b>what time the train arrived</b> .
e) "When can we have dinner?" she asked.	»→	She asked <b>when they could have dinner</b> .
f) The elephant said to the mouse, "Why are you so small?"	»→	The elephant asked the mouse <b>why he was so small</b> .

## SUMMARY OF REPORTING VERBS

Note that some reporting verbs may appear in more than one of the following groups.

#### 1. Verbs followed by 'if' or 'whether' + clause:

ask  
know  
remember

say  
see

#### 2. Verbs followed by a *that-clause*:

add  
admit  
agree  
announce  
answer

doubt  
estimate  
explain  
fear  
feel

reply  
report  
reveal  
say  
state

argue	insist	suggest
boast	mention	suppose
claim	observe	tell
comment	persuade	think
complain	propose	understand
confirm	remark	
consider	remember	
deny	repeat	

3. Verbs followed by either a ***that-clause*** or a ***to-infinitive***:

decide	promise
expect	swear
guarantee	threaten
hope	

4. Verbs followed by a ***that-clause containing should***

(but note that it may be omitted, leaving a subject + zero-infinitive):

advise	insist	recommend
beg	prefer	request
demand	propose	suggest

5. Verbs followed by a clause ***starting with a question word***:

decide	imagine	see
describe	know	suggest
discover	learn	teach
discuss	realise	tell
explain	remember	think
forget	reveal	understand
guess	say	wonder

6. Verbs followed by ***object + to-infinitive***

advise	forbid	teach
ask	instruct	tell
beg	invite	warn
command		

# Right and Wrong

C. S. LEWIS

Every one has heard people quarrelling: sometimes it sounds funny and sometimes it sounds merely unpleasant; but however it sounds, I believe we can learn something very important from listening to the kind of things they say. They say things like this: "That's my seat, I was there first" — "Leave him alone, he isn't doing you any harm" — "Why should you shove in first?" — "Give me a bit of your orange, I gave you a bit of mine" — "How'd you like it if anyone did the same to you?" — "Come on, you promised." People say things like that every day, educated people as well as uneducated, and children as well as grown-ups.

Now what interests me about all these remarks is that the man who makes them isn't just saying that the other man's behaviour doesn't happen to please him. He is appealing to some kind of standard of behaviour which he expects the other man to know about. And the other man very seldom replies, "To hell with your standard." Nearly always he tries to make out that what he has been doing doesn't really go against the standard, or that if it does, there is some special excuse. He pretends there is some special reason in this particular case why the person who took the seat first should not keep it, or that things were quite different when he was given the bit of orange, or that something has turned up which lets him off keeping his promise. It looks, in fact, very much as if both parties had in mind some kind of Law or Rule of fairplay or decent behaviour or morality or whatever you like to call it, about which they really agreed. And they have. If they hadn't, they might, of course, fight like animals, but they couldn't quarrel in the human sense of the word. Quarrelling means trying to show that the other man is in the wrong. And there'd be no sense in trying to do that unless you and he had some sort of agreement as to what Right and Wrong are; just as there'd be no sense in saying that a footballer had committed a foul unless there was some agreement about the rules of football.

Now this Law or Rule about Right and Wrong used to be called the Law of Nature. Nowadays, when we talk of the "laws of nature" we usually mean things like gravitation, or heredity, or the laws of chemistry. But when the older thinkers called the Law of Right and Wrong the Law of Nature, they really meant the Law of Human Nature. The idea was that, just as falling stones are governed by the law

of gravitation and chemicals by chemical laws, so the creature called man also had his law — with this great difference, that the stone couldn't choose whether it obeyed the law of gravitation, or not, but a man could choose either to obey the Law of Human Nature or to disobey it. They called it Law of Nature because they thought that every one knew it by nature and didn't need to be taught it. They didn't mean, of course, that you mightn't find an odd individual here and there who didn't know it, just as you find a few people who are colour-blind or have no ear for a tune. But taking the race as a whole, they thought that the human idea of Decent Behaviour was obvious to every one. And I believe they were right. If they weren't then all the things we say about this war [World War II] are nonsense. What is the sense in saying the enemy are in the wrong unless Right is a real thing which the Germans at bottom know as well as we do and ought to practise? If they had no notion of what we mean by right, then, though we might still have to fight them, we could no more blame them for that than for the colour of their hair.

I know that some people say the idea of a Law of Nature or decent behaviour known to all men is unsound, because different civilisations and different ages have had quite different moralities. But they haven't. They have only had slightly different moralities. Just think what a quite different morality would mean. Think of a country where people were admired for running away in battle, or where a man felt proud for doublecrossing all the people who had been kindest to him. You might just as well try to imagine a country where two and two made five. Men have differed as regards what people you ought to be unselfish to — whether it was only your own family, or your fellow countrymen, or every one. But they have always agreed that you oughtn't to put yourself first. Selfishness has never been admired....

But the most remarkable thing is this: whenever you find a man who says he doesn't believe in a real Right and Wrong, you will find the same man going back on this a moment later. He may break his promise to you, but if you try breaking one to him he'll be complaining "It's not fair!" A nation may say treaties don't matter; but then next minute, they spoil their case by saying that the particular treaty they want to break was an unfair one. But if treaties don't matter, and if there's no such thing as Right and Wrong — in other words, if there is no Law of Nature — what is the difference between a fair treaty and an unfair one? Haven't they given away the fact that, whatever they say, they really know the Law of Nature just like anyone else?

It seems, then, we are forced to believe in real Right and Wrong. People may be sometimes mistaken about them, just as people sometimes get their sums

wrong; but they are not a matter of mere taste and opinion any more than the multiplication table. Now if we're agreed about that, I go on to my next point, which is this. None of us are really keeping the Law of Nature. If there are any exceptions among you, I apologise to them. They'd better switch on to another station, for nothing I'm going to say concerns them. And now, turning to the ordinary human beings who are left; I hope you won't misunderstand what I'm going to say. I'm not preaching, and Heaven knows I'm not pretending that I'm better than anyone else: I'm only trying to call attention to a fact; the fact that this year, or this month, or, more likely, this very day, we have failed to practise ourselves the kind of behaviour we expect from other people. There may be all sorts of excuses for us. That time you were so unfair to the children was when you were very tired; that slightly shady business about the money — the one you've almost forgotten — came when you were very hard up. And what you promised to do for old so-and-so and have never done — well, you never would have promised if you'd known how frightfully busy you were going to be. And as for your behaviour to your wife (or husband), if I knew how irritating they could be, I wouldn't wonder at it and who the dickens am I, anyway? I am just the same. That is to say, I don't succeed in keeping the Law of Nature very well, and the moment anyone tells me I'm not keeping it, there starts up in my mind a string of excuses as long as your arm. The question at the moment is not whether they are good excuses. The point is that they are one more proof of how deeply whether we like it or not, we believe in the Law of Nature. If we didn't believe in decent behaviour, why should we be so anxious to make excuses for not having behaved decently? The truth is, we believe in decency so much — we feel the Rule or Law pressing on us so — that we can't bear to face the fact that we're breaking it, and consequently we try to shift the responsibility. For you notice that it's only for our bad behaviour that we find all these explanations. We put our bad temper down to being tired or worried or hungry; we put our good temper down to ourselves.

Well, those are the two points I wanted to make. First that human beings, all over the earth, have this curious idea that they *ought* to behave in a certain way, and can't really get rid of it. Second that they don't in fact behave in that way. They know the Law of Nature; they break it. These two facts are the foundation of all clear thinking about ourselves and the universe we live in.

## About the Author:

C.S. Lewis, Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English at Cambridge University, was born in 1898 in Belfast, Ireland. He is the author of the widely read *The Screw Tape Letter* and other books on Christianity, as well as science fiction and works of literary scholarship. In the present selection, he puts his arguments in an intellectual, witty and convincing manner.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
seldom (adv)	not often; rarely
to pretend (v)	to claim or allege something not true; to feign
fair play (n)	an established standard of decency, honesty
morality (n)	conformity, or degree of conformity, to conventional standards of acceptable behaviour or conduct
civilisation (n)	a human society that has highly developed material and spiritual resources and a complex cultural, social, political and legal organisation
heredity (n)	the transmission from one generation to another of genetic factors that determine individual characteristics responsible for resemblance between parents and offspring
double cross (v)	to cheat or betray
treaties (n)	a formal agreement or contract between two or more states, such as an alliance or trade arrangement
shady (adj)	dubious or questionable as to honesty or legality
who/what the dickens (phrase)	who/what the devil
anxious (adj)	worried and tense because of possible misfortune or danger
consequently (adv)	as a result or effect; therefore; hence
to shove in (v)	to put something somewhere hurriedly or carelessly
colour-blind (adj)	defect in the normal ability to distinguish colours
gravitation (n)	the force of attraction that planets exert on one another as a result of their mass
hard up (adj)	poor; in need of money

### Questions:

1. What does interest the author about the remarks mentioned in the first paragraph?
2. Summarise Lewis's series of reasons for believing that there is a "Law of Nature."
3. What are the author's reasons for believing that the Moral Law is not simply an instinct but something that people living in a society have agreed upon?
4. The author says, "None of us are really keeping the Law of Nature." What does he mean by it? Do you agree to this view?
5. What are the two points that the author wanted to make? And why are they the foundation of all clear thinking about ourselves and the universe we live in?

### Group Discussion:

Discuss cheating in examinations. Is it right or wrong? Do you think students who cheat in exams consider it right? Or if they consider it wrong, then why do they cheat? Doesn't this one example prove the author's contention in the last paragraph?

# Unit-VIII

## THE PASSIVE VOICE

### The Form of the Passive

The passive voice in English is composed of two elements: the appropriate form of the verb '**to be**' + the past participle of the verb in question:

Subject	verb 'to be'	past participle
The house	was	built ...

Examples: **to clean**

Subject	verb 'to be'	past participle
<b>Simple present:</b> The house	is	cleaned every day.
<b>Present continuous:</b> The house	is being	cleaned at the moment.
<b>Simple past:</b> The house	was	cleaned yesterday.
<b>Past continuous:</b> The house	was being	cleaned last week.
<b>Present perfect:</b> The house	has been	cleaned since you left.
<b>Past perfect:</b> The house	had been	cleaned before their arrival.
<b>Future:</b> The house	will be	cleaned next week.
<b>Future continuous:</b> The house	will be being	cleaned tomorrow.
<b>Present conditional:</b> The house	would be	cleaned if they had visitors.
<b>Past conditional:</b> The house	would have been	cleaned if it had been dirty.

**NOTE:** 'to be born' is a passive form and is most commonly used in the past tense:

*I was born in 1976. When were you born?*

BUT: Around 100 babies **are born** in this hospital every week.

**Infinitive form:** infinitive of 'to be' + past participle: *(to) be cleaned*

This form is used after modal verbs and other verbs normally followed by an infinitive, e.g.

You have **to be tested** on your English grammar

Javed might **be promoted** next year.

She wants to **be invited** to the party.

**Gerund or -ing form:** being + past participle: *being cleaned*

This form is used after prepositions and verbs normally followed by a gerund

**Examples:**

- a. Most film stars hate **being interviewed**.
- b. I remember **being taught** to drive.
- c. The children are excited about **being taken** to the zoo.

**NOTE:** Sometimes the passive is formed using the verb *to get* instead of the verb *to be*:

- a. He **got arrested** for dangerous driving.
- b. **They're getting married** later this year.
- c. I'm not sure how the window **got broken**.

## The Function of the Passive

The passive voice is used to show interest in the person or object that experiences an action rather than the person or object that performs the action, e.g.

- *The passive is used ...:*  
We are interested in the passive, not who uses it.
- *The house was built in 1654:*  
We are interested in the house, not the builder.
- *The road is being repaired:*  
We are interested in the road, not the people repairing it.

In other words, the most important thing or person becomes the subject of the sentence.

Sometimes we use the passive voice because we don't know or cannot express who or what performed the action:

- *I noticed that a window had been left open*
- *Every year people are killed on our roads.*

If we want to say who or what performs the action, we use the preposition **by**:

- *"Twelfth Night" is written by Shakespeare.*
- *Traffic is directed by traffic constables.*

The passive voice is often used in formal or scientific texts:

- *A great deal of meaning is conveyed by a few well-chosen words.*
- *Our planet is wrapped in a mass of gases.*
- *Waste materials are disposed of in a variety of ways.*

## GET / HAVE SOMETHING DONE

This construction is passive in meaning. It may describe situations where we want someone else to do something for us.

Examples:

- I must get / have my hair cut.*
- When are you going to get that window mended?*
- We're having the house painted.*

If the verb refers to something negative or unwanted, it has the same meaning as a passive sentence:

- Jamil had his car stolen last night. (= Jamil's car was stolen)*
- They had their roof blown off in the storm. (= Their roof was blown off in the storm)*

The construction can refer to the completion of an activity, especially if a time expression is used:

- We'll get the work done as soon as possible.*
- I'll get those letters typed before lunchtime.*

In all these sentences, we are more interested in the **result** of the activity than in the person or object that performs the activity.

### .... NEEDS DOING

In the same way, this construction has a passive meaning. The important thing in our minds is the person or thing that will experience the action, e.g.

- a. *The ceiling needs painting* (= the ceiling needs to be painted)
- b. *My hair needs cutting* (= my hair needs to be cut)

### PASSIVE TENSES AND ACTIVE EQUIVALENTS

Notice that the tense of the verb to be in the passive voice is the same as the tense of the main verb in the active voice.

Examples: **to keep**

TENSE / VERB FORM	ACTIVE VOICE	PASSIVE VOICE
Simple present		is kept
Present continuous		is being kept
Simple past		was kept
Past continuous		was being kept
Present perfect		have been kept
Past perfect		had been kept
future		will be kept
Conditional present		would be kept
Conditional past		would have been kept
present infinitive		to be kept
perfect infinitive		to have been kept
present participle/gerund		being kept
perfect participle		having been kept

Example sentences:

**Active:** *I keep* the butter in the fridge.

**Passive:** The butter *is kept* in the fridge.

Active: They **stole** the painting.  
Passive: The painting **was stolen**.

Active: They **are repairing** the road.  
Passive: The road **is being repaired**.

Active: Shakespeare **wrote** Hamlet.  
Passive: Hamlet **was written** by Shakespeare.

Active: A dog **bit** him.  
Passive: He **was bitten** by a dog.

# Archaeological Treasures of Pakistan

Herbert Feldman

THE archaeological treasure of Pakistan is not only rich and varied, but some of it is highly important to the history of civilisation. As sometimes happens, valuable monuments and remains have suffered from neglect or vandalism, but in recent years there has been a rising interest in the subject and valuable work is steadily going on.

No doubt the best known of all Pakistan's archaeological centres is that of Taxila, about thirty miles North-West of Rawalpindi. It is celebrated not only for the richness of what it has yielded, but for its associations with Alexander, and with Asoka, one of the greatest figures of antiquity in the subcontinent. There are four sites at Taxila, which became an important centre of Buddhism and the seat of a great university. Already a thriving city when Alexander came in 325 B.C., Taxila passed through a series of extraordinary changes. After Alexander, Chandragupta set up the Mauryan Empire in India and his grandson, Asoka, who later established Buddhism throughout the sub-continent, went there. A third Taxila, now known as Sirkap, was built by Scythian invaders who followed the Mauryan dynasty.

One of the especial merits of what has been discovered at Taxila is that unique contribution to the world's artistic treasure, the art of Gandhara, a splendid fusion of Buddhist art with Mediterranean (first Greek and later Roman) influences, producing a style of great worth to be found nowhere else. Gandhara is the name of the area around Peshawar which became particularly associated with Buddhism, especially by reason of the work, in the first century A.D., of Buddhist scholars who prepared texts associating local sites with previous incarnations of the Buddha. This gave a sacred character to the region and a great expansion of religious activity which succumbed to the invasions of the White Huns in the fifth century A.D.

Next, perhaps, in fame, but certainly not inferior in importance, is Mohenjo-Daro, about sixty miles from Sukkur, in Sind. Mohenjo-Daro is only one, but undoubtedly the best known, of the sites which form part of what is now referred to as 'The Indus Valley Civilisation'. This ancient cradle of civilised man goes

back about five thousand years to the second and third millenia B.C. and is therefore contemporary with the prehistoric sites of Mesopotamia, with which it is often compared.

The discovery is a comparatively recent one and is due to the work of Sir John Marshall whose interest was aroused by the discovery, at Harappa, in Montgomery District (now *Sahiwal*), of some seals of apparently prehistoric origin. In 1922 an officer of the Indian Archaeological Department discovered some similar 'seals' while investigating a Buddhist stupa of the Kushan period at Mohenjo-Daro and, in the following year, further investigations were carried out. The results were not unduly interesting, but Marshall was sufficiently convinced of the substantial nature of his suspicions to carry on the work, under his own direction, during the following years, with most rewarding consequences.

One of the most important aspects of the Mohenjo-Daro discovery is its confirmation of the existence of an established civilization in the Indus valley region before the arrival of Aryan invaders and also the fact that more than one ethnic type was then present. The measurement of skulls show four distinct ethnic categories of which one belongs to the Mediterranean classification; the Alpine and Mongolian types have been identified and, also, the Proto-Australoid group, typical of the aboriginal of south and central India. All these circumstances lead to very interesting speculations, but a great deal remains to be done. Sites have, in recent years, been investigated which may even antedate the Mohenjo-Daro remains as, for instance, that at Kot Diji near Khairpur. At present, a serious difficulty stands in the way of interpretation of all these important discoveries namely the problem of unlocking the pictographic script found at Mohenjo-Daro. When this, by no means simple, puzzle is ultimately resolved, the results may well lead to great changes in historical and archaeological theories.

Even more recent, and of great interest to Pakistan, is the work done at Bhanbore, a site on one of the silted channels of the Indus, about forty miles from Karachi and very easy of access to Karachi-dwellers. The particular interest of Bhanbore lies in the possibility that it is the site of Debul, where Mohammad bin Qasim landed. The question of the actual whereabouts of this place has long afforded material for archaeological disputation and although Bhanbore was considered a possibility, serious work was not started there until 1958. The results have so far been well worth the effort and a mosque has already been uncovered which, apparently, dates from about a hundred and fifty years after the

commencement of the Muslim era and this begins to get close to the time of Mohammad bin Qasim himself. But, it seems, the site may well yield a good deal more than this and at the present stage it is not possible to say how far the digging may extend. Work is also to be done at Brahmanabad, about forty-three miles northeast of Hyderabad, where Dahir, Mohammad bin Qasim's adversary, made his last stand.

The ebb and flow of different influences, religious, intellectual and military, have left their various marks on the antiquities of Pakistan. Of Buddhist memorials, perhaps enough has been said, although it deserves to be added that they are not confined to the North-West; but extend down to Sind; and at Mirpurkhas, East of Hyderabad, Buddhist seals of the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. have been discovered.

Some of the monuments, unalloyed, represent the culture of the country where they originated. The celebrated tiled mosques and tombs of Thatta are as purely Iranian as if they had been transplanted. However, despite the interest and importance of all these things, it is probable that the part of Pakistan's antique monuments which excites the principal interest is that associated with the Moghuls. This seems to be so, not merely because of the importance and comparative nearness of that dynasty to our own time, but also for the more obvious reason that their monuments are, not surprisingly, in a better state of preservation and are more accessible.

In this respect, Lahore, although an ancient city, is richly endowed. Much, certainly, has suffered during the disturbed times that followed the decline of the Moghuls, and, more particularly, during the anarchic state of the Punjab after the death of Ranjit Singh, but there is still a great deal to reward the sightseer. Here, particularly, will be noticed the style which grew out of the architectural ambitions of the conquering Moghuls and the skill of the Hindu stone carvers and masons, applied to the palaces, gardens and tombs which the new rulers built. There is free use of the human and animal forms and the prolixity of detail is unmistakably Hindu in style as well as in conception.

Most visitors to Lahore will wish to see the old city, the Fort, the Badshahi Mosque (one of the important monuments of Aurangzeb's time) and the houses of some of the great families which once flourished there. Some of the old buildings have been put to uses very different from those for which they were once intended. One such is the tomb built for *Anarkali*, the tragic maiden, named 'Pomegranate Flower' who had a love affair with Prince Salim. When he became

Emperor and adopted the name Jehangir, he built a tomb over her burial place, with an inscription testifying to his love. Later, in the declining days of the Moghuls, the building was used for residential purposes and was once occupied by Ventura, the Italian soldier of fortune who served as one of Ranjit Singh's generals. It is now used to keep archives in and is well worth a visit.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
vandalism (n)	the wanton or deliberate destruction caused by a vandal or an instance of such destruction
wanton (adj)	without motive, provocation, or justification
vandal (n)	a person who deliberately causes damage to private or public property
antiquities (pl. n)	remains or relics, such as statues, building, or coins, that date from ancient times
indispensable (adj)	absolutely necessary; essential
compendious (adj)	containing or stating the essentials of a subject in a concise form
to yield (v)	to give forth or supply
thriving (adj)	prosperous; flourishing
fusion (n)	combination; union
incarnation (n)	appearance in bodily, human, form of a god; a person or thing that typifies or represents a quality or idea
to succumb (v)	to give way in face of an overwhelming force; submit; surrender
stupa (n)	a domed edifice (large building) housing Buddhist or Jain relics
substantial (adj)	of a considerable size or value
ethnic (adj)	relating to or characteristic of a human group having racial, religious, linguistic, cultural and other traits in common
aboriginal (n)	existing in a place from the earliest known period; indigenous
speculation (n)	conjecture; guess; supposition; surmise
to antedate (v)	to be or occur at an earlier date than
pictographic script	writing in the form of pictures or symbols
silted (adj)	filled with fine deposits of mud, clay as of a river or dam
disputation (n)	a formal academic debate on a topic; argumentation
commencement (n)	the beginning; the start
adversary (n)	a person or group that is hostile to someone; enemy
ebb and flow	(of waves) retreat and advance; flow back and forward
unalloyed (adj)	pure; not mixed; genuine; immaculate
transplant (v)	to transfer something (esp. a plant) from one place to another

endowed (adj)	awarded; favoured;
anarchic (adj)	chaotic; disorderly; lawless
prolixity (n)	verbosity; long-windedness
intrigue (n)	a secret or clandestine love affair
inscription (n)	something inscribed, esp. words carved or engraved on a tomb
archive (n)	a collection of records about the past

### Questions:

1. What are the most important archaeological sites of Pakistan? What light do they throw on the antiquity in this part of the world?
2. What is the importance of Taxila as an archaeological site?
3. What is one of the most important aspects of the discovery of Mohenjo-Daro?
4. Where is Bhanbore? What is its archaeological interest?
5. Discuss the importance of the archaeological treasures that belong to the Moghul period.

### Writing Assignment:

Visit to an archaeological site is like travelling through that period of history. Which period of history represented by one of the archaeological sites mentioned in this essay would you like to visit if you were given a chance to travel through time — and why? Write an essay highlighting your imagined experiences.

## Unit-IX

### '- ING' FORM

#### Introduction

The '-ing' form of the verb may be a present participle or a gerund.

The form is identical, the difference is in the function, or the job the word does in the sentence.

#### The present participle:

This is most commonly used:

- as part of the continuous form of a verb,  
*He is painting; she has been waiting.*
- after verbs of movement/position in the pattern:  
verb + present participle.  
*She sat looking at the sea.*
- after verbs of perception in the pattern:  
verb + object + present participle,  
*We saw him swimming.*
- as an adjective, e.g. *amazing, worrying, exciting, boring*

#### The Gerund:

This always has the same function as a noun (although it looks like a verb), so it can be used:

- as the subject of the sentence:  
*Cheating people is wrong.*
- after prepositions:  
*Can you sneeze without opening your mouth?*  
*She is good at painting.*
- after certain verbs,  
e.g. *like, hate, admit, imagine*
- in compound nouns.  
e.g. *a driving lesson, a swimming pool, bird-watching, train-spotting*

## THE PRESENT PARTICIPLE

The present participle of most verbs has the form *base+ing* and is used in the following ways:

### a) as part of the continuous form of a verb

Examples:

*I am working.*

*He was singing.*

*They have been walking.*

### b) after verbs of movement/position in the pattern: *verb + present participle*

Examples:

- She went *shopping*.
- He lay *looking* up at the clouds.
- She came *running* towards me.

This construction is particularly useful with the verb '*to go*', as in these common expressions.

to go shopping	to go skiing
to go fishing	to go jogging
to go walking	to go swimming
to go running	to go hiking

### c) after verbs of perception in the pattern: *verb + object + present participle*

Examples:

*I heard someone singing.*

*He saw his friend walking along the road.*

*I can smell something burning!*

NOTE: There is a difference in meaning when such a sentence contains a *zero-infinitive* rather than a participle. The infinitive refers to a **complete** action, but the participle refers to an **incomplete** action, or part of an action.

**Compare:**

- *I heard Nusrat singing* (= she had started before I heard her, and probably went on afterwards)
- *I heard Nusrat sing* (= I heard her complete performance)

**d) as an adjective**

**Examples:**

*amazing, worrying, exciting, boring.*

- *It was an amazing film.*
- *It's a bit worrying when the police stop you.*
- *Dark billowing clouds often precede a storm.*
- *Racing cars can go as fast as 400kph.*
- *He was trapped inside the burning house.*
- *Many of his paintings depict the setting sun.*

**e) with the verbs *spend* and *waste*, in the pattern:  
*verb + time/money expression + present participle***

**Examples:**

- *My boss spends two hours a day travelling to work.*
- *Don't waste time playing computer games!*
- *They've spent the whole day shopping.*

**f) with the verbs *catch* and *find*, in the pattern:  
*verb + object + present participle:***

With *catch*, the participle always refers to an action which causes annoyance or anger:

- *If I catch you stealing my apples again, there'll be trouble!*
- *Don't let him catch you reading his letters.*

This is not the case with *find*, which is unemotional:

- *We found some money lying on the ground.*
- *They found their mother sitting in the garden.*

### g) to replace a sentence or part of a sentence:

When two actions occur at the same time, and are done by the same person or thing, we can use a present participle to describe one of them:

- *They went out into the snow. They laughed as they went.*  $\Rightarrow$  **They went laughing out into the snow.**
- *He whistled to himself. He walked down the road.*  $\Rightarrow$  **Whistling to himself, he walked down the road.**

When one action follows very quickly after another done by the same person or thing, we can express the first action with a present participle:

- *He put on his coat and left the house.*  $\Rightarrow$  **Putting on his coat, he left the house.**
- *She dropped the gun and put her hands in the air.*  $\Rightarrow$  **Dropping the gun, she put her hands in the air.**

The present participle can be used instead of a phrase starting *as*, *since*, *because*, and it explains the cause or reason for an action:

- *Feeling hungry, he went into the kitchen and opened the fridge.*  
(= because he felt hungry...)
- *Being poor, he didn't spend much on clothes.*
- *Knowing that his mother was coming, he cleaned the flat.*

## THE GERUND

This *looks* exactly the same as a present participle, and for this reason it is now common to call both forms '*the -ing form*'. However it is useful to understand the difference between the two. The gerund always has the same function as a noun (although it looks like a verb), so it can be used:

### a) as the subject of the sentence:

- *Cheating people is wrong.*
- *Hunting elephants is dangerous.*
- *Flying makes me nervous.*

### b) as the complement of the verb 'to be':

- *One of his duties is attending meetings.*
- *The hardest thing about learning English is understanding the gerund.*
- *One of life's pleasures is having breakfast in bed.*

**c) after prepositions. The gerund *must* be used when a verb comes after a preposition:**

- *Can you sneeze without opening your mouth?*
- *She is good at painting.*
- *They're keen on playing cricket.*
- *She avoided him by walking on the opposite side of the road.*
- *We arrived in Murree after driving all night.*
- *My father decided against postponing his trip to Gilgit.*

This is also true of certain expressions ending in a preposition, e.g. *in spite of, there's no point in...*:

- *There's no point in waiting.*
- *In spite of missing the train, we arrived on time.*

**d) after a number of 'phrasal verbs' which are composed of a verb + preposition/adverb**

**Examples:**

*to look forward to, to give up, to be for/against, to take to, to put off, to keep on:*

- *I look forward to hearing from you soon.* (at the end of a letter)
- *When are you going to give up smoking?*
- *She always puts off going to the dentist.*
- *He kept on asking for money.*

**NOTE:** There are some phrasal verbs and other expressions that include the word '*to*' as a preposition, *not* as part of a *to-infinitive*: - *to look forward to, to take to, to be accustomed to, to be used to*. It is important to recognise that '*to*' is a preposition in these cases, as it must be followed by a gerund:

- *We are looking forward to seeing you.*
- *I am used to waiting for buses.*
- *She didn't really take to studying English.*

It is possible to check whether '*to*' is a preposition or part of a *to-infinitive*: if you can put a noun or the pronoun '*it*' after it, then it is a preposition and must be followed by a gerund:

- *I am accustomed to it (the cold).*
- *I am accustomed to being cold.*

**e) in compound nouns**

**Examples:**

- *a driving lesson, a swimming pool, bird-watching, train-spotting*

It is clear that the meaning is that of a noun, not of a continuous verb.

### Example:

- A **swimming**-pool: The pool is not swimming, it is a *pool for swimming in*.

### f) after the expressions:

*can't help, can't stand, it's no use/good, and the adjective worth:*

- *He can't help laughing at funny scenes.*
- *I can't stand being stuck in traffic jams.*
- *It's no use/good trying to escape.*
- *It might be worth phoning the station to check the time of the train.*

## GERUND OR INFINITIVE?

The two groups of verbs below can be followed either by the gerund or by the infinitive. Usually this has no effect on the meaning, but with some verbs there is a clear difference in meaning. Verbs marked with an asterisk [\*] can also be followed by a *that-clause*.

Examples: ***to prefer***

- I prefer **to live** in an apartment.
- I prefer **living** in an apartment.

### A. Verbs where there is little or no difference in meaning:

allow	deserve	neglect
attempt	fear*	omit
begin	hate*	permit
bother	intend*	prefer*
cease	like	recommend*
continue	love	start

### Notes:

1. ***Allow*** is used in these two patterns:

- *Allow + object + to-infinitive:*  
*Her parents allowed her **to go** to the party.*
- *Allow + gerund:*  
*His parents don't allow **staying** out after dark.*

2. **Deserve** + gerund is not very common, but is mainly used with passive constructions or where there is a passive meaning:

- *Your proposals deserve being considered in detail.*
- *These ideas deserve discussing.* (= to be discussed).

3. The verbs **hate, love, like, prefer** are usually followed by a gerund when the meaning is **general**, and by a **to-infinitive** when they refer to a particular time or situation. You must always use the **to-infinitive** with the expressions '*would love to*', '*would hate to*', etc.

**Compare:**

- *I would like to tell you that Uncle Jamil is coming this weekend.*
- *I love looking after elderly relatives!*
- *I hate smoking.*
- *I prefer eating fruits to sweets.*

## B. Verbs where there is a clear difference in meaning:

Verbs marked with an asterisk\* can also be followed by a **that-clause**.

come	mean*	stop
forget*	regret*	try
go on	remember*	

**NOTES:**

### Come:

**Come + gerund** is like other verbs of movement followed by the gerund, and means that the subject is doing something as they move:

- *She came running across the field.*

**Come + to-infinitive** means that something happens or develops, perhaps outside the subject's control:

- *At first I thought he was crazy, but I've come to appreciate his sense of humour.*
- *How did you come to be outside the wrong house?*
- *This word has come to mean something quite different.*

## Forget, regret and remember:

When these verbs are followed by a **gerund**, the gerund refers to an action that happened earlier:

- *I remember locking the door* (= I remember now, I locked the door earlier)
- *He regretted speaking so rudely.* (= he regretted at some time in the past, he had spoken rudely at some earlier time in the past.)

**Forget** is frequently used with 'never' in the simple future form:

- *I'll never forget meeting the President.*

When these verbs are followed by a **to-infinitive**, the infinitive refers to an action happening at the same time, or later:

- *I remembered to lock the door* (= I thought about it, then I did it.)
- *Don't forget to buy some eggs!* (= Please think about it and then do it.)
- *We regret to announce the late arrival of the 12.45 from Paddington.* (= We feel sorry before we tell you this bad news.)

## Go on:

**Go on + gerund** means to continue with an action:

- *He went on speaking for two hours.*
- *I can't go on working like this - I'm exhausted.*

**Go on + to-infinitive** means to do the next action, which is often the next stage in a process:

- *After introducing her proposal, she went on to explain the benefits for the company.*
- *Bashir Ahmad worked in local government for five years, then went on to become a Member of Parliament.*

## Mean:

**Mean + gerund** expresses what the result of an action will be, or what will be necessary:

- *If you take that job in Islamabad it will mean travelling for two hours every day.*
- *We could take the bus to Gilgit, but that will mean spending a night in a hotel.*

**Mean + to-infinitive** expresses an intention or a plan:

- *Did you mean to dial this number?*
- *I mean to finish this job by the end of the week!*
- *Sorry - I didn't mean to hurt you.*

### Stop:

**Stop + gerund** means to finish an action in progress:

- *I stopped working for them because the wages were so low.*  
*Stop tickling me!*

**Stop + to-infinitive** means to interrupt an activity in order to do something else, so the infinitive is used to express a purpose:

- *I stopped to have lunch.* (= I was working, or travelling, and I interrupted what I was doing in order to eat.)
- *It's difficult to concentrate on what you are doing if you have to stop to answer the phone every five minutes.*

### Try:

**Try + gerund** means to experiment with an action that might be a solution to your problem.

- *If you have problems sleeping, you could try doing some yoga before you go to bed, or you could try drinking some warm milk.*
- *'I can't get in touch with Kamal.' 'Have you tried e-mailing him?'*

**Try + to-infinitive** means to make an effort to do something. It may be something very difficult or even impossible:

- *The surgeons tried to save his life but he died on the operating table.*
- *We'll try to phone at 6 o'clock, but it might be hard to find a public telephone.*
- *We have to try to live together in harmony.*

## VERBS FOLLOWED BY THE GERUND

The gerund is used after certain verbs.

### Examples:

- *miss: I miss living in England.*

The most important of these verbs are shown below. Those marked with an asterisk [\*] can also be followed by a *that-clause*.

### Examples:

VERB	GERUND
She admitted...	breaking the window THAT-CLAUSE
She admitted...	that she had broken the window.

acknowledge,*	keep,
admit,*	loathe,
anticipate,* appreciate,*	mean, (=have as result)*
avoid,	mention,*
celebrate,	mind,
consider, contemplate,	miss,
defer,	pardon,
delay,	postpone,
deny,*	prevent,
detest,	propose,*
dislike,	recall,*
dread,	recollect,*
enjoy,	remember,
entail,	report,*
escape,	resent,
excuse,	resist,
fancy (=imagine)*,	risk,
finish,	save (=prevent the wasted effort)
forgive,	stop,
imagine,*	suggest,*
involve,	understand,*

### Notes:

*Appreciate* is followed by a *possessive adjective* and the gerund when the gerund does not refer to the subject. Compare:

- *I appreciate having* some time off work. (I'm having the time...)
- *I appreciate your giving* me some time off work. (You're giving me the time...)

**Excuse, forgive, pardon** can be followed by *an object* and the gerund or *object + for* and the gerund (both common in spoken English), or a *possessive adjective + gerund* (more formal and less likely to be said):

- *Excuse me interrupting.*  
*Excuse me for interrupting.*  
*Excuse my interrupting.*

**Suggest** can be used in a number of ways, but **BE CAREFUL**. It is important not to confuse these patterns:

suggest/suggested (+ possessive adjective) + gerund:

- He suggests *going* to London.  
He suggested *going* to London.  
He suggested/suggests my *going* to London.

suggest/suggested + that-clause (where both *that* and *should* may be omitted):

- He suggests that I should go to London.  
He suggested that I should go to London.  
He suggested/suggests I should go to London.  
He suggested/suggests I go to London.  
He suggested I went to London..

suggest/suggested + question word + infinitive:

- He suggested where to go.

**Propose** is followed by the gerund when it means 'suggest':

- *Jehangir proposed going to the debate*

but by the infinitive when it means 'intend':

- *The Government proposes bringing in new laws..*

**Stop** can be followed by a gerund or infinitive, but there is a change of meaning.

**Dread** is followed by the infinitive when used with 'think', in the expression 'I dread to think':

- *I dread to think what she'll do next.*

*Prevent* is followed:

**EITHER** by a possessive adjective + gerund:

- *You can't prevent my leaving.*

**OR** by an object + from + gerund:

- *You can't prevent me from leaving.*

**Examples:**

- Most mice dread **meeting** cats.
- We can't risk **getting** wet — we haven't got any dry clothes.
- If you take that job it will mean **getting** home late every night.
- I can't imagine **living** in that big **House**.
- If you buy some petrol now, it will save you **stopping** on the way to Multan.
- She couldn't resist **eating** the plum she found in the fridge.
- They decided to postpone **painting** the house until the weather improved.

**Exercise:**

Put the verbs in brackets into gerund.

1. He gave up (gamble).
2. Try to avoid (make) him angry.
3. Stop (argue) and start (work).
4. It's no use (cry) over spilt milk.
5. He lost no time in (get) down to work.
6. We are looking forward to (read) your new book.
7. He is thinking of (leave) his job and (go) to America.
8. I hate (borrow) money.
9. He was furious at (be) mistaken for an escaped convict.
10. Is there anything here worth (buy)?

## M.A. Jinnah: A Great Statesman

Stanley Wolpert

Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah was not only Pakistan's greatest leader and founding father, but one of the greatest statesmen of this century. His brilliance and inspirational powers in building Pakistan, from the passage of the Muslim League's Lahore Resolution on 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1940 to national statehood seven years later, has no parallel in recent history.

When Jinnah, addressing the Muslim League in Lahore, remarked that 'It has always been taken for granted, mistakenly, that the Musalmans are a minority ... The Musalmans are not a minority. The Musalmans are a nation...the problem in India is not of an inter-communal but manifestly of an international character,' few Englishmen, and virtually no Indian leaders believed he was serious. They all thought he was simply 'bargaining' for more separate electorate seats for Muslims, or more cabinet posts and governmental jobs for League members. They soon learned, of course, that he meant every word he uttered at that first historic meeting of incipient Pakistan's 'Land of the Pure', which would soon be born out of British India's shattered imperium over South Asia. Jinnah's legal acuity and firm resolve allowed him to defeat or deflect every attempt to thwart or diminish his demands by Congress leaders, including Nehru and Gandhi, who considered 'Pakistan' a totally unacceptable option. 'I say to the Musalmans,' Jinnah assured his League in Delhi in 1943,

A hundred million Musalmans are with us...I see... the phoenix-like rise and regeneration of Muslim India from the very ashes of its ruination... a miracle...people who had lost everything and who were placed by providence between the two stones of a mill, not only came into their own in a very short time, but became, after the British, socially the most solid, militarily the most virile, and politically the most decisive factor in modern India.

That miracle, in fact, was in great measure the product of Jinnah's own brilliant strategy, supporting Britain and the Allied powers during World War II, rather than choosing, as Congress so unadvisedly did, to spend the War years behind prison bars or in terrorist acts, crippling railway lines or blowing up British troops. Instead of seeking to disrupt or destroy, at this hour of gravest danger both to India and the entire civilized world, Quaid-i-Azam M.A Jinnah told his loyal followers: 'Now is the time to take up the constructive programme to build up this

nation so that it can march on the path of our goal of Pakistan...The goal is near, stand united, persevere and march forward.'

Only so great a leader as Jinnah could have won Pakistan in so short a time. He did not, of course, win all he hoped for, obliged at the last bitter moment by Mountbatten to abandon hopes of keeping Punjab intact and Calcutta as rightful capital of Eastern Pakistan. But he was mortally ill by the eve of his new Nation's birth, and miraculously managed to achieve all he did, hardly breathing a full day without coughing up blood. That August of 1947, he flew to Karachi to preside over and inaugurate the Constituent Assembly, also to serve as Pakistan's first Federal Legislature. His guiding principle, as everyone by now knows, was 'justice and complete impartiality', a worthy legacy to the officials selected and elected to run a great Nation, whose name means 'Land of the Pure'. Though the Quaid was a wealthy man himself, his compassion and wisdom made him focus on the needs of Pakistan's poorest as well as the freedoms of its richest, most powerful people. He cautioned, moreover, that 'the first duty of a Government is to maintain law and order, so that the life, property and religious beliefs of its subjects are fully protected by the State'. He also warned against 'bribery and corruption...really a poison', and against 'the evil of nepotism and jobbery. This evil must be crushed relentlessly'. Jinnah's life was governed by his love of justice, fairness, and the law. He lived abiding by the highest of principles, strict no doubt, often unyielding, yet always fair and just.

Another fond aspiration of Jinnah's last years of life was to achieve 'friendly and cordial' relations between Pakistan and 'Hindustan', as he called India, during his brief tenure as Governor-General. The tragic war over Kashmir that started just a few months after Partition, however, soon turned that hopeful dream into violent reality. Nor has half a century resolved South Asia's most bitter, Pakistan's most painful, and costly conflict. 'I think that we can be of use to each other, not to say the world,' Governor-General Jinnah explained to his Nation through the Press. 'Being neighbours, from our side, I do not think you will find goodwill wanting, and I hope... to impress this more upon Hindustan.'

#### About the Author:

*Stanley Wolpert, H.Q.A., was Professor at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
inter-communal (adj)	between/among communities
manifestly (adv)	obviously; plainly; noticeably; visibly
virtually (adv)	in effect though not in fact; practically
incipient (adj)	just starting to be or happening; beginning
imperium (n)	the right to command; supreme power
acuity (n)	keenness or acuteness, esp. in vision or thought
to deflect (v)	to turn or cause to turn from a course; to swerve
to thwart (v)	to oppose or prevent successfully; frustrate
to diminish (v)	to reduce; decrease; to make or become smaller; fewer
phoenix-like	like a phoenix, rising anew from its ashes; phoenix is a legendary Arabian bird said to rise again from its ashes after every 500 years
regeneration (n)	the act or process of rebirth or renewal
ruination (n)	the act of ruining or the state of being in ruins
providence (n)	the will of God; fate; destiny
virile (adj)	strong; forceful or vigorous
strategy (n)	a long-term plan
unadvisedly (adv)	indiscreetly; rashly; without due consideration
to cripple (v)	to disable; to damage; put out of action/use
to disrupt (v)	to throw into turmoil or disorder; to upset; to disturb
grave (adj)	serious and solemn; important, crucial
to persevere (v)	to hold fast; to continue; to stand firm; to endure

## Questions:

1. What does Professor Wolpert praise Jinnah for?
2. What, according to the writer, was Jinnah's strongest characteristic?
3. What was Jinnah's strategy during the World War II? What was Ghandi's strategy? Who do you consider followed the right strategy during that period of turmoil?
4. What, according to Jinnah, is the first duty of the government?
5. What, according to the writer, was Jinnah's last fond aspiration? And what turned that 'hopeful dream into violent reality'?

## Writing Assignment:

Write an essay on an anecdote from the Quaid's life that highlights some characteristics of his character that should be followed by every Pakistani.

# UNIT-X

## 10. Idioms

### 10.1 Idioms and Meaning

Idioms are expressions which have a meaning that is not obvious from the individual words. For example, the idiom drive somebody round the bend means *make somebody angry or frustrated*, but we cannot know this just by looking at the words.

The best way to understand an idiom is to see it in context. If someone says:

This tin opener's driving me round the bend! I think I'll throw it away and get a new one next time I'm in town.

The context and common sense tells us that drive round the bend means something different from driving a car round a curve in the road. The context tells us the tin opener is not working properly and that it's having an effect on the person using it.

### 10.2 Types of Idioms

form	example	meaning
verb + object/complement (and/or adverbial)	<b>kill two birds with one stone</b>	produce two useful results by just doing one action
prepositional phrase	<b>in the blink of an eye</b>	in an extremely short time
compound	<b>a bone of contention</b>	something which people argue and disagree over
simile (as + adjective + as, or like + noun)	<b>as dry as a bone</b>	very dry indeed
binomial (word + and + word)	<b>rough and ready</b>	crude and lacking sophistication
trinomial (word + word + and + word)	<b>cool, calm and collected</b>	relaxed, in control, not nervous
whole clause or sentence	<b>to cut a long story short</b>	To tell the main points, but not all the fine details

### 10.3 Fixed Aspects of Idioms

Most idioms are fixed in their form, and cannot be changed or varied. Sometimes, however, the grammar or the vocabulary can be varied slightly. Where this book or a dictionary gives information on what can be varied, always note it in your vocabulary notebook.

variation	example
Occasionally an idiom in the active voice can be used in the passive	Ministers always <b>pass the buck</b> if they are challenged about poverty. [blame somebody else / refuse to accept responsibility]  The <b>buck has been passed</b> from Minister to Minister. [No one seems prepared to accept the responsibility.]
Some verb-based idioms also have non-compound forms.	There is too much <b>buck-passing</b> in government nowadays. No one accepts the blame for anything.
One or more words in the idiom can be varied.	Stop acting the <b>fool / goat</b> ! [Stop acting stupidly.]

## 10.4 Idioms in Use

### Definitions-1

<b>brush up on something</b>	review something to make it fresh again in one's mind
<b>all of a sudden</b>	something happening quickly; without advance warning
<b>had better ('d better)</b>	should do something; ought to do something
<b>about to</b>	on the point of doing something
<b>goes without saying</b>	something is so obvious that it doesn't have to be mentioned
<b>what's the matter?</b>	what is wrong?
<b>every now and then</b>	occasionally
<b>in advance</b>	before; ahead of time
<b>be broke</b>	be without money
<b>do without</b>	live without something
<b>feel up to</b>	feel able/like (health or ability) to do something
<b>every other</b>	alternate

### EXERCISE: 10.1

#### Idioms

Rewrite the following sentences, substituting an idiom for the italicized section of the sentence.

1. Bilal looked very sad, but then, *without advance warning*, he began to sing.
2. Maira was *on the point of leaving* when Mrs. Aslam invited her to stay for lunch.
3. Professor Khan had not given a talk on Shakespeare for a long time, so he had to *review* some of the plays.
4. "*What's wrong*, Farid?" asked Yasmin. "You look like you don't feel well."

5. Aneela just told me she can't go with us. **Obviously** we're disappointed.
6. **You should** take your raincoat, because it's supposed to rain today.
7. I'd like to go to the concert with you, but I **don't have any money**.
8. I ought to go to Jan's party, but I don't **feel like** going now.
9. If you want to see that play, you should buy your tickets **before time**.
10. If there's no butter for our bread, we'll have **to live without** it.
11. This class meets on **alternate** days, not every day.
12. **Occasionally** I like to take a walk in the country.

## Definitions-2

see about	take the responsibility to do something; make arrangements for
all along	all the time
be to blame	be responsible for something bad or unfortunate
to say the least	to make the minimum comment about something or someone
do someone good	be beneficial for someone
be up to one's ears	have too much to do
keep an eye on	watch (in the sense of) take care of
just as soon	prefer that one thing be done rather than another
for the time being	for the present time
have a close call	a situation in which something bad almost happened

## EXERCISE: 10.2

### Idioms

Choose the correct idioms from the list given above to complete these sentences.

1. I don't know why Imran didn't tell us before. He knew \_\_\_\_\_ that Salma wouldn't be here tonight.
2. Will you \_\_\_\_\_ my books? I'll be back in five minutes.
3. I'm going to the kitchen. I have to \_\_\_\_\_ the coffee.
4. It was a boring movie, \_\_\_\_\_.
5. My Uncle is going to build a new house. Right now he's \_\_\_\_\_ in plans and blueprints.
6. I had a \_\_\_\_\_. A big truck almost hit me.
7. You shouldn't talk that way about Asad. He \_\_\_\_\_ for what happened last night.
8. My wife wants to attend that lecture, but I'd \_\_\_\_\_ stay home.
9. Why don't you take a vacation? The rest will \_\_\_\_\_.
10. I need a new car, but \_\_\_\_\_ this one will have to do.

### Definitions-3

Use the following idioms in your own sentences. Your sentences should make the meanings of the idioms clear on their own.

<b>a far cry from something</b>	very different; almost the opposite
<b>as luck would have it</b>	the way things happened
<b>be bent on something</b>	have a strong desire to do something
<b>be better off</b>	be better on a long term basis
<b>be hard on something</b>	treat roughly
<b>bend over backwards</b>	try very hard; make a real effort
<b>bite off more than one can chew</b>	try to do more than one is able to; accept more responsibility than one can take care of
<b>cold feet</b>	become very cautious; be afraid to do something
<b>cut corners</b>	economise on something
<b>do one's bit</b>	fulfil one's responsibility; help accomplish something
<b>draw the line</b>	refuse to go beyond a certain point in doing something
<b>eat one's words</b>	admit one is wrong in something one has said
<b>few and far between</b>	scarce; infrequent; rare
<b>get mixed up</b>	become confused
<b>get on one's high horse</b>	become angry and arrogant in one's attitude
<b>get right down to something</b>	begin working without hesitation
<b>get to the bottom of something</b>	learn all the facts about something
<b>grow on someone</b>	increase in favour with someone gradually
<b>have words with someone</b>	quarrel or argue with someone
<b>hit upon something</b>	to discover something that will help
<b>hold one's own</b>	to maintain oneself in, be equal to, a situation
<b>in one's element</b>	doing something one likes and is capable of doing
<b>keep one's fingers crossed</b>	hope to have good results; hope that nothing will go wrong
<b>let bygones be bygones</b>	forget and forgive past unpleasant happenings
<b>little does one think</b>	one cannot imagine
<b>make oneself at home</b>	be comfortable, as if in one's own home
<b>make short work of something</b>	do something quickly
<b>make something do</b>	use what one has instead of getting something else that would be better

<b>make up for something</b>	compensate for something
<b>meet someone halfway</b>	to compromise with someone despite difference in opinions
<b>no wonder</b>	it isn't surprising
<b>on the spur of the moment</b>	at that moment; without forethought or plan
<b>one edge</b>	nervous; irritable
<b>put in a word for someone</b>	say something positive for someone
<b>put one's foot in it</b>	say or do something wrong
<b>put something off</b>	postpone
<b>rub someone the wrong way</b>	irritate someone; annoy someone
<b>scratch the surface</b>	study something superficially
<b>see eye to eye with</b>	agree; in agreement
<b>serve someone right</b>	get what someone deserves (used in the negative)
<b>so much the better</b>	that's even better
<b>sow promise</b>	give the impression of having the ability to do something in the future
<b>stand to reason</b>	be a logical conclusion
<b>take a dim view of something</b>	have a poor opinion of something; disapprove of something
<b>take a stand on something</b>	make a firm decision about something
<b>take after someone</b>	resemble in appearance, personality or character
<b>talk something over</b>	discuss
<b>tell (two things) apart</b>	distinguish between two things
<b>the ins and outs</b>	all the facts about something
<b>the last straw</b>	the point beyond which one can no longer endure
<b>till one is blue in the face</b>	until one can say no more in trying to convince someone
<b>turn over a new leaf</b>	make a fresh start; make a new beginning
<b>under the weather</b>	not feeling well physically
<b>waste one's breath</b>	speak uselessly to someone without any effect
<b>watch one's step</b>	be careful in one's conduct

## The Difference between a Human Brain and a Computer

Isaac Asimov

The difference between a brain and a computer can be expressed in a single word: complexity.

The large mammalian brain is the most complicated thing, for its size, known to us. The human brain weighs three pounds, but in that three pounds are ten billion neurons and a hundred billion smaller cells. These many billions of cells are interconnected in a vastly complicated network that we can't begin to unravel as yet.

Even the most complicated computer man has yet built can't compare in intricacy with the brain. Computer switches and components number in the thousands rather than in the billions. What's more, the computer switch is just an on-off device, whereas the brain cell is itself possessed of a tremendously complex inner structure.

Can a computer think? That depends on what you mean by "think." If solving a mathematical problem is "thinking," then a computer can "think" and do so much faster than a man. Of course, most mathematical problems can be solved quite mechanically by repeating certain straightforward processes over and over again. Even the simple computers of today can be geared for that.

It is frequently said that computers solve problems only because they are "programmed" to do so. They can only do what men have them do. One must remember that human beings also can only do what they are "programmed" to do. Our genes "programme" us and our potentialities are limited by that "programme."

Our "programme" is so much more enormously complex, though, that we might like to define "thinking" in terms of the creativity that goes into writing a great play or composing a great symphony, in conceiving a brilliant scientific theory or a profound ethical judgment. In that sense, computers certainly can't think and neither can most humans.

Surely, though, if a computer can be made complex enough, it can be as creative as we. If it could be made as complex as a human brain, it could be the equivalent of a human brain and do whatever a human brain can do.

To suppose anything else is to suppose that there is more to the human brain than the matter that composes it. The brain is made up of cells in a certain arrangement and the cells are made up of atoms and molecules in certain arrangements. If anything else is there, no signs of it have ever been detected. To duplicate the material complexity of the brain is therefore to duplicate everything about it.

But how long will it take to build a computer complex enough to duplicate the human brain? Perhaps not as long as some think! Long before we approach a computer as complex as our brain, we will perhaps build a computer that is at least complex enough to design another computer more complex than itself. This more complex computer could design one still more complex and so on and so on and so on.

In other words, once we pass a certain critical point, the computers take over and there is a "complexity explosion." In a very short time thereafter, computers may exist that not only duplicate the human brain — but far surpass it.

Then what? Well, mankind is not doing a very good job of running the earth right now. Maybe, when the time comes, we ought to step gracefully aside and hand over the job to someone who can do it better. And if we don't step aside, perhaps Supercomputer will simply move in and push us aside.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
mammalian (adj)	of mammal ( <i>Mammalia</i> )
to unravel (v)	to explain or solve; to undo or untangle
intricacy (n)	complexity; being intricate
tremendously (adv)	greatly; vastly; hugely; immensely; awfully
geared (adj)	adjusted or adapted to suit the purpose

## Questions :

1. What makes the human brain more complex than a computer?
2. Can a computer be built that would duplicate the human brain? Explain your answer.
3. What processes of the human brain can be duplicated by a computer?
4. Can a computer be creative? Explain your answer.
5. What might happen to humanity if a computer were built that could surpass the human brain?

## Writing Assignments

1. Write an essay in which you compare and contrast the human memory with the memory of a computer.
2. At the end of the essay, Asimov suggests that a Supercomputer could one day move in and push people aside. Write an essay comparing a person's everyday life with life in a supercomputer society.

## UNIT-XI

### Prepositional Phrases

Some of the most common prepositions are 'across', 'at', 'for', 'from', 'in', 'of', and 'with'. The typical prepositional phrase is two to four words long and looks like this:

- in the twentieth century → for a number of reasons → to him
- between the world wars → across the world

Prepositional phrases begin with a preposition and end with a noun or pronoun (see below) called the object of the preposition. Between the preposition and its object, there may also be adjectives and adverbs. Prepositional phrases also act as other parts of speech. For example, in the sentence,

#### He ran through the wooden door

the prepositional phrase, 'through the wooden door', acts as an adverb, i.e. giving more information about the verb "ran" telling us *where* he ran. Prepositional phrases frequently refer to time and location:

- after the first act → during the rainstorm → by the stairs
- under the bridge → past the sign → past noon

**Note:** Be careful to distinguish the preposition 'to' with the 'to' that usually begins an infinitive. To avoid confusion, look at the word following 'to'. If it is a verb, then 'to' is beginning an infinitive phrase. If it is not, then 'to' is acting as a preposition:

- to leave = infinitive
- to the store = prepositional phrase
- to him = prepositional phrase
- to see = infinitive

Remember that a prepositional phrase, or any phrase, can never contain a subject or a verb.

## Prepositional Phrase Reference Sheet

Here is a reference sheet of some of the most common prepositional phrases arranged by preposition:

### AT

at first  
at least  
at most  
at times  
at any rate  
at last  
at the latest  
at once  
at short notice  
at an advantage  
at a disadvantage  
at risk  
at a profit / loss

### BY

by accident  
by far  
by all means  
by heart  
by chance  
by and by  
by the way  
by the time  
by no means  
by name  
by sight  
by now  
by then

### FOR

for now  
for instance  
for example  
for sale  
for a while  
for the moment  
for ages  
for a change  
for better or worse

### FROM

from now on  
from then on  
from bad to worse  
from my point of view  
from what I understand  
from personal experience

### UNDER

under age  
under control  
under the impression  
under guarantee  
under the influence of  
under obligation  
under no obligation  
under suspicion  
under his thumb  
under discussion  
under consideration

### WITHOUT

without fail  
without notice  
without exception  
without someone's consent  
without success  
without warning

### Exercise:

Make sentences with twenty prepositional phrases selected from the above reference sheet.

## The Jewel of the World

*Philip K. Hitti*

It was in 750 that the Umayyad dynasty in Damascus was overthrown by the Abbasid family; and accession of the Abbasids to the caliphate was signalled by extermination of every member of the defeated house on whom the victors could lay their hands.

Among the very few who escaped was a youth of twenty, Abd-al-Rahman, a striking young man, tall, lean, with sharp, aquiline features and red hair—a youth of exceptional nerve and ability. It was he who made his way to Spain, fought his way to mastery, and kept in power there the Umayyad dynasty which was wiped out in the East.

The story of his escape is dramatic. He was in a Bedouin camp on the left bank of the Euphrates River one day when horsemen carrying the black standards of the Abbasids suddenly appeared. Abd-al-Rahman dashed into the river and gained the opposite bank.

Afoot, friendless and penniless, he set out south-westward, made his way after great hardships to Palestine, found one friend there and set off again toward the west. In North Africa he barely escaped assassination at the hands of the governor of the province. Wandering from tribe to tribe, always pursued by the spies of the new dynasty, he finally reached Ceuta, five years later. He was a grandson of the tenth caliph of Damascus, and his maternal uncles were Berbers from that district of North Africa. They offered him refuge.

In the south of Spain, across the strait from Ceuta, were stationed Syrian troops from Damascus. He made his way to them and they accepted him as leader. One southern city after another opened its gates to him. It took him some years more to bring all of Spain to subjection, but he persisted.

In the process of subduing his adversaries Abd-al-Rahman developed a well-disciplined, highly trained army of 40,000 or more Berbers. He knew how to keep their favour by generous pay. In 773, he discontinued the Friday

sermon hitherto delivered in the name of the Abbasid caliph, but did not assume the caliph's title himself. He and his successors down to Abd-al-Rahman III contented themselves with the title "amir". Under Abd-al-Rahman I, Spain had thus been the first province to shake off the authority of the recognised caliph in Islam.

With his realm consolidated, Abd-al-Rahman turned to the arts of peace, in which he showed himself as great as in the art of war. He beautified the cities of his domain, built an aqueduct for the supply of pure water to the capital, ordered the construction of a wall round it and erected for himself a palace and garden outside Cordova in imitation of the palace built by an ancestor in north-eastern Syria. To his villa he brought water and introduced exotic plants, such as peaches and pomegranates. To a lonely palm-tree in his garden said to be the first imported from Syria, he addressed some tender verses of his own composition.

Two years before his death in 788 Abd-al-Rahman founded the great Mosque of Cordova. Completed and enlarged by his successors, it soon became the shrine of western Islam. With its forest of stately columns and its spacious outer court, this noble structure, transformed into a Christian cathedral in 1236, has survived to the present day under the popular name "La Mezquita," the mosque. Besides the great mosque the capital could already boast a bridge, over the Guadalquivir (corrupted from an Arabic name meaning "the great river"), later enlarged to seventeen arches. Nor were the interests of the founder of the Umayyad regime limited to the material welfare of his people. In more than one sense he initiated the intellectual movement which made Islamic Spain from the ninth to the eleventh centuries one of the two centres of world culture.

Caliph Abd-al-Rahman's court was one of the most glorious in all Europe. It received envoys from the Byzantine emperor as well as from the monarchs of Germany, Italy and France. Its seat, Cordova, with half a million inhabitants, seven hundred mosques and three hundred public baths, yielded in magnificence only to Baghdad and Constantinople. The royal palace, named al-Zahra, with four hundred rooms and apartments housing thousands of slaves and guards, stood northwest of the town overlooking the Guadalquivir River. Abd-al-Rahman started its construction in the year 836. Marble was brought from Numidia and Carthage; columns as well as basins with golden statues were imported or received as presents from Constantinople; and 10,000 workmen with 1,500 beasts of burden laboured on it for a

score of years. Enlarged and beautified by later caliphs, al-Zahra became the nucleus of a royal suburb whose remains, partly excavated in and after 1910, can still be seen.

In al-Zahra the caliph surrounded himself with a bodyguard of "Slaves" which numbered 3,750 and headed his standing army of a hundred thousand men. With their aid the caliph not only kept treason and brigandage in check but reduced the influence of the old Arab aristocracy. Commerce and agriculture flourished and the sources of income for the state were multiplied. The royal revenue amounted to 6,245,000 *dinars*, a third of which sufficed for the army and a third for public works, while the balance was placed in reserve. Never before was Cordova so prosperous, Andalusia so rich and the state so triumphant. All this was achieved through the genius of one man. He died at the ripe age of seventy-three. And he left a statement, we are told, which said that he had known only fourteen days of happiness.

As always, under any dynasty, sovereignty in the Muslim world, West or East, was unstable. In Spain the Umayyad dynasty kept the nominal rule from the time Abd-al-Rahman-I imposed it; but by the time of the ascension of the next outstanding figure in the dynasty, Abd-al-Rahman III, in the year 912, civil disturbances and tribal revolts had reduced the Muslim state of Spain to the city of Cordova and its neighbourhood.

The third Abd-al-Rahman, like his illustrious predecessor, was a young man when he took office, being only twenty-three: and like him also was a youth of intelligence and determination. One by one he reconquered the lost provinces, reduced them to order and administered them with sagacity and ability. His reign lasted for fifty years, from 912 to 961 an exceptionally long time for that day; it was signalised, politically, by his assuming the title of caliph for himself. With him the Umayyad caliphate in Spain begins. His reign and that of his two immediate successors mark the height of Muslim rule in the West. In this period, roughly the tenth century, the Umayyad capital of Cordova took its place as the most cultured city in Europe and, with Constantinople and Baghdad, as one of the three cultural centres of the world. With its one hundred and thirteen thousand homes, twenty-one suburbs, seventy libraries and numerous bookshops, mosques and palaces it acquired international fame and inspired awe and admiration in the hearts of travellers. It enjoyed miles of paved streets illuminated by lights from the bordering houses, whereas "seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London," and "in Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud." Whenever

the rulers of Leon, Navarre or Barcelona needed a surgeon, an architect, a master singer, or a dress-maker, it was to Cordova that they applied. The fame of the Muslim capital penetrated to distant Germany, where a Saxon nun styled it "The Jewel of the World".

Spain under the caliphate was one of the wealthiest and most thickly populated lands of Europe. The capital boasted some thirteen thousand weavers and a flourishing leather industry. From Spain the art of tanning and embossing leather was carried to Morocco and from these two lands it was brought to France and England. Wool and silk were woven not only in Cordova but in Malaga, Almeria and other centres. The raising of silk worms, originally a monopoly of the Chinese, was introduced by Muslims into Spain, where it thrived. Almeria also produced glassware and brass work. Paterna in Valencia was the home of pottery. Jaen and Algarve were noted for their mines of gold and silver, Cordova for its iron and lead and Malaga for its rubies. Toledo, like Damascus, was famous all over the world for its swords. The art of inlaying steel and other metals with gold and silver and decorating them with flower patterns, an art introduced from Damascus, flourished in several Spanish and other European centres.

The Spanish Arabs introduced agricultural methods practised in Western Asia. They dug canals, cultivated grapes and introduced, among other plants and fruits, rice, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, oranges, sugarcane, cotton and saffron. The south-eastern plains of the peninsula, especially favoured by climate and soil, developed important centres of rural and urban activity. Here wheat and other grains, as well as olives and other fruits, were raised by a peasantry who worked the soil on shares with the owners.

This agricultural development was one of the glories of Muslim Spain and one of the Arabs' lasting gifts to the land, for Spanish gardens have preserved to this day a "Moorish" character. One of the best-known gardens is the *Jannat al'-Arif*, "the inspector's paradise." This garden, "proverbial for its extensive shades, falling waters and soft breeze," was in the form of an amphitheatre and irrigated by streams which, after forming numerous cascades, lost themselves among the flowers, shrubs and trees represented today by a few gigantic cypresses and myrtles.

The industrial and agricultural products of Muslim Spain were more than sufficient for domestic consumption. Seville, one of the greatest of its river ports, exported cotton, olives and oil. The exports of Malaga and Jaen included

saffron, figs, marble and sugar. Through Alexandria and Constantinople, Spanish products found markets as far away as India and Central Asia. Especially active was the trade with Damascus, Baghdad and Makkah. The international nautical vocabulary of the modern world contains not a few words which testify to the former Arab supremacy on the seas—admiral, arsenal, average, cable.

The government maintained a regular postal service. It modelled its coinage on Eastern patterns, with the *dinar* as the gold unit and the *dirham* as the silver unit. Arab money was in use in the Christian kingdoms of the north, which for nearly four hundred years had no coinage other than Arabic or French.

The real glory of this period, however, lies in fields other than political. Al-Hakam, Abd-al-Rahman-III's successor, was himself a scholar and patronised learning. He was generous to scholars and established twenty-seven free schools in the capital. Under him the University of Cordova, founded in the principal mosque by Abd-al-Rahman III, rose to a place of pre-eminence among the educational institutions of the world. It preceded both al-Azhar at Cairo and the Nizamiyah of Baghdad, and attracted students, Christian and Muslim, not only from Spain but from other parts of Europe, Africa and Asia. Al-Hakam enlarged the mosque which housed the university, conducted water to it in lead pipes and decorated it with mosaics brought by Byzantine artists. He invited professors from the East to the university and set aside endowments for their salaries.

In addition to the university, the capital housed a library of first magnitude. Al-Hakam was a lover of books; his agents ransacked the bookshops of Alexandria, Damascus and Baghdad with a view to buying or copying manuscripts. The books thus gathered are said to have numbered 400,000, their titles filling a catalogue of forty-four volumes, in each one of which twenty sheets were devoted to poetical works alone. Al-Hakam, a Scholar Caliph, personally used several of these works; his notes on certain manuscripts rendered them highly prized by later collectors. In order to secure the first copy of the "Aghani," which Al-Isbahani, a descendant of the Umayyads, was then composing in Iraq, Al-Hakam sent the author a thousand *dinars*. The general state of culture in Andalusia reached such a high level at this time that the distinguished Dutch scholar Dozy went so far as to declare enthusiastically that "nearly everyone could read and write." All this when in the rest of Europe only the rudiments of learning were known and that chiefly by a few churchmen.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
accession (n)	the act of entering upon or attaining to an office (esp. the throne), right, condition
extermination (n)	to destroy completely; to annihilate; to eliminate
victor (n)	the winner of a contest, conflict or struggle; the victorious
lean (adj)	not fat or plump; not bulky or fleshy
aquiline (adj)	(of a nose) having the curved or hooked shape of an eagle's beak
nerve (n)	courage, bravery or steadfastness
dynasty (n)	a sequence of hereditary rulers or leaders from the same family
to heed (v)	pay attention to
reassurance (n)	promise; encouragement; assurance
assassination (n)	to murder (a person esp. a public or political figure)
refuge (n)	shelter or protection as from weather or danger
subjection (n)	the act or process of bringing someone or an area under one's authority or rule
fervent (adj)	intensely passionate; ardent
rejoinder (n)	a quick, witty reply or response to a question or remark; retort
subduing (n)	the act of establishing ascendancy over something by force; overcoming and bringing under control
to content (v)	to make oneself (or another person) content or satisfied
realm (n)	a royal domain or kingdom
consolidate (n)	to form or cause to form into a solid mass or whole; to unite or be united in order to become stronger or more stable
aqueduct (n)	a conduit to carry water over a long distance
villa (n)	a large and usually luxurious country house
rival (n)	a competitor; an equal
successor (n)	a person or thing that follows, esp. a person who succeeds another in office
shrine (n)	a place of worship respected by association with a sacred or holy person or object
to initiate (v)	to begin or originate
glorious (adj)	having or full of glory; illustrious; renowned
envoy (n)	a diplomat of the second class, ranking between an ambassador and minister resident; emissary; messenger
magnificence (n)	the quality of being splendid or impressive in appearance; glory
beast of burden (np)	an animal, such as a donkey or an ox, used for carrying loads

to excavate (v)	(archaeology) to unearth by digging (buried objects) methodically in an attempt to discover information about the past
brigandage (n)	the act of plundering by a gang of bandits operating in a mountainous areas
to flourish (v)	to thrive; to prosper; to be in a healthy condition
to suffice (v)	to be sufficient or adequate
sovereignty (n)	supreme and unrestricted power, as of a state; authority of a sovereign, independent, state
nominal (adj)	in name only; theoretical; minimal in comparison with real worth
revolt (n)	a rebellion or uprising against authority
illustrious (adj)	of great renown; famous and distinguished; glorious or great
sagacity (n)	foresight, discernment, or keen perception; the ability to make good judgments
to signalise (v)	to make noteworthy or conspicuous; to point out carefully
proclamation (n)	a public announcement; declaration
awe (n)	overwhelming wonder, admiration, respect, or dread
monopoly (n)	exclusive control of the market supply of the product or service
to inlay (v)	to decorate surfaces by inserting pieces of wood, ivory, metal, etc. into prepared slots in the surface
peninsula (n)	a narrow strip of land projecting into the sea or a lake from the mainland
peasant (n)	a member of a class of low social status working on agricultural land; and agricultural labour
peasantry (n)	peasants as a class
Moorish (adj)	of or relating the Moors, Muslims of North Africa, of mixed Arab and Berber descent
proverbial (adj)	commonly or traditionally referred to as an example of some peculiarity or characteristic
amphitheatre (n)	a building, usually circular or oval, in which tiers of seats rise from a central open arena
gigantic (adj)	very large; huge; enormous
domestic (adj)	of, involving, or produced in one's own country or a specific country, e.g. <i>domestic flights</i> ; of or involving the home or family
consumption (n)	the act of consuming or the state of being consumed, esp. by eating, burning, etc.
nautical (adj)	of, or relating to, or involving ships, navigation, or seamen, etc.
supremacy (n)	superiority; supreme power; authority
coinage (n)	the currency of a country; coins collectively; the act of striking coins;
to patronise (v)	to support and aid by sponsoring, such as artists, charities, etc.
pre-eminence (adj)	extremely eminent or distinguished; outstanding
mosaics (n)	a design or decoration made up of small pieces of coloured glass,

	or stones, etc.
magnitude (n)	relative importance or significance
to ransack (v)	to search every part of (a house, building, shop);
descendant (n)	deriving by descent as from an ancestor
rudiments (n)	the first principles or elementary stages of a subject

Questions:

1. Give an account of Abd-al-Rahman-I's dramatic escape and his adventures in Africa.
2. What did Abd-al-Rahman-I do to make himself strong?
3. What did he do to beautify his capital?
4. What progress was made by the Arabs in Spain during the rule of Abd-al-Rahman-III?
5. How did Al-Hakam promote learning and scholarship in his kingdom?

## Unit-XII

### Conditionals

Listed below are examples, uses and formation of Conditionals.

Examples	Usage
<b>Conditional 0</b>  If I am late, my father takes me to school.  She doesn't worry if Jamal stays out after school.	Situations that are always true if something happens.  <b>NOTE</b>  This use is similar to, and can usually be replaced by, a time clause using 'when' (example: When I am late, my father takes me to school.)
<b>Conditional 1</b>  If it rains, we will stay at home.  He will arrive late unless he hurries up.  Parvez will buy a new car, if he gets his raise.	Often called the "real" conditional because it is used for real - or possible - situations. These situations take place if a certain condition is met.  <b>NOTE</b>  In the conditional 1 we often use <i>unless</i> which means 'if ... not'. In other words, '...unless he hurries up.' could also be written, '...if he doesn't hurry up.'
<b>Conditional 2</b>  If he studied more, he would pass the exam.  I would lower taxes if I were the President.  They would buy a new house if they had more money.	Often called the "unreal" conditional because it is used for unreal - impossible or improbable - situations. This conditional provides an imaginary result for a given situation.  <b>NOTE</b>  The verb 'to be', when used in the 2nd conditional, is always conjugated as 'were'.
<b>Conditional 3</b>  If he had known that, he would	Often referred to as the "past" conditional because it concerns only past situations with hypothetical results. Used to express a

have decided differently.

Jamila would have found a new job if she had stayed in Peshawar.

hypothetical result to a past given situation.

### Structure

Conditional 0 is formed by the use of the present simple in the *if* clause followed by a comma + the present simple in the *result* clause. You can also put the *result* clause first without using a comma between the clauses.

If he comes to town, we have dinner

We have dinner if he comes to town.

Conditional 1 is formed by the use of the present simple in the *if* clause followed by a comma + will + verb (base form) in the *result* clause. You can also put the *result* clause first without using a comma between the clauses.

If he finishes on time, we will go to the movies

We will go to the movies if he finishes on time.

Conditional 2 is formed by the use of the past simple in the *if* clause followed by a comma + would + verb (base form) in the *result* clause. You can also put the *result* clause first without using a comma between the clauses.

If they had more money, they would buy a new house

They would buy a new house if they had more money.

Conditional 3 is formed by the use of the past perfect in the *if* clause followed by a comma + would have + past participle in the *result* clause. You can also put the *result* clause first without using a comma between the clauses.

If Ayesha had won the competition, life would have changed

Life would have changed if Ayesha had won the competition.

## Overpopulation

The term "overpopulation" is not as simple to define, as it may seem at first glance. Each community is different and cannot be judged by a universal standard. When debating the status of a community, consideration must be given to population growth rates, standards of living, lifestyle, culture, technology available, type of economy, as well as a host of other variables.

We often receive requests from students seeking information about "overpopulation". These requests have been a matter of some concern as students rarely indicate what they mean by "overpopulation". This makes it very difficult to determine what information to send them. "Overpopulation" is a relative, not an absolute term. Do I assume that their conception of overpopulation is the same as mine? Our main concern is that inquirers may merely be parroting a term widely used in our society or are attempting to complete an assignment, but have not thought through what they mean by "overpopulation".

Let's start with what I consider to be a reasonable working definition of overpopulation by an author in the field: "...when there are more people than can live on the earth in comfort, happiness and health and still leave the world a fit place for future generations".

For each component of this definition, there are many issues which need to be considered. For example, under the category of "comfort," housing, food, health, and perhaps employment are a few topics that come to mind. But the standard by which these items should be judged is subjective. For example, on the issue of housing, the following questions might be asked. What kind of housing? How much space for each person? Is there heat or air conditioning? What is necessary for basic survival, others might consider luxuries. Is a North American's idea of comfort the same as that of a Chinese or a Nigerian?

Consider food. Some people consider meat a necessary part of their diet. Yet average protein consumption in many countries is well above that deemed necessary for a healthy life. One's idea of carrying capacity could vary dramatically based on the type of diet considered. A community which requires a lot of meat in the diet would probably have a lower carrying capacity than one which was more vegetarians, since it takes more energy and other inputs to produce meat than vegetables.

Is it possible to come up with a definition of "happiness" that would satisfy everyone in the world? One person's definition of happiness might be "to provide adequate shelter, food, and health care for my family" while another's might be "to have two cars, a big house, servants, and a swimming pool." Again, carrying capacity would be affected by the determinants chosen to define happiness.

What about health? Certainly health affects comfort and happiness, but what health standards are appropriate. Do we want to eliminate infant and child mortality completely? Do we want to have a life expectancy at birth of 58 or 75 years? Do we want to save everyone's life at any cost? The standards of health considered to be appropriate in a society would certainly have an impact on its carrying capacity.

And finally, consider "leaving the earth a fit place for future generations." What, for example, is "fit"? Does that mean completely pollution free? Can we assume that future generations will develop technologies to create or tap new energy resources and eliminate pollution? Or do we assume that future generations will basically have the same resource limitations that we do? Is the damage caused by pollution, desertification, and deforestation reversible? These are some of the questions that might be asked about the state of the planet.

Many other issues could be discussed here. For example, should each country be considered separately or should we think of the world as one community when we consider the issue of "overpopulation"? After all, most countries depend upon resources from others for survival. So a seemingly simple interpretation of "overpopulation" leaves a lot of room for differences of opinion.

Sometimes people measure "overpopulation" by the population density of an area or the amount of arable land per person. For example, areas that many people consider to be overpopulated are not necessarily densely populated. For example, Mexico may be considered to be "overpopulated" because of its economic problems, but the Netherlands and Japan which are more densely populated than Mexico may not be considered overpopulated because of their healthy economies.

A large population may be an asset or a drain to a country depending on many factors including the type of economy, the culture, social organization, and lifestyle expectations.

Can technical measurements lead to an objective definition of "overpopulation"?

(Courtesy: Population Reference Bureau)

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
relative (adj)	having meaning or significance only in relation to something else
absolute (adj)	not dependent on, conditioned by, or relative to something else
parroting (v)	to repeat or imitate mechanically without understanding
luxury (n)	indulgence in and enjoyment of rich, comfortable living
to drain (v)	to consume; to exhaust
variables (adj)	varying, changeable
component (adj)	helping to form a complete thing
eliminate (vt)	remove, get rid of, take or put away
mortality (n)	state of being mortal, death rate
life expectancy	statistically determined number of years that a person may expect to live
pollution (n)	polluting or being polluted
desertification (n)	(of fertile land) turn into desert
deforestation (n)	deprive of forest, to disforest
reversible (adj)	that can be reversed
arable (adj)	suitable for ploughing

## Questions:

1. Why is the term, 'overpopulation' not easy to define? What are the reasons that the author advance to make his point?
2. Try to define the different terms, such as, housing, food, health, and happiness, employment, etc. with reference to Pakistan so that we may decide whether Pakistan is overpopulated or not.
3. Do you think the large population an asset or a drain on the economy of Pakistan?

## Discussion:

Discuss the definitions of the various terms used in the essay.

## Essay writing:

Write an essay on "Overpopulation and its impact".

## Unit-XIII

### Dialogue Writing

One of the most common issues in student writing is the writing of dialogue. Although most of you may have never written dialogues before, you may have read them in books. Look at the following dialogue. What do you think is wrong with it?

You don't have to answer that question! I'll answer the question. You want answers? I think I'm entitled to them. You want answers? I want the truth! You can't handle the truth!

Here we don't know anything about this conversation; for example, do you know: who is talking, and when? How many people are talking? Who are they talking to? How and with what intents are the words being spoken? In fact, we can't even be sure that this *is* a conversation.

**RULE #1: Use quotation marks to indicate words which are spoken by characters.**

"You don't have to answer that question!" "I'll answer the question. You want answers?" "I think I'm entitled to them." "You want answers?" "I want the truth!" "You can't handle the truth!"

Now we know that these words are spoken, but by whom? Before we can answer that, we have to make this look right by putting each line and speaker in its own paragraph.

**RULE #2: Always start a new paragraph when changing speakers. You cannot have two people speaking in the same paragraph.**

"You don't have to answer that question!"  
"I'll answer the question. You want answers?"  
"I think I'm entitled to them."  
"You want answers?"  
"I want the truth!"  
"You can't handle the truth!"

Now we can identify who is speaking. The most obvious way to do that is with a **speech tag**, i.e., placing a phrase like Jamil said, "... at the beginning of the quotation or ..." said Jamil at the end. There are other ways to write and place speech tags, as we shall see. You don't need a speech tag for every line of dialogue, and there are situations where a speech tag should **not** be used. The important thing is that the reader is always intuitively aware of who is speaking.

**RULE #3: Make sure the reader knows who is speaking.**

**RULE #4: Use correct punctuation, capitalization and spacing.**

"You don't have to answer that question!" said the Judge.

"I'll answer the question. You want answers?" said Jamil.

"I think I'm entitled to them," said Kafeel.

"You want answers?" said Jamil.

"I want the truth!" said Kafeel.

"You can't handle the truth!" said Jamil.

OK, this is grammatically correct, but what's the trouble with it? There's not much to it, obviously; we hear what the characters are saying, but that's all. Consider the following example:

The Judge turned swiftly toward the witness and declared, "You don't have to answer that question!"

"I'll answer the question," Jamil said coldly, fixing his eyes on Kafeel. He asked the defence attorney, "You want answers?"

"I think I'm entitled to them," Kafeel replied.

Jamil asked again, more forcefully, as if scolding an errant recruit, "You want answers?"

"I want the truth!" Kafeel shouted, banging his fist on the counsel table in defiance of Jamil intimidating presence. The court members sat in stunned silence.

Jamil leaned forward, rising to his feet, and thundered, "You can't handle the truth!"

This is the opposite extreme from the examples above, an attempt to demonstrate everything a writer could possibly do within six lines of dialogue. The key is to write dialogue that is useful to the story; to maintain

the narrative flow and use speech judiciously, so the reader can visualize the dynamic of the conversation, but more importantly to create dialogue that **actually helps move the story along**. Remember that your story is **not a movie**, so you don't necessarily need to provide *everything* the characters say. You don't want the text to deteriorate into "stenographic renderings of empty scenes."

Most of the time, simply adding an adverb to the word "said" doesn't accomplish much, in fact it can be ineffective and useless. Better to write the dialogue so the reader can discern the character's tone of voice and state of mind from the spoken words themselves, and the context of the story. Using verbs other than "said," "asked" and "replied" is another possibility, but this should be done thoughtfully and sparingly, only where the type of speech really needs to be indicated. Again, if the dialogue itself is written well enough to carry the emotional dynamic, this shouldn't be necessary. You also don't want to make the mistake of using transitive verbs like "told," "stated," "quoted" and "questioned" in speech tags, creating grammatical problems.

**Vary the use and placement of speech tags.** Don't always identify the speaker in the same place; you can do it at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end. Once the characters and the flow of their conversation have been established, you may not need speech tags. The important thing is that the reader instinctively knows who is speaking; speech tags are only one way to accomplish that. And, if the quotation is long (more than one brief sentence or clause), **DO NOT** place a speech tag at the end; do it at the beginning, or at the first punctuation stop, or eliminate the speech tag and identify the speaker another way. It's disconcerting to the reader when what he thinks has been a string of sentences turns out to be all one sentence.

You also don't want to place the speech tag at the end of the quotation if the character is speaking for the first time, has not yet been introduced, or has not otherwise been identified before he begins to speak; again, the reader should know who is speaking the moment he sees the first quotation mark.

**Use narrative sentences to show the character's concurrent acts, thoughts and/or perceptions.** Don't just show the reader what's being said; intersperse sentences, clauses and phrases that illustrate what the

characters are doing while the conversation is going on. You can also use sentences to identify the speaker and alleviate the need for a speech tag:

    Jamila put down the pen and closed her diary. "I'll be right there, mom."

Ultimately, writing effective dialogue depends a great deal on the writer's control of the language, storytelling skill, sensibility for how people really talk, and most importantly, experience with and appreciation for reading fiction.

### **Dialogues in Real Life and Drama**

In real life (and in drama), the names of the characters are placed at the beginning of each utterance; nothing else is added. Let's look at the same example:

    Judge: You don't have to answer that question!

    Jamil: I'll answer the question. You want answers?

    Kafeel: I think I'm entitled to them.

    Jamil: You want answers?

    Kafeel: I want the truth!

    Jamil: You can't handle the truth!

### **Exercise:**

1. Write a brief dialogue between a citizen and a police officer.
2. Write a brief dialogue between a journalist and a politician.
3. Write a brief dialogue between a customer and a shopkeeper.
4. Write a brief dialogue between a teacher and a student.

## Homemaking

William Raspberry

Since my wife was out of town last weekend — leaving me to look after our children and the house — I suppose I could make the case that I now have a better appreciation of what homemaking is about.

Well, if I do, it isn't because of what I had to do in her absence but because of what I didn't have to do. I had to cook and make sure that the little ones were warmly clothed, that they spent some time playing outside, that they got baths, picked up after themselves, and so on. In short, I took over a series of chores, many of which I would have performed even if my wife had been home.

But I didn't have to plan anything, schedule anything or fit anything into an overall design I didn't have to see to my children's overall nutrition; I only had to see that they weren't too bored and didn't tear the house down. What I did was episodic, a combination of housework and babysitting. What my wife does is part of an ongoing enterprise: homemaking. Here is an executive role, though neither she nor I had ever thought to describe it as such.

I strongly suspect that the failure to make the distinction between homemaking and chores is one of the chief reasons why homemaking has fallen into such disrepute of late. As Jinx Melia, founder and director of the Martha Movement, observed in a recent interview, "ethnic" homemakers, as a rule, have managed to retain a higher sense of respect for their calling, partly, she suspects, because their husbands may be somewhat more likely to work at blue-collar jobs that hold no attraction for their wives.

A larger part, though, may be that "traditional" husbands — whatever jobs they work at — are likelier to be ignorant (perhaps deliberately so) of homemaking skills. Homemaking may involve as much a sense of mystique for these husbands as outside work holds for their wives. Men of all classes are increasingly likely these days to help out with the chores, or even take over for a spell, as I did last weekend. And if we aren't careful, we come to believe that we can do easily everything our wives do. The result is that we lose respect for what they do. Think of homemaking as a series of more or less unpleasant chores and the disrespect is virtually automatic.

Well, most jobs are a series of more or less unpleasant chores. But it doesn't follow that that's all they are. Looking up cases and precedents, trying to draw information out of a client who doesn't quite understand what you need to know, keeping records, writing "boiler-plate" contracts — all these things are routine, and a bright high school graduate could quickly learn to do them all. The chores are a drag; but lawyering is a fascinating career. Reducing a career to a series of chores creates this additional problem of perspective: Any time not spent on one or another of the chores is viewed as time wasted.

As Melia also pointed out, the men who work at professions spend an enormous amount of time doing the mirror image of what their non-career wives may be chided or even openly criticized for doing. They talk on the phone a lot (perhaps about business, but they often aren't doing business). They hold staff meetings or unit meetings that are hardly different from coffee klatches. A business lunch with a client you've already sold (or for whom you have no specific proposal at the moment) is not vastly different from a gathering of homemakers in somebody's kitchenette.

The main difference is that a man gets to call all these things 'work.' One reason for the difference is that the details of homemaking are far more visible (to the spouse) than the details of work done outside. As a result, husbands often not only devalue their wives' work but also feel perfectly free to question the wisdom of what they do as part of that work. Wives generally know too little about their husbands' work to question any aspect of it. They are more likely to magnify its importance.

But there are also women who seek outside work primarily because they know their homemaking role is undervalued by their husbands and by themselves. There is nothing intrinsic about producing income, on the one hand, or nurturing children and managing a household, on the other, that would lead to a natural conclusion that income-production is of greater value. The opposite conclusion would appear likelier, as in the distinction between worker and queen bees, for instance. But worker bees don't claim sole ownership and discretion over what they produce; they work for the hive. It would go a long way toward changing the onerous working conditions of homemakers if we could learn to think of family income as belonging to the family, not primarily to the person who happens to bring it home.

Maybe there is a logical reason why the marriage partner who doesn't produce income should be the fiscal dependent of the one who does. Off hand, I can't think what it might be.

## Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
appreciation (n)	thanks or gratitude
homemaking (v)	the act of managing a home
chore (n)	a small routine task, esp. a domestic one
schedule (v)	to make a plan
nutrition (n)	the act or process of nourishing
episodic (adj)	irregular, occasional or sporadic
enterprise (n)	a project or undertaking
disrepute (n)	a loss or lack of credit or repute
ethnic (adj)	related to or characteristic of a human group, having racial, linguistics, cultural, social and certain other traits in common
blue-collar (adj)	manual, industrial jobs ( <i>compare white-collar</i> )
deliberately (adv)	intentional; on purpose
mystique (n)	atmosphere of mystery and veneration that surrounds some thing, e.g., a job, profession or skill
virtually (adv)	practically; nearly
precedent (n)	a former example or instance
client (n)	a customer
boiler-plate (n)	a draft contract that can easily be modified later
fascinating (adj)	arousing great interest; enchanting or alluring
perspective (n)	a point of view; a way of regarding and judging situations
to chide (v)	to rebuke or scold
spouse (n)	a person's partner in marriage: husband or wife
to nurture (v)	to feed or support; to educate or train
discretion (n)	freedom or authority to make judgements and to act as one sees fit
onerous (adj)	laborious or oppressive
logical (adj)	based on logic; reason; argument
fiscal (adj)	of or relating to government finances; financial matters

### Questions:

1. How early in the essay does Raspberry state his thesis? Where in the essay does he restate it?
2. In distinguishing between routine chores and the "ongoing enterprise" of home and office, Raspberry has employed division. What is his principle of division of work?
3. What specific conclusions is he drawing about women and work? What general conclusions is he drawing about attitudes toward work?
4. What other illustrations might he have used to make his distinctions? Can you think of other work situations to which his distinctions apply?

### Writing

1. Describe and analyze the various kinds of work you perform every day, and define your attitude toward them. In the course of your essay, draw support or definitions from this essay.
2. Describe work that many people mistakenly consider routine and uninteresting. Persuade these people that they are mistaken in their view of it. You might use an analogy for this purpose, as Raspberry does.

### About the Author:

William Raspberry comes from Okolona, in north-eastern Mississippi, where his parents taught school. He attended Indiana Central College in Indianapolis, and after army service began reporting for the Washington Post. He became a columnist for that newspaper in 1966, and is syndicated widely in the United States. He has written on a wide range of subjects including Washington politics, urban problems, and black education in America.

**SECTION-II**

**POETRY**

## Break, Break, Break

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me

O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

*a boy or young man*

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

*port, harbour shelter  
lost to sight; invisible*

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
will never come back to me.

*rugged rocks*

## Break, Break, Break

### Understanding the Poem

1. This is a simple poem. The poet is looking out at the sea and the waves that ebb and flow which stirs some deep thoughts within him. Let's study the poem stanza by stanza.
  - The first stanza sets the setting, the seashore, and the waves that rise and fall. Consider the comparison between the tide and his thoughts! Do you think they are happy thoughts or sad thoughts?
  - The second stanza talks about two happy souls playing and singing, the fisherman's boy and the sailor's lad. Happiness?
  - The third stanza pictures ships on the go. But at the same time, the poet mentions a vanished hand and a still voice. Someone is dead, but the ships go on! What does this signify?
  - The last stanza repeats the first line of the poem. What does the poet mean by a day that is dead?
2. This poem is an elegy, a poem written on the death of someone dear. Remember, in literature, the sea is also a symbol of death and the final voyage towards the eternal life.

### Writing

Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

### About the Poet:

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892) was the poet of the people. He is known to have 'the finest ear, perhaps, of any English poet.' Alfred was the fourth son in a family of twelve children. He went to Cambridge but had to return home due to family's financial problems. He studied and practised the craft of poetry. He remained miserable, for he could not marry his fiancée for almost fourteen years due to poverty. He was appointed poet laureate in 1850, married his fiancée and led a comfortable life thereafter.

## The Blades of Grass

Stephen Crane

In Heaven,  
Some little blades of grass  
Stood before God.  
“What did you do?”  
Then all save one of the little blades  
Began eagerly to relate *impatiently narrate*  
The merits of their lives.  
This one stayed a small way behind,  
Ashamed.

Presently, God said,  
“And what did you do?”  
The little blade answered, “Oh, my Lord,  
Memory is bitter to me,  
For, if I did good deeds, I know not of them.”  
Then God, in all His splendour, *grandeur; brilliance*  
Arose from His throne.  
“Oh, best little blade of grass!” He said.

Stephen Crane, in “The Blades of Grass,” uses an interesting personification to express the idea that the best deeds are those done without thought of reward. Truly virtuous are those who are virtuous, not for fear of punishment or hope of reward, but for the love of virtue.

## The Blades of Grass

### Understanding the Poem

1. This poem has the structure of a narrative with a dialogue between God and blades of grass. The setting is Heaven:
  - Read the first stanza. What does God ask the little blades of grass? What do the blades of grass say in response?
  - Read the second stanza. What does the little blade of grass say when it is addressed by God? Why was God moved by the blade's answer?
2. This poem uses a personification. Personification is talking about inanimate and abstract objects as if they were human. Why does the poet use blades of grass to communicate such a fundamental idea? Why didn't he use man to convey his idea?

### Writing

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

### About the Poet:

Stephen Crane (1871–1900) was born in New Jersey, USA. He worked as a journalist in New York before attempting to publish his first novel which was too grim to find a readership. However, his next novel, *The Red Badge of Courage* (1985) was hailed as a masterpiece. He came to England in 1897 where his novel was more warmly received. His other works include two volumes of poetry and short stories. He died of tuberculosis in 1900.

## “Hope”

Emily Dickinson

“Hope” is the thing with feathers—  
That perches in the soul—  
And sings the tune without the words—  
And never stops—at all—

*to alight or rest*

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—  
And sore must be the storm—  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm—

*a strong wind*

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land—  
And on the strangest Sea—  
Yet, never, in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb—of Me.

*a fragment of bread*

### About the Poet:

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) passed nearly all her life in her family home in Amherst, Massachusetts. She spent a large part of her life in seclusion, away from town activities. Though she wrote more than a thousand poems, she published only seven. Nine collections of her poems were published by her friends and relatives after her death. Dickinson is known as a visionary and a poet of great originality.

## **"Hope"**

### Understanding the Poem

1. Let us study the poem stanza by stanza:
  - What does a 'thing with feathers' mean? How is hope a thing with feathers? What does 'perches in the soul' mean? Discuss the metaphor.
  - What does the second stanza say about 'the thing with feathers'?
  - think about the significance of the 'it never asked a crumb of me'?
2. This poem is a kind of epic simile. Hope is compared with 'a thing with feathers' which thing is then developed in the rest of the poem. It always sings and never stops; it sings in the gale, in storms, in the chilliest land, and on the strangest lands but doesn't even ask for a crumb.

### Writing

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

## A Tuft of Flowers

Robert Frost

I went to turn the grass once after one  
Who moved it in the dew before the sun.  
The dew was gone that made his blade so keen  
Before I came to view the levelled scene.  
I looked for him behind and isle of trees;  
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.  
But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,  
And I must be, as he had been — alone,  
'As all must be,' I said within my heart,  
'Whether they work together or apart.'

*a small island*  
*a stone for sharpening tools*

But as I said it, swift there passed me by  
On noiseless wing a bewildered butterfly,  
Seeking with memories grown dim over night  
Some resting flowers of yesterday's delight.  
And then he flew as far as eye could see,  
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.  
I thought of questions that have no reply,  
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;  
But he turned first, and led my eye to look  
At a tall tuft of flowers beside the brook.  
A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

*confused; puzzled*

*quivering; vibrating*

*a bunch*  
*a tool for cutting grass*  
*full of reeds, long grass*

The butterfly and I had lit upon,  
Nevertheless, a message from dawn,  
That made me hear the wakening birds around,  
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,  
And feel a spirit kindred to my own;  
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;  
So that henceforth I worked with his aid,  
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;  
And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech  
with one whose thought I had not hoped to reach,  
'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,  
'Whether they work together or apart.'

*understood; grasped*

*from now on*

## A Tuft of Flowers

### Understanding the Poem

1. This poem has been divided into three stanzas which show a clear progression of ideas.
  - In the first stanza, the poet talks about his going to the lawn/garden to do something. Who does he expect to see there? Who had been working alone? The poet says that he has to work alone! What does the poet say within his heart?
  - In the second stanza, a butterfly appears which leads him to discover a tuft of flowers.
  - In the third stanza, the poet says that he is no longer working alone but has company. Whose company?
2. What is the significance of the last three lines of the first stanza and the last two lines of the third stanza? What change of thought do they signify?

### Writing

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

### About the Poet:

Robert Frost (1874–1963), though born in San Francisco, came to be popularly known as a spokesman of rural New England. He published his first book in London, *A Boy's Will* in 1913. He continued publishing and became famous as a poet, winning four Pulitzer prizes.

## September, the First Day of School\*

Howard Nemerov

My child and I hold hands on the way to school,  
And when I leave him at the first-grade door  
He cries a little but is brave; he does  
Let go. My selfish tears remind me how  
I cried before that door a life ago.  
I may have had a hard time letting go.

Each fall the children must endure together  
What every child also endures alone:  
Learning the alphabet, the integers,  
Three dozen bits and pieces of a stuff  
So arbitrary, so peremptory  
That worlds invisible and visible  
Bow down before it.

*to undergo; to bear*

*any rational number*

*relevant; commanding*

As in Joseph's dream  
The sheaves bowed down and then the stars bowed down  
Before the dreaming of a little boy.  
That dream got him such hatred of his brothers  
As cost the greater part of life to mend,  
And yet great kindness came of it in the end.

*bundle of corn*

*repair*

My child has disappeared  
Behind the schoolroom door. And should I live  
To see his coming forth, a life away,  
I know my hope, but do not know its form  
Nor hope to know it. May the fathers he finds  
Among his teachers have a care of him  
More than his father could. How that will look  
I do not know, I do not need to know.

Even our tears belong to ritual.  
But may great kindness come of it in the end.

*ceremony*

\*The original poem doesn't have any divisions. It's been so divided for the convenience of the students.

## September, the First Day of School

### Understanding the Poem

1. Here, the poet, as father, describes the complex feelings of a father who is taking his son to school. It reminds him of his first day at school. He is worried about him, leaving him alone, but at the same time hopes for a great kindness coming of it in the end – if the child finds father-like figures among his teachers. Let's see how the poem develops:
  - The first strophe (when divisions of a poem are irregular and unrhymed, they are called strophes) tells us how the father takes his child to school, how he cries a little but then let go his father's hand. The father also has tears in his eyes. He recalls the day when his father took him to school.
  - In the second strophe, we see the father falling into thinking about children at school, and how they have to endure whatever goes on in the school, good or bad. He refers to the stuff children learn at school as unreasonable and authoritative before which everything has to bow down.
  - In the third strophe, the speaker alludes to the Biblical story of the prophet, Joseph, and his dream which won him the hatred of his brothers. Joseph suffered because of his dream but great kindness came of it in the end.
  - In the fourth strophe, the speaker thinks of his own child again who has entered the classroom. He thinks about what would become of his son after years. He hopes for his son but doesn't know exact outcome. He hopes that his son will find father-like figures among his teachers.
  - The last two lines call tears shed at such time as ceremonial, selfish, but he hopes for the great kindness that may come at the end – just as in Joseph's case.
2. An allusion is a reference to some historical, political, social, religious, mythological or literary figure or event. It depends upon the shared knowledge between the poet and the reader. Allusions enrich the meaning of a poem. How does the allusion to Joseph in this poem enrich the meaning of the poem?

### Writing

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

### About the Poet

Howard Nemerov was born in New York City in 1920. He was educated at Harvard. He taught in several universities, including Bennington College, 1948-66. He joined Washington University in 1969. Nemerov has published three novels and a critical book, *Figures of Thought*, 1978. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1977.

# If

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too; *to allow for*  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same; *having false identity*  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools: *rogues*

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, *a game of chance*  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew *utter; say*  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!" *muscle; strength*

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it;  
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

## If

### Understanding the Poem

1. Let us try to figure out the structure of this poem. You should have already noticed that there are a lots of "ifs" in this poem, one of the most important words in the English language and in life, too. If you can fulfil all these conditions, the earth belongs to you and every thing that's in it, and, most important, you will be a man:
  - The first stanza talks about keeping one's sanity in the turmoi of human relationships — blaming, doubting, self-trust, waiting, lying and hating, etc.
  - The second stanza warns against obsession with one's dreams and thoughts, successes and failures, and advises one to have the courage to accept the bare truth.
  - The third stanza is about bearing one's losses bravely, and having one's will power do the work when there's nothing in one.
  - The last stanza is about not losing touch with one self, whether one is in the company of kings or laity, friends or foes — not very many expectations from any one.
1. The poet lists many qualities of maturity which he believes make certain adults superior to others. Select those characteristics that you feel are the most important and explain why you feel as you do.
2. The poet believes that these values must be understood by all young people who wish to become truly adult. Do you agree?

### Writing

Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words. You may title it as "Characteristics of a Mature Adult".

### About the poet:

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was born in Bombay, India; his father was the curator of the Lahore museum. He went to school in England, and returned to India as a journalist in 1882. He achieved rapid fame as a poet and short-story writer in England. He was the first Englishman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. His two *Jungle Books* (1894, 1895) are set in Indian jungle; and *King* a novel, is set in pre-partition Lahore.

## Once Upon a Time

Gabriel Okara

Once upon a time, son,  
they used to laugh with their hearts  
and laugh with their eyes:  
but now they only laugh with their teeth,  
while their ice-block cold eyes  
search behind my shadow.

There was a time indeed  
they used to shake hands with their hearts:  
but that's gone, son.  
Now they shake hands without hearts  
while their left hands search  
my empty pockets.

'Feel at home!' 'Come again':  
they say, and when I come  
again and feel  
at home, once, twice,  
there will be no thrice —  
for then I find doors shut on me.

So I have learned many things, son.  
I have learned to wear many faces  
like dresses — homeface,  
officeface, streetface, hostface,  
with all their conforming smiles  
like a fixed portrait smile.

And I have learned too  
to laugh only with my teeth  
and shake hands without my heart.  
I have also learned to say, 'Goodbye,'  
when I mean 'Good-riddance':  
to say 'Glad to meet you',  
without being glad;  
and to say 'It's been nice talking to you,'  
after being bored.

*getting rid of something unpleasant*

But believe me, son.  
I want to be what I used to be  
when I was like you.  
I want to unlearn all these muting things. *unspoken; unexpressed*  
Most of all, I want to relearn  
how to laugh, for my laugh in the mirror  
shows only my teeth like a snake's bare fangs! *pointed hollow tooth*

So show me, son,  
how to laugh; show me how  
I used to laugh and smile  
once upon a time when I was like you.

#### About the Poet:

Gabriel Okara was born in Western Nigeria in 1921. Okara may be described as a highly original poet, uninfluenced by other poets. In 1979, he was awarded the Commonwealth Poetry Prize. Okara shows a concern regarding what happens when the ancient culture of Africa is faced with the onslaught of western culture.

## Once Upon a Time

### Understanding the Poem

1. This poem is a beautiful comparison of what it used to be like in the old days and what it is like now. The title clearly indicates that it is about the past.

The first three stanzas compare a way of life, a custom, or behaviour from the past with those of the present:

- The first stanza compares how people laughed in the past and how they laugh now. What is the difference?
- The second stanza tells us how people shook hands then and how they do now. What is the difference?
- The third stanza talks about the ever welcoming nature of the people of the past with a less welcoming behaviour of present people.

The next two stanzas are about what the poet has learnt:

- In the fourth stanza, the poet tells us he has learned the ways of the present day people, that is, to wear different faces on different occasions to deceive others. What does 'wearing different faces' mean?
- In the fifth stanza, the poet says that his greetings don't mean what they should mean.

In the last two stanzas, the poet wishes to be what he used to be:

- In the sixth stanza, the poet wishes to be what he was like before, once upon a time.
- In the last stanza, he asks his son to help him become what he used to be, to show him how to laugh, etc.

2. Why is the poet addressing his son throughout? What is its significance?

### Writing

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

## When You are Old

William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

*a traveller; a wayfarer*

And bending beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid the crowd of stars.

*a low indistinct sound*

## When You are Old

### Understanding the Poem

1. This simple but beautiful poem is about old age and the absence of ravishing charms of the youthful years.
  - The first stanza pictures an old person, full of sleep, reading a book, with spectacles on, thinking about their\* eyes that once had soft look.
  - In the second stanza, the poet reminds the old person about his unchanging love as compared to others' false (or true) love.
  - The third stanza talks about the absence of love; love has disappeared into the night sky.
2. Who is being addressed in the poem — a particular old man or a woman or any old person?

### Writing

Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

### About the Poet:

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939) was born in Dublin. His father's family, of English origin, had been in Ireland for at least 200 years. On leaving high school in Dublin in 1883, Yeats decided to be an artist, with poetry as his avocation, and attended art school; but he soon left to concentrate on poetry. His first published poems appeared in the *Dublin University Review* in 1885. When he died in 1939, he left a body of poetry which, in variety and power, makes him beyond question the greatest 20<sup>th</sup> century poet of the English language.

\* 'Their' is now used as a neutral pronoun to avoid gender bias and the rather stilted use of 'He/She.'

## The Listeners

Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;

And his horse in the silence champed the grasses

Of the forest ferny floor;

And a bird flew out of the turret,

Above the Traveller's head:

And he smote upon the door a second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller;

No head from the leaf-fringed sill

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,

Where he stood perplexed and still.

*to munch food noisily  
overgrown with ferns  
a projection from a wall*

*to strike with a heavy blow*

*to come down; move down  
window adorned with plants*

*puzzled*

*ghost; spectre*

But only a host of phantom listeners

That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight

To that voice from the world of men:

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,

Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,

Their stillness answering his cry,

While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;

*listening to*

For he suddenly smote on the door, even

Louder and lifted his head —

"Tell them I came, and no one answered,

That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,

Though every word he spake

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house,

From the one man left awake.

Aye, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*spoke; uttered*

# The Listeners

## Understanding the Poem

### 1. Let us study the poem stanza by stanza:

- First stanza: A Traveller comes, knocks at the door but no one comes out to greet him except a bird that flies up out of the turret. He knocks at the door a second time; again no one answers.
- Second stanza: Disturbed by this visit by a living man, the phantom listeners in the lonely house crowd onto the stair from their dark abode.
- Third stanza: The Traveller gives the door a louder blow and declares that he came but no one answers, that he has kept his word. His words echo through the darkness, but no acknowledgement. Finally, he leaves, dejected.

### 2. Who do you think the Traveller is? Why is Traveller spelled with a capital 'T'? Could you identify the Traveller: someone who comes to a dark, dead house with phantom people to deliver a message, but no one answers?

## Writing

Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

## About the Poet:

Walter de la Mare (1873–1956) was born in Kent of well-to-do parents and attended St Paul's Choir School. In his mid-twenties he began to contribute poems and stories to various magazines, and in 1902 published his first volume which attracted little notice. Subsequently, he published many volumes of poetry for children and adults. In his favourite themes of childhood, fantasy, and the commonplace objects and events are invested with mystery, and often with an undercurrent of melancholy. He was awarded the CH (Companion of Honour) in 1948, the OM (Order of Merit) in 1953, and is buried in St Paul's Cathedral.

## I Dream a World

Langston Hughes

I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its path adorn.

I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice blights our day. *greed*

A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth *generosity*  
And every man is free.

Where wretchedness will hang its head, *poverty; misery*  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attend the needs of all mankind.  
Of such I dream –  
Our world!

# I Dream a World

## Understanding the Poem

3. This simple but beautiful poem presents before us the dream vision of a Utopia, an ideal world, which has perfect peace and harmony; where freedom rules supreme and everyone lives a blessed life. Let's study the poem stanza by stanza.

- The first stanza envisions a world that is blessed with love and peace, where no one despises another.
- The second stanza envisages a world where all enjoy freedom, where greed and avarice do not destroy people's peace of mind.
- The third stanza visualises a world which is free of discrimination on the basis of colour and race, where all share natural resources.
- The last stanza dreams of a world where there is no poverty, no misery; where joy and happiness serve all mankind. The poet says that he dreams of such a world for all.

4. Do you think it is possible to have such a world? If not, why not?

## Writing

Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

## About the Poet:

James Langston Hughes (1902–1967) was born in Missouri, USA. He was a versatile writer, a poet, novelist and playwright who wrote more than 35 books. He held posts at the University of Chicago and Atlanta.

Charles Dickens

# Great Expectations

(Abridged)

## Chapter One

*The time: The early 1800s. The place: A church yard in a tiny village east of London.*

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name on the authority of his tombstone and my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones.

The shape of the letters on my father's gravestone gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges (diamond-shaped objects), each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of the little brothers of mine who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle. I am indebted for a belief that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers pockets.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening.

At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettle was the churchyard; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from amongst the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!" A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg; a man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head; a man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head, as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip; sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip, Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Point out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards (trees with their branches cut back to the trunk), a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself, for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet — when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips. "What fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized, for my years, and not strong.

"Darn me if I couldn't eat them," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I haven't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it; partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here," said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!"

I timidly explained; "Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him, too; late of the parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with supposin' ye're kindly let to live, which I haven't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir, Mrs. Joe Gargery, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith; eh?" said he, and looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me, so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

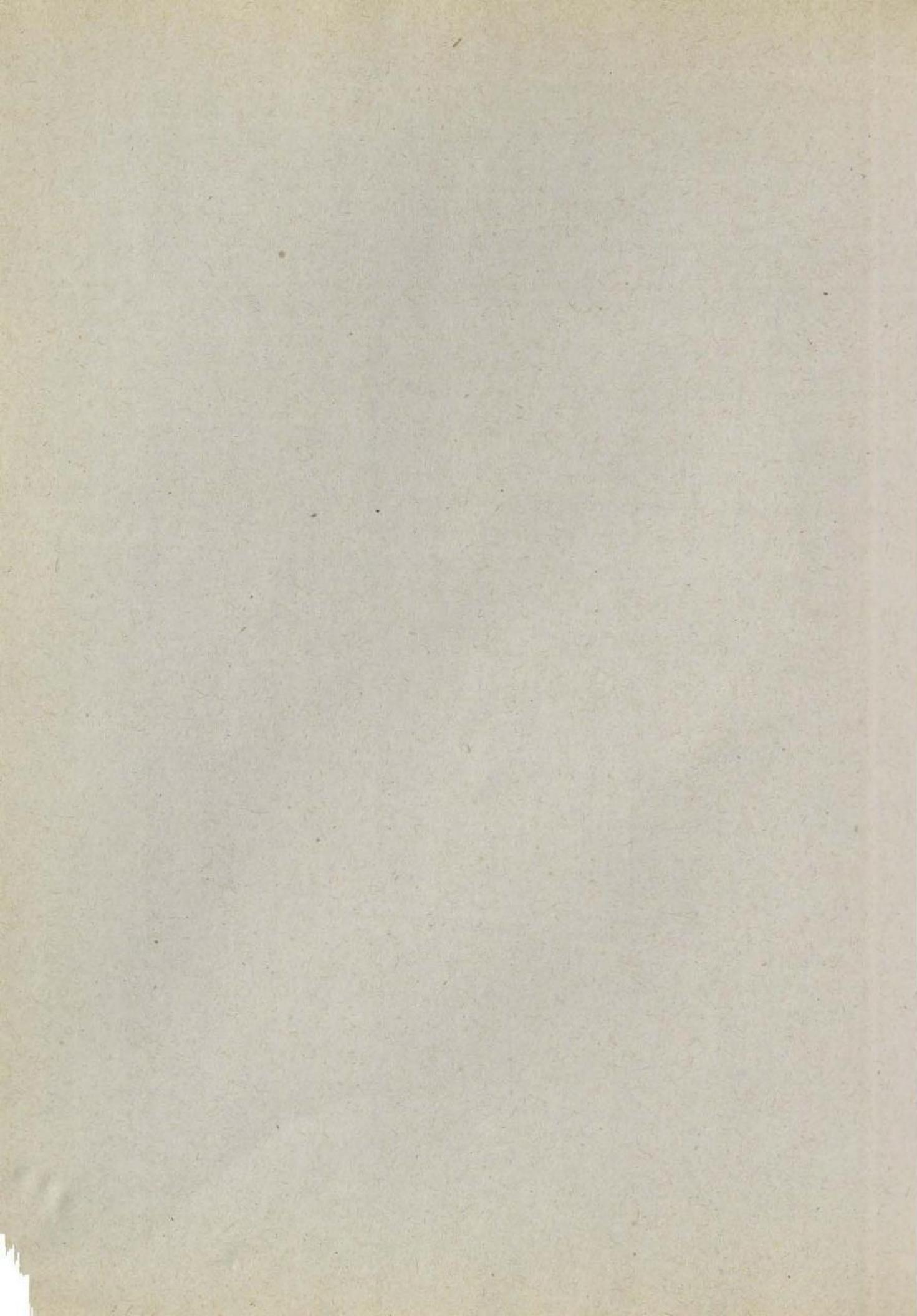
"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

memory of,  
PERRI  
Also  
Georgiana, wife of  
the above...

Tombstone

Zumbro/06



"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands.

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any particular, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate."

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the battery, early in the morning.

"Say, Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or an eel!"

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms — clasping himself, as if to hold himself together — and limped towards the low church wall. When he came to the low church wall, he got over it like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

## Chapter Two

*At home: We meet Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, and Mrs. Joe, Pip's sister.*

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister, and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish fellow.

Joe's forge I adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were — most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow — sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the rampage this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door." I took the advice.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on tiny terms; passed me on into the chimney and quietly fended me up there with his great leg.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot.

"Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you were fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the churchyard," said I from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

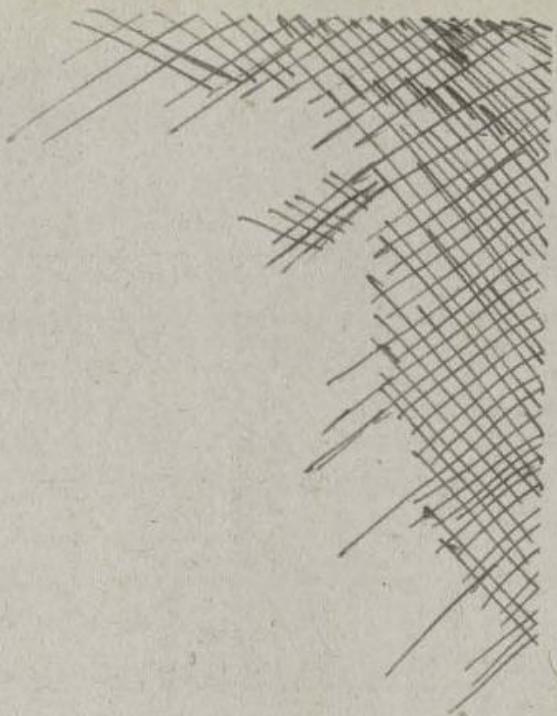
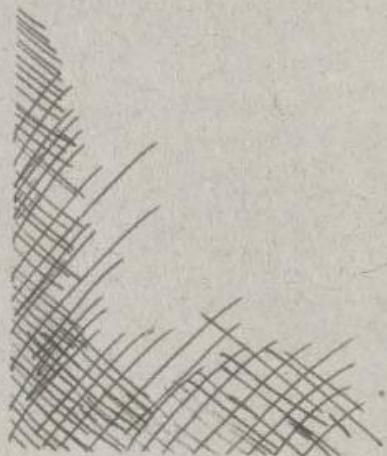
"Churchyard!" repeated my sister. "If it warn't for me, you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?"

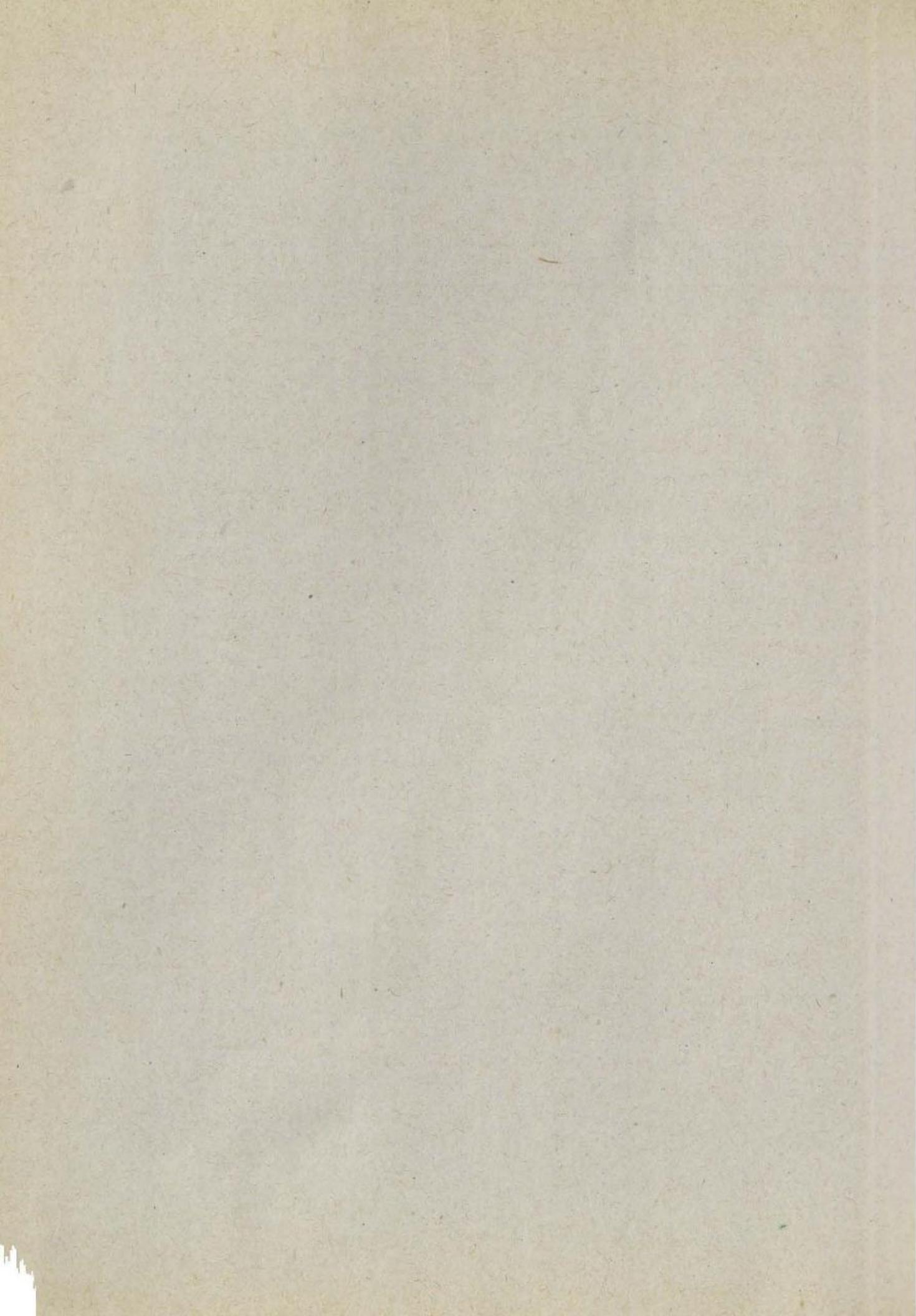
"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know?" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

file.





"You don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him Gargery) without being your mother." My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire.

For the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the file, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny rose before me in the avenging coals.

My sister had a way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us that never varied. She took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, as if she were making a plaster-using both sides of the knife and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf; which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for the dreadful acquaintance. Therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trousers.

I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and took a thoughtful bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. Returned it about in his mouth much larger than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she smartly as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know!" stuttered Joe shaking his head at me in a very serious remonstrance. "Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chewed it, Pip."

"What's the matter now?" repeated my sister more sharply than before.

"You know, Pip," said Joe solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek, and speaking in a confidential voice, as if we two were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you, any time. But such as he moved his chair, and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me "such a most uncommon bolt as that!"

"Been bolting his food, has he?" cried my sister.

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair, saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and be dosed." Conscience is a dreadful thing. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe — I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his — almost drove me

out of my mind. Then, as the marsh winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the voice outside of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day with a copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle quite unmanageable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney-corner before being sent up to bed; "was that great guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There's another convict off."

"What does that mean, Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself said sheepishly, "Escaped. Escaped."

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needlework, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?"

Joe put his mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer that I could make out nothing of it but the single word, "Pip."

"There was a convict off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after sunset-gun. And they fired warning of him. And now it appears they're firing warning of another."

"Who's firing?" said I.

"Drat that boy," interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "what a questioner he is!"

Joe opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

"Mrs. Joe," said I, as a last resort. "I should like to know if you wouldn't much mind where the firing comes from."

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary. "From the Hulks!"

"Oh-h!" said I, looking at Joe.

"Hulks," Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say; "Well, I told you so."

"And please, what's Hulks?" said I.

"That's the way with this boy!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head at me. "Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right cross the meshes." We always used that name for marshes in our country.

“I wonder who’s put into prison-ships, and why they’re put there?” said I, in a general way, and with quiet desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. “I tell you what, young fellow,” said she, “I didn’t bring you up by hand to badger people’s lives out. People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed!”

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went upstairs in the dark, I felt fearfully that the Hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with grey, I got up and went downstairs; every board upon the way, and every crack in every board, calling after me, “Stop thief!” and “Get up, Mrs. Joe!” I stole some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat (which I tied up in my pocket-handkerchief with my last night’s slice) and some brandy from a stone bottle. I was tempted to mount upon a shelf, to look what it was that was put away so carefully in a covered earthen-ware dish in a corner, and I found it was a pie, and I took it, in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe’s tools. Then I ran for the misty marshes.

### Chapter Three

*In the churchyard again: Pip delivers stolen goods.*

I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be gladder if I came upon him with his breakfast in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man! And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it. He swore an oath at me, made a hit at me — it was a round, weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, if it made him stumble — and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

I was soon at the battery, after that, and there was the right man — hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping —

waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file and he laid it down on the grass, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it — but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while so violently that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off.

"I think you have got the ague," I said.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here," I told him.

"You've been lying out on the meshes."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly afterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you."

He was gobbling mincemeat, meat bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie all at once, staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping — even stopping his jaws — to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said suddenly: "You're not a deceiving imp? You brought one with you?"

"No, sir! No!"

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

"No, sir, not at all!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed; if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched war mint as near death as this poor wretched war mint is!"

Something clicked in his throat as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

Pitying his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said, I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

"I am afraid you won't leave any of it for him."

"Leave any for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of piecrust.

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and-and" — I was very anxious to put this delicately — "and with the same reason for wanting to borrow a file."

"This man, did you notice anything in him?"

"He had a badly bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

"Not here," exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek mercilessly with the flat of his hand.

"Yes, there!"

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left into the breast of his grey jacket.

"Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

I indicated in what direction the mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which had an old chafe upon it, and was bloody.

I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee and he was working hard at his fetter. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

## Chapter Four

*At home: At Christmas dinner we meet Mr. Pumblechook, Mr. Wopsle, and the Hubbles.*

I fully expected to find a constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery.

"And where the deuce ha' you been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas greeting. I said I had been down to hear the carols.

"Ah, well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse."

Not a doubt of that, I thought.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mincemeat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil.

My sister having so much to do was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances than anything else. Nothing that he wore fitted him or seemed to belong to him.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble, the wheelwright who makes wheels), and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appropriated him as her own), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one.

When Joe and I got home, we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of. I opened the door first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr and Mrs Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook.

I was not allowed to call him uncle, under the severest penalties.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlour. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little curly sharp-edged person in sky blue, Mr. Hubble as a tough high-shouldered stooping old man, of a saw-dusty fragrance. I began to think I should get over the day, when my sister said to Joe, "Clean plates—cold."

I clutched the leg of the table immediately, and pressed it to my bosom. I foresaw what was coming and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "You must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's! It's a pie — a savoury pork pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savoury pork pie would lay atop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets; one of whom help out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying, "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

The apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt-ends of their loaded muskets on our door-step caused the dinner-party to rise from table in confusion, and caused Mrs. Joe, re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, in her wondering lament of "Gracious goodness gracious me, what's gone—with the—pie!"

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partially recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was not looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended towards them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this smart young shaver" — which he hadn't — "I am on a chase in the name of the King, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray, what might you want with *him*?" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

"Missis," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the king, I answer, a little job done."

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; insomuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearly two hours than one.

"Will it? Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith?" said the off-hand sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service. And if my men can bear a hand anywhere, they'll make themselves useful."

With that he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And then they stood about.

I saw that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got the better of the pie as to put it in the background. I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

"Would you give me the time!" the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook.

"It's just gone half-past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting: "even if I was forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes, hereabouts? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"That'll do. We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk."

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a matter-of-course way.

"Aye!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Anybody here seen anything of any such game?" Everybody, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well," said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, his Majesty the King is." Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and we all looked on.

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped. As Joe got on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pip and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and would take me. The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies. His men resumed their muskets and fell in.

Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards our business, I treasonably whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." And Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

## Chapter Five

### *On the marshes: Pursuit.*

We struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the churchyard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us here on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours, and had seen both men hiding, I considered for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging at the ditches like a hunter, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extending into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man.

With my heart thumping like a blacksmith at Joe's broad shoulder, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none.

The soldiers were moving in the direction of the old battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For, there had reached us, on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance towards the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two or more shouts raised together. When it broke out again, the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while, we had so run it down that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this, the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon them.

"Here are both men!" panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch.

"Surrender, you two! And confound you for two wild beasts!"

Water was splashing, and mud was flying, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when some more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant; and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and execrating and struggling.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers; "I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a greedy laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old bruised left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over.

"Take notice, guard — he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here — dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!"

The other one gasped, "He tried — he tried — to — murder me. Bear — bear witness."

"Looke here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "Single-handed I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise — look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it — if I hadn't made discovery that *he* was here. Let *him* go free? Let *him* profit by the means as I found out? Let *him* make a tool of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn those eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it. Do you see those grovelling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it, my convict looked round him for the first time, and saw me. I had alighted from Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and slightly moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterwards very dark. Before we departed from that spot, four soldiers standing in a ring fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches kindled at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant, "March." We had not gone far when three cannons were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear.

"You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't straggle, my man. Close up here."

The two were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two prisoners seemed rather to like that, as they limped along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast because of their lameness; and they were so spent that two or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After an hour or so of this travelling, we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged, and the sergeant answered. Then, we went into the hut, where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stand of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead. The sergeant made some kind of report and some entry in a book, and then the convict whom I call the other convict was drafted off with his guard, to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it, or putting up his feet by turns upon the hob, and looking thoughtfully at them as if he pitied them for their recent adventures.

Suddenly, he turned to the sergeant, and remarked: "I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion longer me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him, with his arms folded, "but you have no call to say it here. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with, you know."

"I know, but this is another point, a separate matter. A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some wittles, up at the village over yonder — where the church stands a'most out on the marshes."

"You mean stole," said the sergeant.

"And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Halloo!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Halloo, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some broken wittles — that's what it was — and a dram of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant confidentially:

"My wife did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"So," said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and the least glance at me; "so you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say I've eaten your pie."

"God knows you're welcome to it — so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow-creature. Would us, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guards were ready. Somebody in the boat growled as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

## Chapter Six

*At home: Pip receives an odd job.*

At the time when I stood in the churchyard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe. I was not only the odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbour happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favoured with employment.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was a ridiculous old woman of limited means who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening in the society of youth who paid two pence per week each for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a small cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room upstairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Caesar. Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this educational institution, kept in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of anything in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer which served as a catalogue of prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's grand-daughter; I confess myself quite unequal to the working out of the problem, what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was most noticeable, I thought in respect of her extremities; for her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at heel.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush, getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that, I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and baffle recognition. But, at last I began to read, write, and cipher on the very smallest scale.

One night, I was sitting in the chimney-corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a full year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost.

With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

"MI DEER JO I OPE U R KRWITE WELL I OPE I SHAL SON B HABELL 4 2  
TEEDGE U JO AN THEN WE SHORL B SO GLODD AN WEN I M PRENGTD 2  
U JO WOT LARX AN BLEVE ME INF XN PIP."

There was no necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! Ain't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it — with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and an O equal to anythink! Here's a J and an O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday, when I accidentally held our Prayer-book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right.

Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether, in teaching Joe, I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye, "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js, and three Os and three J-O, Joes, in it, Pip!" I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You ARE a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It can't be supposed," said Joe. "Tho' I'm oncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"Oncommon. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little "when you *do* come to a J and an O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

I derived from this last that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy.

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker, and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars, "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother most mercilessly. It were almost the only hammering he did, indeed, excepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a vigour only to be equalled by the vigour with which he didn't hammer at his anvil. You're a-listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father was that good in his heart that he couldn't a-bear to be without us. So, he'd come with a most tremendous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we were that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his heart, don't you see?"

I didn't see, but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a-boiling, Pip, or the pot won't boile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"Consequence, my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which was his, too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure you, Pip. In time I was able to keep him, and I kept him till he went off in a purple apoplectic fit." Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery.

"It was but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip"— Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him — "your sister is a fine figure of a woman." I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is"— Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following — "a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than, "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. And this I want to say very serious to you, old chap — I see so much in my poor mother, of a woman

drudging and slaving that I'm dead afeard of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd rather of the two go wrong the other way, and be a little ill-convenienced myself. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip. I wish there weren't no Tickler for you, old chap. I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook shortcomings."

When I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market-days, to assist him in buying such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidences in his domestic servant. This was market-day, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of those expeditions.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like a peal of bells!" The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at a much brisker trot than usual. Mrs. Joe was soon landed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon down too, covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings, "if this boy ain't grateful this night, he never will be!" I looked as grateful as any boy possibly could who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

"Miss Havisham, up town, wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me, "or I'll work him." I had heard of Miss Havisham — everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham — as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers.

"Well, to be sure!" said Joe, astounded. "I wonder how she comes to know Pip!" "Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

"—Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there."

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes — we won't say quarterly or half-yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you — but sometimes — go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us — though you may not think it, Joseph," in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of nephews, "then mention this boy, standing prancing here." —which I solemnly declare I was not doing.

"Good," cried Uncle Pumblechook.

"Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now, Joseph, you know the case."

"Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that fore anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's to-morrow morning."

With that, she pounced on me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was squeezed into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped, and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself.

I was then delivered over to Mr. Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech that I knew he had been dying to make all along: "Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!"

"Good-bye, Joe!"

"God bless you, Pip, old chap!"

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds, I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's, and what on earth I was expected to play at.

## Chapter Seven

*At Miss Havisham's Satis House: We meet Miss Havisham and Estella.*

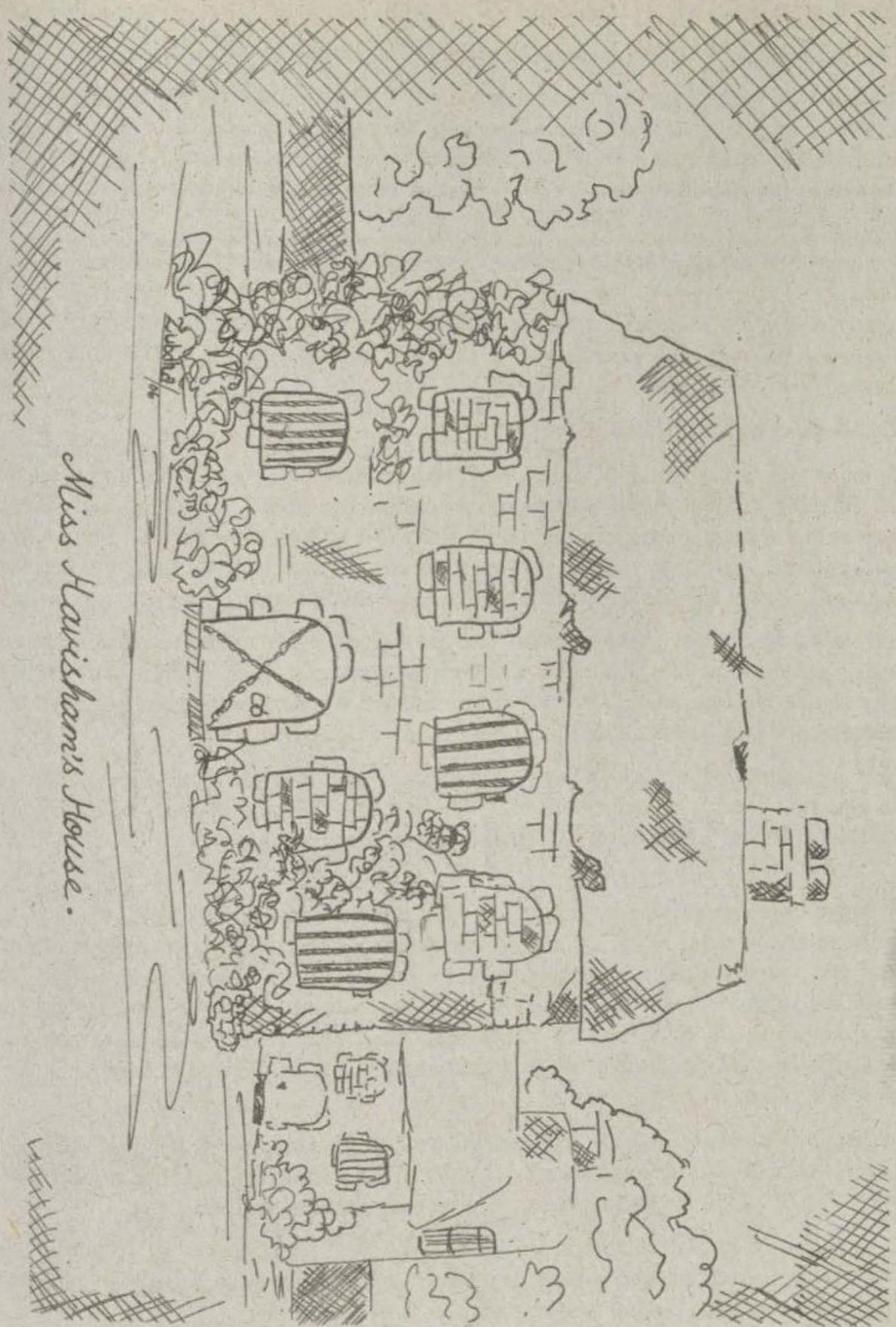
Mr. Pumblechook's premises in the High Street of the market town were of a pepper corny and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn chandler and seeds should be. I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquit myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up. There was a courtyard in front, and that was barred; so, we had to wait, after ringing the bell. While we waited at the gate, I peeped in and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery. No brewing was going on in it and none seemed to have gone on for a long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied, "Pumblechook." The voice returned, "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the courtyard, with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "come in, Pip." Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

Miss Havisham's House.



"Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see, she doesn't." She said it so finally, and in such an un-discussible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely — as if I had done anything to him! — and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behaviour here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!"

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the courtyard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it; and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and the entire brewery beyond stood open, away to the high enclosing wall; and all was empty and disused.

"What is the name of this house, miss?"

"It's name was Satis, which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew — or all one to me — for enough. But don't loiter, boy." Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door. The great front entrance had two chains across it out-side, and the first thing I noticed was that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in." I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss." To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and — what was worse — took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half-afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an armchair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials — satins, and lace, and silks — all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white.

Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on; the other was on the table near her hand; her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white had lost its lustre and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the dress had withered like the dress.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come to play!"

"Come nearer; let me look at you. "Come close." It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, till I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and; that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other; on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart..."

"Broker if..." She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it.

Afterwards, 'she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women, Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do anything in the wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play, there!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sisters working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Are you sullen and obstinate?"

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine — and melancholy." I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other. Before she spoke again, she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore and at the dressing-table, and finally a toilet.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me so strange to him, so familiar to me! Call Estella."

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me, "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage, in an unknown house, bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsibly, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But she answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "Your own cone day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let we see you play cards with this boy!!

"With this boy! Why, he is a common labouring-boy!"

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answering only it seemed so unlikely, "Well? You can break his heart."

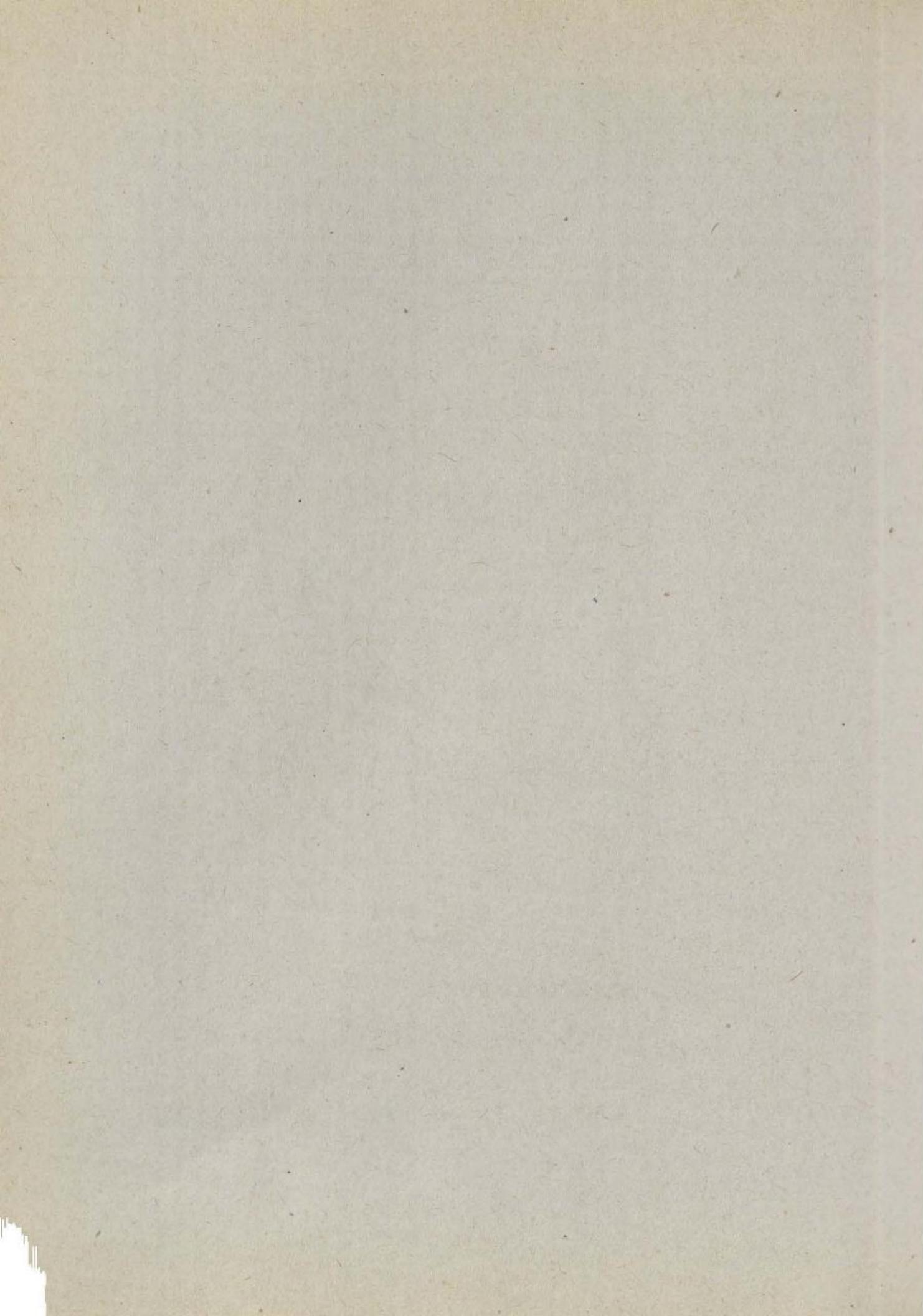
"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but Beggar my Neighbour, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.



"Well? You can  
break his heart."



It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Miss Havisham sat, corpse-like, as we played at cards.

"He calls the knaves, jacks, this boy!" said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt for me was so strong that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong; and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy labouring-boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, yet you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied in a whisper.

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very pretty..."

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me then with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Anything else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham aloud. Play the game out."

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham.

"Let me think." I was beginning to remind her that today was Wednesday when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days, you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am.."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down, as I had followed the candle up. Until she opened the side entrance, I had fancied, without thinking about it, that it must necessarily be night-time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candlelight of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, you boy." Said she and disappeared and closed the door.

I took the opportunity of being alone in the courtyard to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards jacks which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more genteelly brought up, and then I should have been so, too.

She came back with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in disgrace. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry I cannot hit upon the right name for the smart that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. This gave me power to keep them back and to look at her.

She — with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was wounded — left me. But, when she was gone, I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got behind one of the gates in the brewery-lane, and leaned my sleeve against the wall there, and leaned my forehead on it and cried. As I cried, I kicked the wall, and took a hard twist at my hair; so bitter were my feelings, and so sharp was the smart without a name.

I got rid of my injuries by kicking them into the brewery-wall. Then smoothed my face with my sleeve and came from behind the gate. The bread and meat were acceptable. I was soon in spirits to look about me.

Nothing less than the frosty light of the cheerful sky, the sight of people passing beyond the bars of the courtyard gate, and the reviving influence of the rest of the bread and meat could have brought me round. Even with those aids, I might not have come to myself as soon as I did but that I saw Estella approaching with the key, to let me out.

She opened the gate and stood holding it. I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand.

"Why don't you cry?"



"As I cried, I kicked the wall..."

"Because I don't want to!"

"You do," said she. "You have been crying till you are half-blind, and you are near crying again now."

She laughed, pushed me out, and locked the gate upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's, and was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shop-man on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to our forge, pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common labouring-boy; that my hands were coarse; that my boots were thick; that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night; and generally that I was in a low-lived bad way.

## Chapter Eight

*At home: Pip reports on his visit with Miss Havisham.*

When I reached home, my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped from behind in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea-time to have the details divulged to him.

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, Uncle?" asked my sister. Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good!" said Mr. Pumblechook conceitedly.

"Now, boy! What was she a-doing of, when you went in to-day?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another — as they well might — and both repeated, "In a black velvet coach?"

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella — that's her niece, I think — handed her cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to."

"Was anybody else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"Four dogs," said I.

"Large or small?"

"Immense," said I. "And they fought for veal-cutlets out of a silver basket."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic — a reckless witness under the torture and would have told them anything.

"Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?" asked my sister.

"In Miss Havisham's room." They stared again.

"But there weren't any horses to it." I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers, which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing.

"Can this be possible, Uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe. "What can the boy mean?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Pumblechook. "My opinion is it's a sedan chair. She's flighty, you know — very flighty, quite flighty, enough to pass her days in a sedan chair."

"Did you ever see her in it, Uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

"How could I," he returned, forced to the admission, "when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes upon her!"

"Goodness, Uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook testily, "that when I have been there, I have been taken up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoken to me that way. Don't say you don't know that. However, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

"We played with flags," I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

"Flags!" echoed my sister.

"Yes," said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed."

"Swords!" repeated my sister. "Where did you get swords from?"

"Out of a cupboard," said I. "And I saw pistols in it — and jam — and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles."

"That's true," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod.

"That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself."

And then they both stared at me, and I, with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance, stared at them.

The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea — to whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

Now when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement, I was overtaken by penitence.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night.

Then I said, "Before the fire goes out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

"Should you, Pip?" said Joe, drawing his shoeing-stool near the forge. "Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

"Joe," said I, taking hold of his rolled-up shirt-sleeve, and twisting it between my finger and thumb; "you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

"Remember?" said Joe. "I believe you! Wonderful!"

"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

"What are you telling of, Pip?" cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. "You don't mean to say it's—"

"Yes, I do; it's lies, Joe."

"But not all of it? Why sure you don't mean to say, Pip, that there was no black velvet coach?" For, I stood shaking my head; "But at least there were dogs, Pip? Come, Pip," said Joe persuasively. "If there weren't no veal cutlets, at least there were dogs?"

"No, Joe."

"A dog?" said Joe. "A puppy? Come!"

"No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind." As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe contemplated me in dismay.

"Pip, old chap! This won't do, old fellow! I say! Where do you expect to go to?"

"It's terrible, Joe; ain't it?"

"Terrible?" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt-sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head.

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination. "Lies are lies. However they come, they ought not to come of you. Tell no more of 'em, Pip. That ain't they to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are uncommon in some things. You're uncommon small. Likewise you're an uncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backwards, Joe."

"Why, see what letter you wrote last night! Wrote in print even! I've seen letters new and from gentle folks! I'll swear weren't written in print," said Joe.

"I have learnt next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so, or be it not, you must be a common scholar afore you can be a uncommon one."

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

"No, old chap. That's all, old chap, and don't ever do it no more."

## Chapter Nine

*In the village: Biddy and a secret-looking stranger.*

The idea occurred to me a morning or two later that the best step I could take towards making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy everything she knew. I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life; and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes by imparting some information from her little catalogue of prices under the head of moist sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a large old English D which she had imitated from the heading of some newspaper, and which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home at my peril. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

I passed into the common-room where there was a bright large kitchen fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with "Halloa, Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half-shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all

his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So, I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him so that I might sit down there.

But, as I was used to sit beside Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me. The strange man, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was otherwise engaged, nodded to me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg in a manner that struck me.

"You were saying," said the strange man, turning to Joe, "that you were a blacksmith."

"Yes. I said it, you know," said Joe.

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had to himself. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed traveller's hat, and under it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap, so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country towards the river."

"Most marshes are solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any gypsies, now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort, out there?"

"No," said Joe; "none but a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find *them*, easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, assented, but not warmly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers on; me and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't us, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again — still cocking his eye, as if he were expressing taking aim at me with his invisible gun — and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it you call him?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"No," said Joe; "it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when an infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe meditatively — not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but because it was the way at the Jolly Bargemen to seen to consider deeply about everything that was discussed over pipes — "well, No, No, he ain't."

"Nephew?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not no, not to deceive you, he is *not* my nephew."

"What the blue blazes is he?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary strength.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that — as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasion to bear in mind what female relations a man might not marry — and expounded the ties between me and Joe.

Having his hand in, Mr. Wopsle finished off with a most terrifically snarling passage from *Richard the Third*, and seemed to think he had done quite enough to account for it when he added, "as the poet says." All this while, the strange man looked at nobody but me, and looked at me as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary shot it was.

It was not a remark, but a proceeding in dumb show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted it; not with a spoon that was brought to him, but with a *file*.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it, he wiped the file and put it in a breast pocket. I knew it to be Joe's file, and I knew that he knew my convict, the moment I saw the instrument.

I sat gazing at him, spell-bound.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have, the boy shall have it." He looked it out from a handful of small, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind! Your own."

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the bounds of good manners, and holding tight to Joe. He gave Joe good night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good night (who went out with us), and he gave me only a look with his aiming eye.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe was encouraged to tell her about the bright shilling.

"A bad one, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Joe triumphantly, "or he wouldn't have given it to the boy. Let's look at it."

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one.

"But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper; "Two one-pound notes?"

Nothing less than two fat sweltering one-pound notes that seemed to have been on terms of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle markets in the country. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen to restore them to their owner.

While he was gone I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister, feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Presently, Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in an ornamental tea-pot on the top of a press in the state parlour. There they remained a nightmare to me many and many a night and day.

## Chapter Ten

*At Satis House: We meet the poor relations and a pale young gentleman.*

At the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She locked it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, superciliously saying, "You are to come this way to-day," and took me to quite another part of the house.

We went in at the door, which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling, on the ground floor at the back. There was some company in the room, and Estella said to me as she joined it, "You are to go and stand there, boy, till you are wanted." "There" being the window, I crossed to it, and stood "there" in a very uncomfortable state of mind, looking out.

There were three ladies in the room and one gentleman. Before I had been standing at the window five minutes, they somehow conveyed to me that they were all toadies and humbugs, but that each of them pretended not to know that the others were toadies and humbugs, because the admission that he or she did know it would have made him or her out to be a toady and humbug.

The most talkative of the ladies had to speak quite rigidly to suppress a yawn. This lady, whose name was Camilla, very much reminded me of my sister, with the difference that she was much older.

"Poor dear soul!" said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister's.

"Nobody's enemy but his own!"

"It would be much more commendable to be somebody else's enemy," said the gentleman; "far more natural."

"Cousin Raymond," observed another lady, "we are to love our neighbour."

"Sarah Pocket," returned Cousin Raymond, "if a man is not his own neighbour, who is?"

"Poor soul!" Camilla went on (I knew they had all been looking at me in the mean time), "he is so very strange! Would any one believe that when Tom's wife died, he actually could not be induced to see the importance of the children's having the deepest of trimmings to their mourning? 'Good Lord!' says he, 'Camilla, what can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black?' So like Matthew! The idea!"

"Good points in him, good points in him," said Cousin Raymond; "Heaven forbid I should deny good points in him; but he never had, and he never will have, any sense of the proprieties."

The ringing of a distant bell, combined with the echoing of some cry or call along the passage by which I had come, interrupted the conversation and caused Estella to say to me, "Now, boy!" On my turning round, they all looked at me with the utmost contempt, and, as I went out, I heard Sarah Pocket say, "Well I am sure! What next!"

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage, Estella stopped all of a sudden, and, facing round, said in her taunting manner, with her face quite close to mine: "Well?"

"Well, miss," I answered, almost falling over her and checking my self.

"Am I pretty?"

"Yes, I think you are very pretty."

"Am I insulting?"

"Not so much as you were last time," said I.

"Not so much so?"

"No."

She fired when she asked the last question, and then she slapped my face with such force as she had, when I answered it.

"Now?" said she. "You little coarse monster, what do you think of me now?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Because you are going to tell upstairs! Is that it?"

"No," said I, "that's not it."

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I. Which was, I supposed, as false a declaration as ever was made.

We went on our way upstairs after this episode, and as we were going up, we met a gentleman groping his way down.

"Whom have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

"A boy," said Estella.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a corresponding large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watch chain, and strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. He was nothing to me, and I could have had no foresight then that he ever would be anything to me, but it happened that I had this opportunity of observing him well.

"Boy of the neighbourhood? Hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"How do *you* come here?"

"Miss Havisham sent for me, sir," I explained.

"Well! Behave yourself. I have a pretty large experience with boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Now mind!" said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!" With these words he released me which I was glad of, for his hand smelt of scented soap — and went his way downstairs. We were soon in Miss Havisham's room.

"So!" she said, without being startled or surprised; "the days have worn away, have they?"

"Yes ma'am. To-day is —"

"There, there, there!" with the impatient movement of her fingers. "I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

I was obliged to answer, in some confusion, "I don't think I am, ma'am."

"Not at cards again?" she demanded with a searching look.

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that, if I was wanted."

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy," said Miss Havisham impatiently, "and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?" I said I was quite willing.

"Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air-like our own marsh mist. Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber, or, it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness.

It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould, and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a table-cloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable; and, as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow, like black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blotchy bodies running home to it and running out from it, as if some circumstance of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.

I heard the mice too, rattling behind the panels, as if the same occurrence were important to their interests. But, the black beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the witch of the place.

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake! Mine!" She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

I made out from this that the work I had to do was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the room. Accordingly, I started at once, and she leaned upon my shoulder.

She was not physically strong, and after a little time said, "Slower!" Still, we went at an impatient fitful speed, and as we went, she twitched the hand upon my shoulder, and worked her mouth, and led me to believe that we were going fast because her thoughts went fast. After a while she said, "Call Estella!" so I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion.

Estella brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman whom I had seen below.

"Dear Miss Havisham," said Miss Sarah Pocket. "How well you look!"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone."

Camilla brightened when Miss Pocket met with this rebuff; and she murmured, as she plaintively contemplated Miss Havisham, "Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!"

"And how are *you*?" said Miss Havisham to Camilla.

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned, "I am as well as can be expected."

"Why, what's the matter with *you*?" asked Miss Havisham, with exceeding sharpness.

"Nothing worth mentioning," replied Camilla. "I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I have habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to."

"Then don't think of me," retorted Miss Havisham.

The gentleman present said in a consolatory and complimentary voice, "Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are gradually undermining you."

Miss Sarah Pocket I saw to be a little dry brown wrinkled old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut shells, and a large mouth like a cat's without the whiskers.

When Matthew was mentioned, Miss Havisham stopped me and herself, and stood looking at the speaker.

"Matthew will come and see me at last," said Miss Havisham sternly, "when I am laid on that table. That will be his place there," striking the table with her stick, "as my head! And yours will be there! And your husband's there! And Sarah Pocket's there! And Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me. And now go!" At the mention of each name, she had struck the table with her stick in a new place.

She now said, "Walk me, walk me!" and we went on again.

"I suppose there's nothing to be done," exclaimed Camilla, "but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty, even for so short a time. I wish Matthew could have that comfort."

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds: "This is my birthday, Pip!"

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

"I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now, or any one, to speak of it. They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it." Of course I made no further effort to refer to it.

"On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay," stabbing with her crutched stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table, but not touching it, "was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me."

"When the ruin is complete," said she, with a ghastly look, "and when they lay me dead, in my bride's dress on the bride's table — which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him — so much the better if it is done on this day!" She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. Estella returned.

In an instant, Miss Havisham said, "Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?" With that, we returned to her room and sat down as before; I was beggared, as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time.

When we had played some half-dozen games, a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was left to wander about as I liked. I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!" Halloa being a general observation which I had usually observed to be best answered by itself, I said "Halloa!" politely omitting young fellow.

"Who let *you* in?" said he.

"Miss Estella."

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

"Miss Estella."

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meal. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right.

"Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach. Therefore, I followed him, without a word, to a retired nook of the garden formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying "Yes," he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy, these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me and eyeing my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been as surprised in my life as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly foreshortened.

But, he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity, began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with a great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but, he would be up again in a moment sponging himself or drinking out of the water bottle. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but, he came up again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall.

He finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up, at the same time panting out, "That means you have won." He seemed so brave and innocent that, although I had not proposed the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory.

I got dressed and said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No thankee," and I said, "Good afternoon," and *he* said, "Same to you." When I got into the court-yard, I found Estella waiting with the keys. But she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face, as though something had happened to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

"Come here! You may kiss me if you like."

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I would have gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse common boy as a price of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

What with the birthday visitors, and what with the cards, and what with the fight, my stay had lasted so long that, when I neared home, the light on the spit of sand off the point on the marshes was gleaming against a black night sky, and Joe's furnace was flinging a path of fire across the road.

## Chapter Eleven

*At Satis House: Pip is apprenticed to Joe.*

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me.

I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my hand, and that the law would avenge it.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! Nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises.

I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months. As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know everything.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And when I said "Yes" would seem to enjoy it greedily. Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like, "Break their hearts, my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!" Perhaps I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I had confessed. I said nothing of him, but I told poor Biddy everything. Why it came natural for me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in everything I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now.

Meanwhile, councils went on in the kitchen at home. Pumblechook used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister. He and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want — quite painfully — to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and pummel him all over. In these discussions, Joe bore no part.

We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when, one day, Miss Havisham stopped short as she

and I were walking — she leaning on my shoulder — and said, with some displeasure: “You are growing tall, Pip! Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours.”

“Joe Gargery, ma’am.”

“Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?”

“Yes, Miss Havisham.”

“You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?”

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honour to be asked.

“Then let him come.”

“At any particular time, Miss Havisham?”

“There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you.”

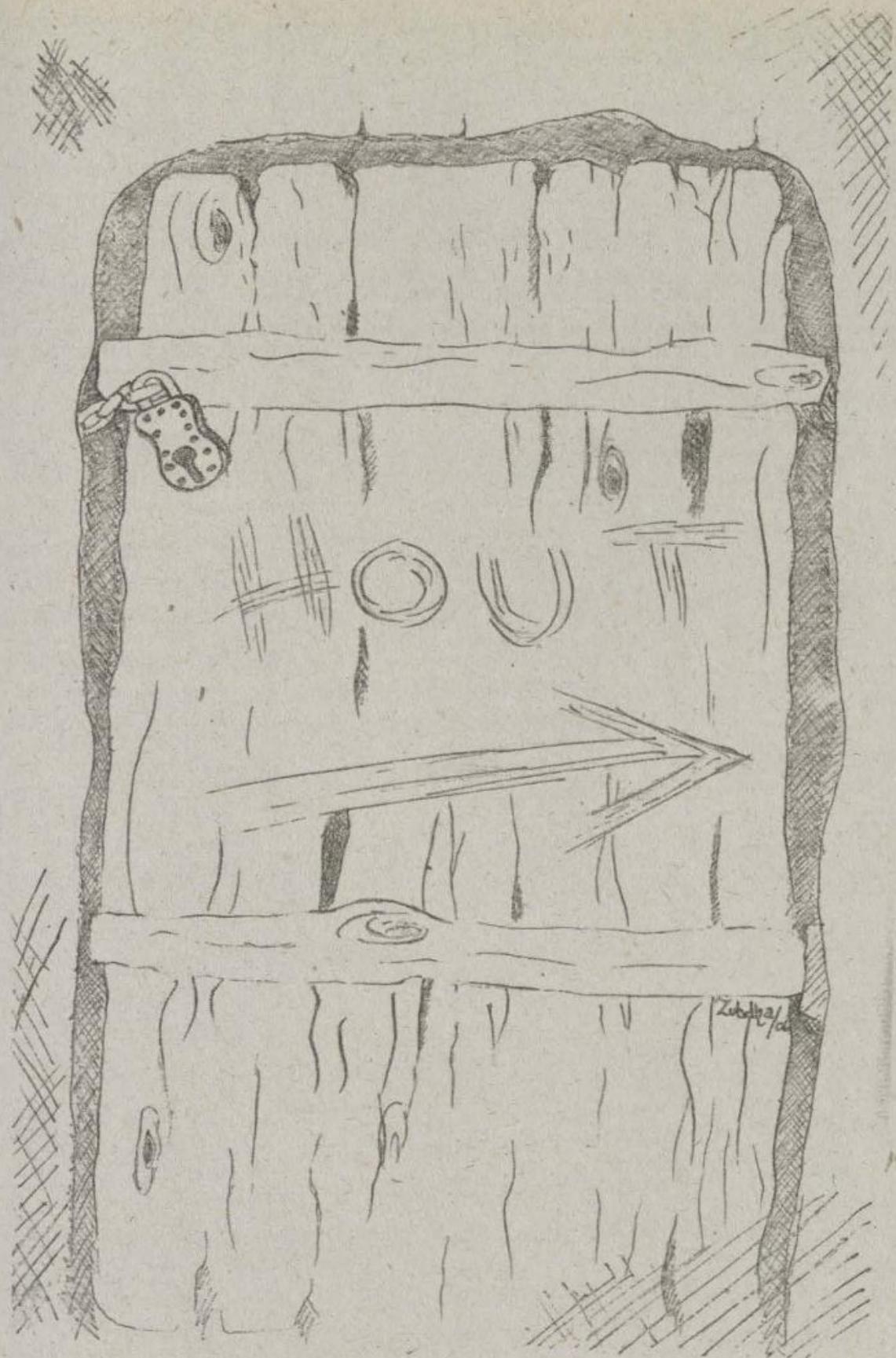
When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister “went on the rampage” in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was door-mats under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she *was* fit for. When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dust-pan — which was always a very bad sign — put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took to a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o’clock at night before we ventured to creep in again.

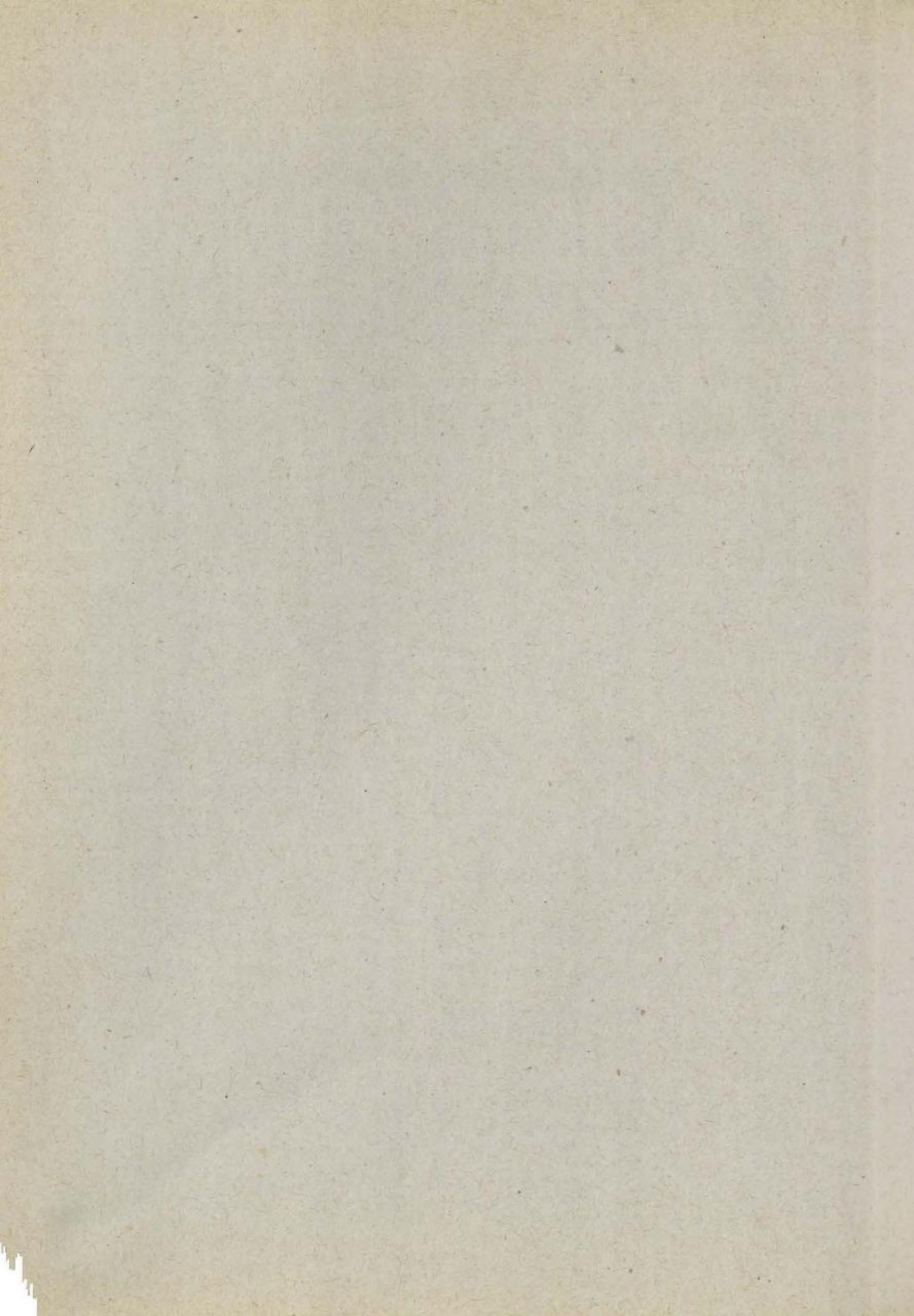
It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham’s. I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind, that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time, my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook’s, and called for “when we had done with our fine ladies” — a way of putting the case from which Joe appeared inclined to predict the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable HOUT [out], accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of a spare shawl, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day.

When we came to Pumblechook’s, my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon, Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham’s house. Estella opened the gate as





usual, and, the moment she appeared, Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands, as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last.

When I looked back at Joe in the long passage, he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird, standing, as he did speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?" It was aggravating; but, throughout the interview, Joe persisted in addressing me instead of Miss Havisham. "Which I mean to say, Pip."

Joe now observed, in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was any ways inclined) a single man."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked forward to betwixt us, as being calculated to lead to fun. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business."

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well known to yourself, Pip," returned Joe.

It was quite in vain for me to endeavour to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite he persisted in being to me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my hat, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear good fellow — I know I was ashamed of him — when I saw that Estella stood at

the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated; for he made no reply at all. "Why don't you answer,—"

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I mean to say that were not a question requiring an answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well, No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

"This is very liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowhere. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you and me do our duty, both of us by one and another, and by them which your liberal present has conveyed to be for the satisfaction of mind of them as never." Here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words had such a round and convincing sound for him that he said them twice.

"Good-bye, Pip!" said Miss Havisham.

"Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe, in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room, I have never been able to determine, but I know that when he did get out, he was steadily proceeding upstairs instead of coming down. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone. When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing" at intervals so often that I began to think his senses were never coming back.

At length he prolonged his remark into "Pip, I do assure *you* this is as-TON-ishing!" and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's, he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to be found in what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlour; where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seeds man.

"Well!" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to *you*? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it very particular that we should give her — were it compliments or respects, Pip?"

"Compliments," I said.

"Which that were my own belief," answered Joe. "Her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery!"

"Much good they'll do me!" observed my sister, but rather gratified, too.

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's health was such as would have allowed, were it, Pip?"

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

"Of ladies' company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give this young Rantipole here?"

"She gave him," said Joe, "nothing." Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on.

"What she gave," said Joe, "she gave to his friends. 'And by his friends,' were her explanation, 'I mean into the hands of his sister, Mrs. J Gargery,' These were her words, 'Mrs. J. Gargery.' She mayn't have known," added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, "whether it was Joe or Jorge." My sister looked at Pumblechook, who smoothed the elbows of his wooden arm-chair and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing, positively, laughing!

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

That fearful impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair: "It's more than that, mum."

"Why, you don't mean to say—" began my sister.

"Yes I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph."

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

That abject hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said with a patronizing laugh, "It's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightedly handing the bag to my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that basest of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; "and it's no more than your merits."

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you."

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical corn-chandler. "A pleasure's a pleasure all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it — to tell you the truth."

The justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the magisterial presence.

Finally, I remembered that when I got into my little bedroom, I was truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.

## Chapter Twelve

*At the forge: We meet Orlick.*

As I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's room, my education under that preposterous female terminated. Not, however, until Biddy had imparted to me everything she knew, from the little catalogue of prices.

Whatever I acquired, I tried to impart to Joe. This statement sounds so well that I cannot in my conscience let it pass unexplained. I wanted to make Joe less ignorant and common, that he might be worthier of my society and less open to Estella's reproach.

The old battery out on the marshes was our place of study, and a broken slate and a short piece of slate pencil were our educational implements to which Joe always added a pipe of tobacco. I never knew Joe to remember anything from one Sunday to another, or to acquire, under my tuition, any piece of information whatever.

Yet he would smoke his pipe at the battery with a far more sagacious air than anywhere else — even with a learned air — as if he considered himself to be advancing immensely. Dear fellow, I hope he did.

It was pleasant and quiet, out there with the sails on the river passing beyond the earthwork, and sometimes, when the tide was low, looking as if they belonged to sunken ships that were still sailing on at the bottom of the water.

Whenever I watched the vessels standing out to sea with their white sails spread, I somehow thought of Miss Havisham and Estella; and whenever the light struck aslant, afar off, upon a cloud or sail or green hillside or water-line, it was jus the same. Miss Havisham and Estella and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with everything that was picturesque.

One Sunday I resolved to mention a thought concerning them that had been much in my head.

“Joe,” said I, “don’t you think I ought to pay Miss Havisham a visit?”

“Well, Pip,” returned Joe, slowly considering.

“What for?”

“What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?”

“There is some visit perhaps,” said Joe, “as for ever remains open to the question, Pip. But in regard of visiting Miss Havisham, she might think you wanted something — expected something of her.”

“Don’t you think I might say that I did not, Joe?”

“You might, old chap,” said Joe. “And she might credit it. Similarly, she mightn’t.” Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from weakening it by repetition.

“You see, Pip,” Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, “Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you. When Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me as that were all.”

“Yes, Joe. I heard her.”

“ALL,” Joe repeated very emphatically.

“But, Joe.”

“Yes, old chap.”

“Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and, since the day of my being bound I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remembered her.”

"That's true, Pip; and unless you were to turn her out a set of shoes all four round and which I mean to say as even a set of shoes all four round might not act acceptable as a present in a total vacancy of hoofs."

"I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe; I don't mean a present." But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must harp upon it. "Or even," said he, "if you were helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door."

"My dear Joe," I cried in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

"No, Pip," Joe assented, as if he had been contending for that all along, "and what I say to you is, you are right, Pip."

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say was that as we are rather slack just now, if you would give me a half-holiday tomorrow, I think I would go up town and make a call on Miss Est- Havisham."

"Which her name," said Joe gravely, "ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she has been rechristened."

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?" In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it.

Now Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Orlick. He was a broad-shouldered loose-limbed swarthy fellow of great strength, never in hurry, and always slouching. He never ever seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargemen to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out as if he had no idea where he was going, and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working-days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on sluice-gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half-resentful, half-puzzled way.

The morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I became Joe's apprentice, Orlick was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him.

Dolge Orlick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday.

He said nothing at the moment, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them, and I was at the bellows; but by-and-by he said, leaning on his hammer: "Now, master! Sure you're not a-going to favour only one of us. If young Pip has a half-holiday, do as much for Old Orlick." I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

"Why, what'll you do with a half holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

"What'll *I* do with it? What'll *he* do with it? I'll do as much with it as *him*," said Orlick.

"As to Pip, he's going up town," said Joe.

"Well, then, as to Old Orlick, *he's* a-going up town," retorted that worthy. "Two can go up town. Tain't only one wot can go up town."

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.

"Shall if I like," growled Orlick.

"Now, master! Come. No favouring in this shop. Be a man!"

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Orlick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made at me with it as if he were going to run it through my body, whisked it round my head, laid it on the anvil, hammered it out — as if it were I, I thought, and the sparks were my spurting blood.

"Now, master!"

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

"Ah! I am all right," said gruff Old Orlick.

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all."

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing — she was a most unscrupulous spy and listener — and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish *I* was his master!"

"You'd be everybody's master if you durst," retorted Orlick with an ill-favoured grin.

"Let her alone," said Joe.

"I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues," returned my sister, beginning to work herself into a mighty rage.

"You're a foul shrew, Mother Gargery," growled the journeyman.

"Let her alone, will you?" said Joe.

"What did you say?" cried my sister, beginning to scream. "What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? Oh! Oh! Oh!" Each of these exclamations was a shriek!

"Ah-h-h!" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, "I'd hold you, if you were my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you."

"I tell you, let her alone," said Joe.

"Oh! To hear him!" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together — which was her next stage. "To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! Oh! Oh!"

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interruptions, but stand up to his journeyman, and ask him what he meant by interfering betwixt himself and Mrs. Joe; and further, whether he was man enough to come on? Old Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming on, and was on his defence straightway, so, without so much as pulling off their singed and burnt aprons, they went at one another, like two giants. But if any man in that neighbourhood could stand up long against Joe, I never saw the man. Orlick, as if he had been of no more account than the pale young gentleman, was very soon among the coal dust, and in no hurry to come out of it. Then Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (but who had seen the fight first I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to revive.

I went upstairs to dress myself. When I came down again, I found Joe and Orlick sweeping up, without any other traces of discomposure than a slit in one of Orlick's nostrils, which was neither expressive nor ornamental.

With what absurd emotions (for we think the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy), I found myself again going to Miss Havisham's matters little here.

Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate.

No Estella.

"How, then? You here again?" said Miss Pocket. "What do you want?"

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated whether or not she should send me about my business. But, unwilling to hazard the responsibility, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to "come up." Everything was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone.

"Well!" said she, fixing her eyes upon me. "I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing."

"No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

"There, there!" with the old restless fingers. "Come now and then; come on your birthday. Aye!" she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair towards me, "You are looking round for Estella? Hey?" I had been looking round — in fact, for Estella — and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

"Abroad," said Miss Havisham; "educating for a lady. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh that I was at a loss what to say. She spared me the trouble of considering, by dismissing me. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah of the walnut-shell countenance, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with everything.

As I was loitering along the High Street, looking in disconsolately at the shop windows, and thinking what I would buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the bookshop but Mr. Wopsle. Mr. Wopsle had in his hand the tragedy of George Barnwell, in which he had that moment invested sixpence, with the view of heaping every word of it on the head of Pumblechook, with whom he was going to drink tea. No sooner did he see me than he appeared to consider that a special Providence had put an apprentice in his way to be read at. I don't know how long it may usually take; but I know very well that it took until half-past nine o'clock that night.

It was a very dark night when it was all over, when I set out with Mr. Wopsle on the walk home. Beyond town, we found a heavy mist out, and it fell wet and thick. The turnpike lamp was a blur. We were noticing this when we came upon a man, slouching under the lee of the turnpike house.

"Halloo!" we said, stopping. "Orlick there?"

"Ah!" he answered, slouching out. "I was standing by, a minute, on the chance of company."

"You are late," I remarked.

Orlick not unnaturally answered, "Well? And *you're* late."

"We have been," said Mr. Wopsle, exalted with his late performance, "we have been indulging, Mr. Orlick, in an intellectual evening."

Old Orlick growled, as if he had nothing to say about that, and we all went on together. I asked him presently whether he had been spending his half-holiday up and down town.

"Yes," said he, "all of it. I come in behind yourself. I didn't see you but I must have been pretty close behind you. By the bye, the guns is going again."

"At the Hulks?" said I.

"Aye! There's some of the birds flown from the cages. The guns have been going since dark, about. You'll hear one presently."

Thus, we came to the village. The way by which we approached it took us past the Three Jolly Bargemen, which we were surprised to find — it being eleven o'clock — in a state of commotion, with the door wide open, and unwonted lights that had been hastily caught up and put down scattered about. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter — surmising that a convict had been taken — but came running out in a great hurry.

"There's something wrong," said he, without stopping, "up at your place, Pip. Run all!"

"What is it?" I asked, keeping up with him. So did Orlick, at my side.

"I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe Gargery was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt."

We were running too fast to admit of more being said, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there was a group of women. I became aware of my sister — lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, dealt by some unknown hand when her face was turned towards the fire.

### Chapter Thirteen

*At home: After Mrs. Joe is struck down, Biddy takes over.*

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten.

While he was there, my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door and had exchanged good night with a farm-labourer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be) than that it must have been before nine.

When Joe went home at five minutes before ten, he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burnt unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither beyond the blowing out of the candle — which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck — was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made, in falling and bleeding. But, there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy, on the head and spine; after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence, as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Now, Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming hence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ships to which it undoubtedly had once belonged, but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two

convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already retaken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron — the iron I had seen and heard him filing at, on the marshes — but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For, I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account: either Orlick, or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now, as to Orlick; he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike, he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in drivers' companies in several public-houses, and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle.

There was nothing against him, save the quarrel; and my sister had quarrelled with him, and with everybody else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man, if he had come back for his two bank notes, there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so suddenly that she had been felled before she could turn around.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however un-designedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood and tell Joe the entire story. For months afterwards, I every day settled the question finally in the negative. The secret was such an old one now that I could not tear it away.

The constables and the Bow Street men from London — for, this happened in the days of the extinct red-waist coated police — were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases.

My sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed so that she now saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary tea-cups and wineglasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible.

When, at last, she came round so far as to be helped downstairs, it was still necessary to keep my slate always by her, and she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent speller, and as Joe was a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes. However, her temper was greatly improved and she was patient. A tremulous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterwards, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head, and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy aberration of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt conquered a

confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's reappearance in the kitchen when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household.

Above all she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her of an evening, to turn to me every now and then and say, with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pip!" Biddy instantly taking the cleverest charge of her as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargemen now and then for a change that did him good.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was: Again and again and again, my sister had traced upon the slate a character that looked like a curious 'T', and then with the utmost eagerness had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I had in vain tried everything producible that began with a 'T', from tar to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lustily calling that word in my sister's ear, she had begun to hammer on the table and expressed a qualified assent.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's *him*, Orlick, without a doubt!"

She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wipe at it with his apron, and came slouching out.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him, was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and motioned that she would have him given something to drink. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

I now fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her, and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted

but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me very angrily if I expected more. Then and after that, I took it. So unchanging was the dull old house, it bewildered me, and under its influence, I continued at the heart to my trade and to be ashamed of home.

I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful — she was common, and could not be like Estella — but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from the task I was poring at — writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem — and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needlework without laying it down.

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid, or you are very clever."

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed her whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn everything that I learn, and always to keep up with me?"

I was beginning to be rather vain of my knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt, now, that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well as you," said Biddy, "how you manage?"

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, any one can see me turning to at it. But you never turn to at it, Biddy."

"I supposed I must catch it-like a cough," said Biddy, quietly, and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For, I called to mind now that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade, and the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance before you came here, and see how improved you are!"

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher though, wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put that in your head?"

What could have put it in my head but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and that miserable little noisy evening school, with that miserable old bundle of incompetence always to be dragged and shouldered.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh I wouldn't, if I were you!" she returned. "I don't think that it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd."

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable, or anything but miserable, Biddy, unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

"If I could have settled down," I said, "and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you. Instead of that, see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and, what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so?"

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked. "Who said it?"

"The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account."

"Do you want to be a gentleman to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

"Because, if it is to spite her," Biddy pursued, "I should think — but you know best that might be better and more independently done by caring nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think — but you know best — she was not worth gaining over."

Exactly what I myself had thought, many times. Exactly what was perfectly manifest to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?

"It may be all quite true," said I to Biddy, "but I admire her dreadfully."

"I am glad of one thing," said Biddy, "and that is that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip."

"Biddy," I cried, getting up, putting my arm around her neck, and giving her a kiss, "I shall always tell you everything."

"Till you're a gentleman," said Biddy.

## Chapter Fourteen

*In the village: Pip receives remarkable news.*

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group, I was one.

A highly popular murder had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbrued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the inquest. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and were delightfully comfortable. In this cosy state of mind we came to the verdict of wilful murder.

Then, and not sooner, I became aware of a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on.

The strange gentleman, with an air of authority not to be disputed, and with a manner expressive of knowing something secret about every one of us that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it, left the back of the settle, and came into the space between the two settles, in front of the fire, where he remained standing — his left hand in his pocket, and he biting the forefinger of his right.

"From information I have received," said he, looking round at us as we all quailed before him, "I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph, or Joe Gargery. Which is the man?"

"Here is the man," said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

"You have an apprentice," pursued the stranger, "commonly known as Pip? Is he here?"

"I am here!" I cried.

The stranger did not recognize me, but I recognized him as the gentleman I had met on the stairs on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham.

"I wish to have a private conference with you two," said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. "It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence."

Amidst a wondering silence, we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in wondering silence walked home.

It began with the strange gentleman's sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocketbook. He then put up the pocketbook and set the candle a little aside, after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me to ascertain which was which.

"My name," he said, "is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do as the agent of another, I do. No less, no more. Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow, your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures at his request and for his good you would want nothing for so doing!"

"Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way," said Joe, staring.

"Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose," returned Mr. Jaggers. "The question is, would you want anything? Do you want anything?"

"The answer is," returned Joe sternly, "No."

I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe as if he considered him a fool for his disinterestedness. But I was too much bewildered to be sure of it.

"Very well," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

"Who's a-going to try?" retorted Joe.

"I don't say anybody is. Do you keep a dog?"

"Yes, I do keep a dog."

"Bear in mind then, that Brag is a good dog, but that Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something.

"Now, I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is that he has great expectations." Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property that he be immediately removed from his sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman — in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

My dream was out; my wild fancy was surpassed by sober reality; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

"Now, Mr. Pip," pursued the lawyer, "I address the rest of what I have to say to you. You are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations being encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it."

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now you are to understand; secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When or where that intention may be carried out, I cannot say. It may be years hence. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast." Once more, I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations. We come next to mere details of arrangement. You must know that although I use the term 'expectations' more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh!" for I was going to thank him, "I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage." I said I had always longed for it.

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted; "keep to the record. If you long for it now, that's enough. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once under some proper tutor? Is that it?" I stammered yes, that was it.

"Good, now your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?" I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy, and Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, so I replied the negative.

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," said Mr. Jaggers. "I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Mathew Pocket."

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation! The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's head, when she lay dead, in her bride's dress on the bride's table.

"You know the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was that I had heard of the name.

"Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on, motionless), that I supposed I could come directly.

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?" He produced a long purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had taken his leg from the chair. He sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eyeing Joe.

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumbfounded!"

"I am!" said Joe, in a very decided manner.

"It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?"

"It were understood," said Joe. "And it is understood. And it ever will be similar according."

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse, "what if it was in my instruction to make you a present as compensation?"

"As compensation? What for?" Joe demanded.

"For the loss of his services." Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe. "To go free with his services, to honour and fortune, as no words can tell him. But if you think as money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child — what come to the forge and ever the best of friends!"

Oh, dear good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you again, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and your voice dying away. Oh, dear good faithful tender Joe! I feel the loving tremble of your hand upon my arm, as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!

## Chapter Fifteen

*At the scenes of his childhood: Pip says goodbye.*

Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlour behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow, well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting, but I have come into a handsome property. I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added — otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them — "with ready money."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favour of stepping into the shop?"

Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that countryside. When I had entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labours by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came out into the shop with Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against all possible corners and obstacles to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off! Do me the favour to be seated, sir. Now, this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see some others. Give me number four, you!" He asked the boy, and with a dreadfully severe stare, foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity. Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again.

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlour to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, sir — wouldn't do at all."

When he had at last done and had appointed to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said with his hand upon the parlour lock, "I know, sir, that London gentlemen cannot be expected to patronize local work, as a rule; but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should greatly esteem it. Good morning, sir, much obliged. Door!" The last word was flung at the boy, who had not the least notion what it meant.

But I saw him collapse as his master rubbed me out with his hands, and my first decided experience of the stupendous power of money was that it had morally laid upon his back, Trabb's boy.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the boot-maker's, and the hosier's. I also went to the coach-office and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning.

So, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed; and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's, to put on my new clothes and pay a visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook's own room was given up to me to dress in, and was decorated with clean towels expressly for the event. My clothes were rather a disappointment, of course. Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation. I went circuitously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell.

Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance likewise, turned from brown to green and yellow.

"You?" said she. "You? Good gracious! What do you want?"

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-bye to Miss Havisham."

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard, while she went to ask if I were to be admitted. After a very short delay, she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!"

"Aye, aye!" said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah, with delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham." She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. "Well!" she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good — deserve it — and abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile.

"Good-bye, Pip! You will always keep the name of Pip, you know."

Six days had run out fast and were gone. As the six evenings had dwindled away, I had become more and more appreciative of the society of Joe and Biddy.

On this last evening, I dressed myself out in by new clothes for their delight. We were all very low, and none the higher for pretending to be in spirits.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast that I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I heard the clinking of the tea-cups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go downstairs. After all, I remained up there, repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau (suitcase) and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" and then I kissed my sister, who was laughing, and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then, to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily, "Hooroar!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

The village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world. In a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said, "Good-bye, O my dear, dear friend!" So subdued I was by those tears that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses and walk back, and have another evening at home.

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world laid spread before me.

*This is the end of the first stage of Pip's expectations.*

## Chapter Sixteen

*In London: We meet Jaggers again and Wemmick.*

The journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past midday when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

Mr. Jaggers's had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight, eccentrically patched like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it.

My guardian took me into his own room, and while he lunched, standing, from a sandwich box and a pocket flask of sherry, informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also, I was told what my allowance was to be — it was a very liberal one, and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes, and such other things as I could in reason want.

"You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian. "Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach. He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from upstairs to take his place while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian.

Casting my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer. He had glittering eyes — small, keen, and black — and thin wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

"So you were never in London before?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

"No," said I.

"I was new here once," said Mr. Wemmick.

"Rum to think of now!"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the moves of it."

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere who'll do that for you."

"Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hammersmith, west of London."

"Is that far?"

"Well! Say five miles."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him. I know him!" There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. I had supposed that establishment to be a hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner.

So imperfect was this realization of the first of my great expectations that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick.

"Ah!" said he, mistaking me, "the retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me."

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs — which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into sawdust, so that one of those days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down — to a set of chambers on the top floor.

MR. POCKET, JUNIOR was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

"He hardly thought you'd come so soon," Mr. Wemmick explained. "You don't want me any more?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day."

"Good day." I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself, "To be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?" I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick, "except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good day!"

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of shortly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stairs.

Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neck-cloth, waistcoat, trousers, boots of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper bag under each arm and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at midday, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account — not that that is any excuse — for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good."

For a reason that I had, I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention incoherently, and began to think this was a dream.

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior, delivering him the bags, one, two, I saw the starting appearance come into his own eyes that I know to be in mine, and he said, falling back: "Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentlemen!"

## Chapter Seventeen

*The first night in London: Pip finds a friend in Herbert Pocket and learns Miss Havisham's story.*

The pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another until we both burst out laughing.

"The idea of its being you!" said he.

"The idea of its being *you!*" said I.

And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again.

"Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humouredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket still rather confounded his intention with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.



“...and we shook hands warmly.”



"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

"No," said I.

"No," he acquiesced. "I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the lookout for good fortune then."

"Indeed."

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't — at all events, she didn't." I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may call it to Estella."

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and what the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit. "Betrothed! Engaged! Any word of that sort."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. She's a Tartar."

"Miss Havisham?"

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there, that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was sore afterwards? I didn't ask if he was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has."

This was bringing me (I felt) towards dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

"He was obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called in my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's cousin; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be the very successful or rich. I don't know how this was.

"Will you do me the favour to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?" I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

"I don't take to Philip", said he, smiling. "Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel called "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

"I should like it very much."

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened. "here is the dinner." It was a nice little dinner — seemed to me then, a very Lord Mayor's Feast — with no old people by, and with London all around us.

We had made some progress in the dinner when I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

"True," he replied. "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth — for fear of accidents — and that while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put further in than necessary. It is scarcely other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used overhand, but under. This has two advantages. You get at your mouth better — which after all is the object — and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters on the part of the right elbow." He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way that we both laughed and I scarcely blushed.

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoilt child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her

nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world. Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter."

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

"Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half brother. Her father privately married again — his cook, I rather think."

"I thought he was proud," said I.

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately because he was proud, and in course of time *she* died. When she was dead, he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew, he turned out riotous, extravagant, undutiful — altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham."

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means again, but with new madness, wasted them again. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story."

"There appeared upon the scene — say at the races, or the public balls, or anywhere else you like — a certain man. I never saw him, for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel, but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy man. This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time, but all the susceptibility she possessed certainly came out then. There is no doubt that she idolized him."

"He got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery which had been left him by his father at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's councils, and she was too haughty and too much in love to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father. He was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. He warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since."

I thought of her having said, "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table."

"To return to the man, the marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, and the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote a letter —

"Which she received," I struck in, "when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?"

"At the hour and minute," said Herbert, nodding, "at which she afterwards stopped all the clocks. What was in it, further than that it most heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of the day."

"Is that all the story?" I asked, after considering it.

"All I know of it. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence acted throughout in concert with her half-brother. It was a conspiracy between them; and they shared the profits."

"I wonder he didn't marry her and get all the property," said I.

"He may have married already. Her cruel mortification may have been a part of her half-brother's scheme," said Herbert. "Mind, I don't know that."

"What became of the two men?" I asked, after again considering the subject.

"They fell into deeper shame and degradation — if there can be deeper — and ruin."

"Are they alive now?"

"I don't know."

"You said just now that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted."

"When adopted?" Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"There has always been an Estella, since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Handel," said he, finally throwing off the story as it were, "there is a perfectly open understanding between us. All I know about Miss Havisham, you know."

"And all I know," I retorted, "you know."

"I fully believe it. So there can be no competition or perplexity between you and me. And as to the condition on which you hold your advancement in life — namely, that you are not to inquire or discuss to whom you owe it — you may be very sorry."

"Why, that it will never be approached by me." He said it with so much meaning that I felt he as perfectly understood Miss Havisham to be my benefactress as I understood the fact myself. I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was. He replied, "A capitalist — an insurer of ships." I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of shipping, or capital, for he added, "In the City." Again, there came upon me, for my relief, that odd impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

"And the profits are large?" said I.

"Tremendous!" said he.

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

"I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, especially for elephants' tusks."

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

"A perfect fleet," said he.

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present.

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

Somehow that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said, "Ah-h!"

"Yes. I am in a counting-house (accountant's office) and looking about me."

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

"To-do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes; to you; not to me. But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

## Chapter Eighteen

*Early days in London: We meet the rest of the Pocket family, Drummle, Startop, and the Aged Parent.*

Mr. Pocket said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For, I really am not," he added, with this son's smile, "an alarming personage." He was a young-looking man, in spite of his very grey hair. There was something comic in his distraught way, as though it would have been downright ludicrous but for his own perception that it was a very near being so. When he had talked with me a little, he said to Mrs. Pocket, with a rather anxious contraction of his eyebrows, which were black and handsome, "Belinda, I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?" And she looked up from her book, and said "Yes." She then smiled upon me in an absent state of mind, and asked me if I liked the taste of orange-flavour water.

I found out within a few hours, and may mention at once, that Mrs. Pocket had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless.

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room, which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whistling. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was

reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummle and Startop had each a boat, I resolved to set up mine.

After two or three days, when I had established myself in my room and had gone backwards and forwards to London several times, and had ordered all I wanted of my tradesmen, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself, for he referred to his having been told by Mr. Jaggers that I was not designed for any profession, and that I should be well enough educated for my own destiny if I could "hold my own" with the average of young men in prosperous circumstances.

When these points were settled, and so far carried out, it occurred to me that if I should retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeable varied, while my manners would be none the worse for Herbert's society. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but urged that before any step could possibly be taken in it, it must be submitted to my guardian. So I went off to Little Britain and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

"Got it!" said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "I told you you'd get on. Well! How much do you want?" I said I didn't know how much.

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

"Oh, not nearly so much."

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers.

This was such a great fall that I said in discomfiture, "Oh! More than that."

"More than that, eh!" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me; "how much more?"

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let's get at it. Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?"

I said I thought that would do handsomely.

"Four times five will do handsomely, will it?" said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows.

"Now, what do you make of four times five?"

"What do I make of it!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Jaggers; "how much?"

"I suppose you make it twenty pounds," said I, smiling.

"Never mind what *I* make of it, my friend," observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and contradictory toss of the head. "I want to know what *you* make of it."

"Twenty pounds, of course."

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office door. "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds." As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jagger's manner.

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment," answered Wemmick; "he doesn't mean that you *should* know what to make of it." He went on to say in a friendly manner: "If at any odd time when you have nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth, I could offer you a bed, and I should consider it an honour. I have not much to show you; but I have got a bit of garden and a summerhouse." I said I should be delighted to accept his hospitality.

Bentley Drummle, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit.

Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension — in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room — he was idle, proud, and suspicious.

Startop had been spoiled by a weak mother, and kept at home when he ought to have been at school, but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was — "as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me — "exactly like his mother." It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle.

Herbert was my intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours.

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two, Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss. Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin. These people hated me with the hatred of disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him, putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch them. Now I'll tell you what I've got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak — which is of home preparation — and a cold roast fowl — which is from the cook's-shop. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope? Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

"So you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

"Not yet."

"He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming. I expect you'll have an invitation tomorrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em; ain't there?"

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I answered, "Yes." With conversation, Mr. Wemmick and I beguiled the time and the road, until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth. It appeared to be a collection of black lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement.

Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw, with the queerest Gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a Gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up — so — and cut off the communication. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the castle. There, we found sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat — clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

"Well, aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial and jocose way, "how are you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, if you please, like winking!"

"This is a fine place of my son's, sir," cried the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. "This is a pretty pleasure ground, sir. This spot and these beautiful works

upon it ought to be kept together by the nation, after my son's time, for the people's enjoyment."

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

"Oh, yes," said Wemmick, "I have got hold of it a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

"Is it indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it!"

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office, I leave the castle behind me, and when I come into the castle, I leave the office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally spoken about."

There was a neat little girl in attendance, who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth, bridge was lowered to give her the means of egress, and she withdrew for the night. The supper was excellent.

Wemmick was up early in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that, he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my Gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in the most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half-past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees, Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along, and his mouth tightened. At last, when we got to his place of business and he pulled out his key, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as if the castle and the drawbridge and the arbour and the lake and the fountain and the Aged had all been blown into space together.

## Chapter Nineteen

*London: At dinner with Mr. Jaggers. We meet Molly.*

It fell out, as Wemmick had told me it would, that I had an early opportunity of comparing guardian's establishment with that of his cashier and clerk. My guardian was in his room, washing his hands with his scented soap, when I went to the office from Walworth; and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. "no ceremony," he stipulated, "and no dinner dress; and say tomorrow." When I and my friends repaired (went) to him at six o'clock next day, he conducted us to Gerrard Street, Soho, to a house on the south side of that street, rather a stately house of its kind, but dolefully in want of painting, and with dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and a little used.

As he had scarcely seen my three companions until now — for he and I had walked together — he stood on the hearth-rug, after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at

them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally, if not solely, interested in Drummle.

"Pip," said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, "I don't know one from the other. Who's the spider?"

"The spider?" said I.

"The blotchy, sprawly, sulky fellow."

"That's Bentley Drummle," I replied; "the one with the delicate face is Startop." Not making the least account of "the one with the delicate face," he returned, "Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? I like the look of that fellow."

He immediately began to talk to Drummle, not at all deterred by his replying in his heavy reticent way. I was looking at the two, when there came between me and them, the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed, but I may have thought her younger than she was. Rather tall, of a lithe nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter.

She set the dish on, touched my guardian quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would remove her hands from any dish she put before him, hesitatingly, as if she dreaded his calling her back. When we had got to the cheese, our conversation turned upon our rowing feats. The housekeeper was at that time clearing the table; my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair, biting the side of his forefinger and showing an interest in Drummle that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly, he clapped his large hands on the housekeeper's, like a trap, as she stretched it across the table. So suddenly and smartly did he do this that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist." Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist: "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and entreatingly fixed upon him, "don't."

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured.

"Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but obstinately looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see both your wrists. Show them. Come!" He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind

her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured — deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers. Coolly tracing out the sinews of his forefinger.

"Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands." While he said these words in a leisurely critical style, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased, she looked at him again. "that'll do, Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go."

## Chapter Twenty

*London: Joe pays Pip a visit.*

My dear Mr. Pip, I write this by request of Mr. Gragery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days.

No more, dear Mr. Pip, from Your ever obliged, and affectionate servant, Biddy.

P.S. He wishes me most particular to write what larks. He says you will understand.

I hope and do not doubt it will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart, and he is a worthy man. I have read him all excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again what larks.

I received this letter by post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for the next day. Let me confess exactly with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

Not with pleasure, though I was bound to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification. If I could have kept him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. As the time approached I should have liked to run away.

Presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming upstairs — his state boots always being too big for him — and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his accent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my

name. I thought he would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone over to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

"Joe, how are you Joe?"

"Pip, how are you, Pip?" With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last-patterned pump.

"I am glad to see you, Joe. Give me your hat."

But Joe, taking it up carefully with both hands, like a bird's-nest with eggs in it, wouldn't hear of parting with that piece of property, and persisted in standing talking over it in a most uncomfortable way.

"Which you have that grown," said Joe, "and that swelled and that gentl-folker" — Joe considered a little before he discovered this word — "as to be sure you are an honour to your king and country."

"And you, Joe, look wonderfully well."

"Thank God," said Joe.

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the bird's-nest), Joe was tolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing gown.

"Had a drop, Joe?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church and went into the play-acting have likewise brought him to London along with me." I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be that crumpled playbill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance, in that every week, of "the celebrated provincial amateur, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our national bard (William Shakespeare) has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

"Us two being alone, sir" — began Joe.

"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me sir."

"Well, sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I was at the Bargemen the other night, Pip, when there come up Pumblechook, and his words were, 'Joseph, Miss Havisham, she wishes to speak to you.'" Joe sat and tolled his eyes at the ceiling.

"Yes, Joe? Go on, please."

"Next day, Sir," said Joe, looking at me as if I were a long way off, "having cleaned myself, I go and I see Miss Havisham. She asked me if I were in correspondence with you. When I said I was, she said: 'Would you tell him, then, that which Estella has come home, and would be glad to see him?'" I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe.

"Biddy," pursued Joe, "when I got home and asked her to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, 'I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holiday-time, you want to see him, go!' I have now concluded sir," said Joe, rising from his chair, "and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and greater height,"

"But you are not going now, Joe?"

"Yes, I am," said Joe "But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?"

"No, I am not," said Joe.

Our eyes met, and all the "sir" melted out of that manly heart as he gave me his hand.

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Divisions among such must come. And fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywhere else but what is private and understood among friends." He touched me gently on the forehead, and went out. A soon as I could recover myself sufficiently, I hurried out after him and looked for him in the neighbouring streets but he was gone.

## Chapter Twenty-One

### *A return to Satis House: Miss Havisham, Estella, and Orlick*

It was clear that I must repair to our town and in the first flow of my repentance it was equally clear that I must stay at Joe's. But when I had secured my box-plate by tomorrow's coach, and had been down to Mr. Pocket's and back, I was not by any means convinced on the last point, and began to invent reasons and make excuses for putting up at the Blue Boar. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; I was not expected, and my bed would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers.

In the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town — which was not Joe's side.

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open, and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally, then, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Orlick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered, and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps towards the house. "Here I am!"

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, I suppose."

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all around him. I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge.

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. It got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and tag and rag and bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowing and hammering."

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Burn me, if I know!" he retorted, "my orders end here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody." At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, sir?"

I ascended now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped at the door of Miss Havisham's room. I heard her say immediately, "Come in, Pip." She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again.

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham, with her greedy look.

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settled down into the old —"

"What? You are not going to say into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted.

"She was proud and insulting, and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said confusingly that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and she said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is *he* changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lured me on.

It was settled that I should stay there all the rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night and to London tomorrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden.

So Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said: "I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day — but I did, and I enjoyed it very much."

"You rewarded me very much."

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way.

"He and I are great friends now."

"Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

"Yes."

"Since your change of fortune and prospects, you have changed your companions," said Estella.

"Naturally," said I.

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune in those times?" said Estella.

"Not the least."

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart — if that has anything to do with my memory. I am serious," she said, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once."

There was no discrepancy of years between us to remove her far from me — we were of nearly the same age, but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her tormented me in the midst of my delight.

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business, and would come back to dinner. Estella left us to prepare herself.

Then, Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me and said in a whisper: "Is she beautiful, graceful, and well-grown? Do you admire her?"

"Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham." She drew an arm around my neck, and drew my head close down to hers. "Love her, love her, love her! I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul as I did!" When she came to that, and to a wild cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she would as soon struck herself against the wall and fall dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I saw my guardian in the room.

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like everybody else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. "And so you are here, Pip?" I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him, with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

"Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop.

"How often?"

"Ah! How many times? Ten thousand times?"

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

"Twice?"

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief, "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner." He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together.

"Pray, sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name, is it Havisham or — ?" I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

At the Boar far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" hundreds of times.

I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemptuous of him. It was but a day gone, and Joe had brought the tears into my eyes; they had soon dried — God forgive me! — Soon dried.

After well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's.

"Why, of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust is never the right sort of man. Very good, Pip, I'll go round presently and pay our good friend off."

Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with.

"Oh, no, he won't," said my guardian, "I should like to see him argue the question with *me*."

The coach, with Mr. Jaggers inside, came up in due time, and I took my box-seat again, and arrived in London safe, but not sound, for my heart was gone. As soon as I arrived, I sent a codfish and barrel of oysters to Joe (as reparation for not having gone myself), and then went on to Bernard's Inn. I found Herbert dining on cold meat, and delighted to welcome me back.

Dinner done, I said to Herbert, "My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to tell you."

"My dear Handel," he returned, "I shall esteem and respect your confidence."

"It concerns myself, Herbert, and one other person. Herbert," said I, laying my hand upon his knee, "I love — I adore — Estella."

Instead of being transfixed, Herbert replied in an easy matter-of-course way, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, Herbert. Is that all you say? Well?"

"What next, I mean?" said Herbert. "Of course I know *that*."

"How do you know it?" said I.

"How do I know it, Handel? Why from you!"

"I never told you."

"Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had senses to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you."

I shook my head gloomily. "Oh, she is thousands of miles away from me," said I.

"Patience, my dear Handel — time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?"

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am — what shall I say I am to-day? My dear Herbert, I cannot tell you how dependent and uncertain I fell, and how exposed to hundreds of chances and how unsatisfactory only to know so vaguely what they are!"

## Chapter Twenty-Two

### *London and its suburb Richmond: A visit with Estella*

One day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the mere outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divined whose hand it was. It had no set beginning, as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear Anything, but ran thus: I am to come to London the day after to-morrow by the midday coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? At all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regard.

Yours, ESTELLA

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I was fain to be content with those I had. My appetite

vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest until the day arrived. Not that its arrival brought me either, for then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in Wood Street, Cheapside, before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. For all that I knew perfectly well, I still felt as if it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time.

In her furred travelling dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. Her manner was more winning than she had cared to let it be to me before, and I thought I saw Miss Havisham's influence in the change.

We stood in the inn yard while she pointed out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected I remembered having forgotten everything but her in the meanwhile — that I knew nothing of her destination.

"I am going to Richmond," she told me.

"Our lesson is that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage, and you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse! We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I."

As she looked at me in giving me the purse, I hoped there was an inner meaning in her words. She said them slightly, but not with displeasure.

"Where are you going to at Richmond?" I asked Estella.

"I am going to live," said she, "at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power — or says she has — of taking me about, and introducing me, and showing me to people." She gave me her hand playfully. I held it and put it to my lips.

"You ridiculous boy," said Estella, "will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the same spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?"

"What spirit was that?" said I.

"I must think a moment. A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters."

"If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?"

"You should have asked before you touched the hand. But, yes, if you like." I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's.

"Now," said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, "you are to take me to Richmond."

When we passed through Hammersmith, I showed her where Mr. Matthew Pocket lived, and said it was no great way from Richmond, and that I hoped I should see her sometimes.

"Oh, yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper; you are to be mentioned to the family; indeed, you are already mentioned." I inquired, was it a large household she was going to be a member of?

"No, there are only two; mother and daughter."

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon."

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella. With a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write her constantly and see her regularly, and report on how I go on." It was the first time she had ever called me by my name. Of course she did so purposely, and knew that I should treasure it up.

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our destination there was a house by the green — a staid old house, where hoops and powder and patches, embroidered coats, rolled stockings, ruffles and swords had had their court days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as hoops and wigs and stiff skirts. A bell with an old voice sounded gravely in the moonlight.

Estella gave me her hand and a smile, and said goodnight.

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-ache, and got out with a worse heart-ache.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

### *Back in the village: A sad occasion*

As I grow accustomed to my expectations, I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character I disguised from my recognition as much as possible, but I knew very well that it was not all good. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived — though dimly enough perhaps — that it was not beneficial to anybody, and above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish habit led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed the peace with anxieties and regrets.

I began to contract a quantity of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin, too, so he soon followed.

At certain times I would say to Herbert, as if he was making remarkable discoveries: "My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly. Let us look into our affairs" We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions in order that we might not be interrupted.

One evening, we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to his heavy black seal and border. The letter was signed Trabb & Co., and its contents were simply that I was honoured sir,

and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment (burial) on Monday next at three o' clock in the afternoon.

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the gap it made in the smooth ground was astonishing. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be without her was something my mind seemed unable to compass, and whereas she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest idea that she was coming towards me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms, too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had often been there.

I could scarcely recall my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that on sufficient proof I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or anyone else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe to offer him consolation, and to assure him that I would come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge. It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the times when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them.

At last I came within sight of the house. Poor dear Joe was seated apart at the upper end of the room. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip. Old chap, you knew her when she was a fine figure of a —" and clasped my hand, and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house she was. I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook in a black cloak and several yards of headband. I then described Mr. and Mrs. Hubble.

"Which I mean to say, Pip," Joe whispered to me, "I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones who come to it with willing hearts and arms, but it were considered what the neighbours would look down on such."

So, we all filed out two and two; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble.

And now the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard; close to the graves of my unknown parents, Phillip Pirip, Late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the

Above. And there my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

When they were all gone, Biddy, Joe, and I had a cold dinner together. After dinner, I made him take his pipe, and I loitered with him about the forge; and we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it. He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I, too, felt that I had done rather a great thinking in making that request.

When the shadows of the evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy, dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quite conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo —"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush on her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbours; I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others."

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often to see Joe, which you received with a mark of silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

"Are you quite sure, then, that you WILL come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looked at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

"Oh, dear me!" said I, as I found myself compelled to giving up Biddy in despair. "This really is a bad side of human nature! Don't say anymore, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much." Early in the morning, I was to go.

Early in the morning, I was out, and looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the forge. There I stood for minutes looking at Joe, already at work with a glow of health and strength on his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

"Good-bye, dear Joe! I shall be down soon and often."

"Never too soon, sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread.

"Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt."

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded, "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

Once more, the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should *not* come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is — they were quite right.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

*London and Walworth: one expectation comes true and Pip helps Herbert*

Herbert and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain when my birthday was. On the day before it, I received an official note from Wemmick informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I prepared to my guardian's office.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, rubbing the side of his nose with a folded piece of paper that I liked the look of. It was November and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip today. Congratulations, Mr. Pip." We shook hands — he was always a remarkably short shaker — and I thanked him.

"Now my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, sir."

"What do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction. "Now, I have asked *you* a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Have you anything to ask *me*?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me today?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that, a moment," said Mr. Jaggers "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have I anything to receive, sir?" On that, Mr. Jaggers said triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper.

Wemmick appeared, handed it in and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book, but you are in debt, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting.

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per year, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountainhead, your benefactor and no longer with the mere agent."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me. "I am not paid, Pip," said he coolly, "to carry your words to any one."

I said, after hesitating, "that my patron the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon —." There I delicately stopped.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "That's a question I must not be asked. When that person discloses, you will settle your own affairs."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella.

"If that is all you have to say sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

I said I would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick. The fact was that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with, concerning such thought.

He had already locked up this safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the

snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished. He had raked his fire low, put his hat and great-coat ready.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life but has no money, and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any sawdust.

"With *some* money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with *some* money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see; There's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it and you may know the end of it, too — but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be so," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, that a man should never —?"

"Invest portable property in a friend?" Said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend — and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him."

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned, "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here. "But would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be

confounded together. Mr. Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sentiments can be taken in this office”

“Very well,” said I, much relieved, “then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it.”

“Mr. Pip,” he returned, “you will be welcome there in a private and personal capacity.” Before a week was out, I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in the matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him. So, I went out to Walworth. The upshot was that we found a worthy young merchant or Shipping-broker, not long established in business, who wanted intelligent help and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and me, secret articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments.

The whole business was so cleverly managed that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which he came home one afternoon and told me in a mighty piece of news, of his having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchants’ name), and of Clarriker’s having shown an extraordinary inclination towards him and of his belief that the opening had come at last.

I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy.

At length, the thing being done and having that day entered Clarriker’s House, and he having talked to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

## Chapter Twenty-Five

*Richmond and Satis House; Miss Havishame, Estella and Drummle.*

A great event in my life, the turning point of my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must leave one chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. They were in what is called a good position, and visited and were visited by, numbers of people. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham’s before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brandley’s house and out of Mrs. Brandley’s house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which

placed me on term of familiarity without placing me on term of favour, conduced to my distraction.

I saw her often at Richmond. I heard of her often in town. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death. She habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones and would seem to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond; "will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"Of me!"

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean, you are blind."

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you, this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold careless smile that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without for a little while, she went of to say: "This time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella!"

"You can then? The day after tomorrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit or for others like it. Miss Havisham never wrote to me, or had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day and we found in her the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip, how does she use you?" she asked me again with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing.

I saw that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it. I saw in this a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me.

We were seated by the fire, and Miss Havisham's still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor "you are tired of me."

"You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?"

"Love," replied the other.

"You have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, "I have said that I owe everything to you. All that you have given me is your command. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities."

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella.

"But to be proud and hard to *me!*" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to *me!*"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder. When the moment was past, she looked down at the fire again. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. That was the first time I had laid down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A thousand Miss Havishams haunted me.

When the night was slow to creep on toward two o'clock, I got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, to gain the outer courtyard and walk there for the relief of my mind.

But, I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle, for I saw Miss Havisham going along in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out and to go back, but I

could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, I heard her footsteps, saw her candle pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers, had called him, was used to lying in wait. At a certain ball at Richmond, where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity, which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip!"

"You should be!"

"Say, rather, I should not be, for I have my letter to Satis House to write before I go to sleep."

"Recounting tonight's triumph?" said I. "Surely a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder — to use your words — that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance towards him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned, "but cannot Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing after a moment. "Perhaps, yes; anything you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well?" said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! then, that is why it makes me wretched."

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on other, and maybe meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and many others — all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

## Chapter Twenty-Six

*One Stormy evening in London: A longawaited appearance.*

I was three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple. Our chambers were in Garden Court, down by the river. Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone and had a dull sense of being alone.

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet; mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the east in an eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gusts that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of windmills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast of shipwreck and death.

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City struck that hour when I heard a footstep on the stair.

I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

"There is some one down there, is there not?" I called out, looking down.

"Yes," said a voice from the darkness beneath.

"What floor do you want?"

"The top, Mr. Pip."

"That is my name. There is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing the matter," returned the voice. And the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he came slowly within its light. He was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant I had seen a face that was

strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was dressed like a voyager. That he had long iron-grey hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

"Pray what is your business?" I asked him.

"My business?" he repeated, pausing.

"Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave."

"Do you wish to come in?"

"Yes," he replied, "I wish to come in, master." He looked about him with the strangest air — an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired. I saw him next moment, once more holding out both hands to me.

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's disappointing to a man," he said, in a coarse broken voice, "after having looked forward so distant, and come so far; but you're not to blame for that — neither of us is to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please."

He sat down on a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown veiny hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know him.

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over his shoulder, "is there?"

"Why do you, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of night, ask that question?" said I.

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; "I'm glad you've grown up a game one! But don't catch hold of me. You'd be sorry afterwards to have done it."

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet I could not recall a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain had driven away the intervening years, had swept us to the churchyard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctively than I knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the fire.

"You acted nobly, my boy," said he. "Noble Pip! And I have never forgot it!"

At a change in his manners as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, there must be something good in the feeling that has brought you here. I will not repulse you, but surely you must understand — I —" The words died away on my tongue.

"You were a-saying," he observed, when we had confronted one another in silence, "surely I must understand. What must I understand?"

"That I cannot wish to renew that chance meeting with you of long ago, I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad to tell you so. But our ways are different ways. None the less, you are wet, and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?"

"I think," he answered, still observant of me, "that I *will* drink; I thank you before I go."

I saw with amazement that his eyes were full of tears.

Up to this time I had remained standing, not to disguise that I wished him gone. But I was softened by the softened aspect of the man, and felt a touch of reproach. "I hope," said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, "that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it if I did.

"How are you living?"

"I've been a sheep-farmer, stockbreeder, other trades besides, away in the New world," said he, "many a thousand mile of stormy water off from this."

"I hope you have done well."

"I've done wonderful well. There were others who went out along with me and have done well, too, but no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy."

Without stopping to try to understand those words or the tone in which they were spoken, I turned off to a point that had just come into my mind.

"Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me," I inquired, "since he undertook that trust?"

"Never set eyes upon him. I wasn't likely to it."

"He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to a poor boy they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can put them to some other poor boy's use."

I took out my purse. He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him.

Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me were out on them alone shivering marshes?"

"How?"

"Ah!" He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantelshelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, but he neither looked at it, or at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

"Might a mere war-mint ask what property?" said he.

I faltered, "I don't know."

"Might a mere war-mint ask whose property?" said he.

I faltered again, "I don't know."

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the convict, "at your income since you came of age! As to the first figure, now. Five?"

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian or such-like, while you were a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name, now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me, and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds rushed in with such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

"However, did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with one hand on the chair-back and the other on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating.

He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, bent on one knee before me, bringing the face that I now well remembered very near to mine.

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman of you! It's me who has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore afterwards, sure as ever I speculated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it for you to feel an obligation? Not a bit, I tell it for you to know as that hunted dunghill dog who got his head so high that he could make a gentleman and, Pip, you're him!"

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son — more to me nor any son. I've put away money, only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I forgot what men's and women's faces were like, I see yours. I see you there as many times as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. Didn't you never think it might be me?"

"Oh, no, no, no," I returned. "Never, never!"

"Well, you see it *was* me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers."

"Was there no one else?" I asked.

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise. "Who else should there be?"

"O Estella, Estella!"

"Where will you put me?" he asked presently. "I must be put somewhere, dear boy."

"To sleep?" said I.

"Yes. And to sleep long and sound," he answered, "for I've been sea-tossed and sea washed, months and months."

"My friend and companion," said I, rising from the sofa, "is absent; you must have his room."

"He won't come back to-morrow, will he?"

"No," said I, answering almost mechanically, in spite of my utmost efforts, "not to-morrow."

"Because, lookee here, dear boy." He said, dropping his voice, and laying a long finger on my breast in an impressive manner, "caution is necessary."

"How do you mean, caution?"

"It's death!"

"What's death?"

"I was sent for life. It's death to come back. There's been overmuch coming back of late years, and I should of a certainty be hanged if took."

Nothing was needed but this; the wretched man had risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! My first care was to close the shutters, so that no light might be seen from without, and then to close and make fast the doors.

When I had gone into Herbert's room, and had shut off communication between it and the staircase than through the room in which our conversations had been held, I asked him if he would go to bed. He said yes, but asked me for some of my "gentleman's linen" to put on in the morning.

I brought it out, and laid it ready for him, and my blood again ran cold when he again took me by the hands to give me a good night.

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it, and mended the fire in the room where we had been together, and sat down by it, afraid to go to bed. For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces.

Miss Havisham's intention towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a string for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand.

Those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all — it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration — simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never undo what I had done.

*This is the end of the second stage of Pip's expectations.*

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

*London, the next day: Pip faces facts.*

The impossibility of keeping my dreaded visitor concealed in the chambers was self-evident. It could not be done, and I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

This course I decided on while I was yet groping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. In groping my way down the black staircase, I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but eluded my touch in silence, I ran to the lodge and urged the watchman to come quickly, telling him of this incident on the way back. We examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there.

As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now waking up uneasily, with prolix conversations about nothing, in my ears; now making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

By-and-by, his door opened and he came out. I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a worse look by daylight.

"I do not even know," said I, speaking low as he took his seat at the table, "by what name to call you. I have given out that you are my uncle."

"That's it, dear boy! Call me uncle."

"You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?"

"Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis."

"Do you mean to keep that name?"

"Why, yes, dear boy, it's as good as another — unless you'd like another."

"What is your real name?" I asked him in a whisper.

"Magwitch," he answered, in the same tone; "christened Abel."

"What were you brought up to be?"

"A war-mint, dear boy." He answered quite seriously, and used the words as if it denoted some profession.

"When you came into the Temple last night," said I, pausing to wonder whether that could really have been last night, which seemed so long ago.

"Yes, dear boy?

"When you came in at the gate and asked the watchman the way here, had you any one with you?"

"With me? No, dear boy."

"But there was some one there?"

"I didn't take particular notice," he said dubiously, "not knowing the ways of the place. But I think there *was* a person, too, come in along me."

"Are you known in London?"

"I hope not!" said he, giving his neck a jerk with his fore finger that made me turn hot and sick.

"Were you known in London once?"

"Not over and above, dear boy, I was in the provinces mostly."

"Were you tried in London?"

"Which time?" said he, with a sharp look.

"The last time."

He nodded. "First knew Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me."

It was on my lip to ask him what he was tried for, but he took up a knife, gave it a flourish, and with the words, "And what I done is worked out and paid for!" fell to at his breakfast in a ravenous way that was very uncouth, noisy, and greedy.

It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned — whom I expected in two or three days. That the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity was by no means so plain to Mr. Provis (I resolved to call him by that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favourable judgment of his physiognomy.

"And even then, dear boy," said he, pulling a greasy little clasped black Testament out of his pocket, "we'll have him on his oath."

There being to my knowledge a respectable lodging-house in Essex Street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of my windows, I first of all repaired to that house, and was so fortunate as to secure the second floor for my uncle, Mr. Provis. This business transacted, I turned my face, on my own account, to Little Britain. Mr. Jaggers was at his desk, but, seeing me enter, got up immediately and stood before his fire.

"Now, Pip," said he, "be careful."

"I will, sir," I returned, for coming along I had thought well of what I was going to say.

"Don't commit yourself." Said Mr. Jaggers, "and don't commit to any one. You understand — any one. Don't tell me anything; I don't want to know anything; I am not curious." Of course I saw that he knew the man who had come.

"I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me."

"That is the man," said Mr. Jaggers, "in New South Wales."

"And only he?" said I.

"And only he," said Mr. Jaggers.

"I am not so unreasonable, sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions, but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for that."

"And yet it looked so like it, sir," I pleaded with a downcast heart.

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing silent for a little while.

"And Magwitch — in New South Wales — having at last disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. I communicated to Magwitch when he first wrote to me from New South Wales. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant idea of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that; that he was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me. I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt."

"No doubt," said I.

"I have been informed by Wemmick," pursued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or —"

"Or Provis," I suggested.

"Or Provis — thank you, Pip. Perhaps it *is* Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

"Yes," said I.

"You know it's Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch?"

"It came through Provis," I replied.

"Good day, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch or in communicating with him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining. Good day, Pip!"

At length, one evening when dinner was over and I had dropped into a slumber quite worn out, I was roused by the welcome footstep on the staircase. Provis, who had been asleep, too, staggered and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

"Quiet! It's Herbert!" I said, and Herbert came bursting in, with an airy freshness.

"Handel, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a twelvemonth! Why, so I must have been, for you have grown quite thin and pale! Handel, my-Halloa! I beg your pardon."

He was stopped in his running on and in his shaking hands with me, by seeing Provis. Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly putting up his jack-knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, "something very strange has happened. This is a visitor of mine."

"It's all right, dear boy!" said Provis, coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert.

"Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot, if ever you spilt it in any way somewhere. Kiss it!"

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert.

So Herbert, looking at me with a friendly uneasiness and amazement, complied and Provis immediately shaking hands with him, said, "Now you're on your oath, you know."

We were anxious for the time when he would go to his lodging, and leave us together, but he was evidently jealous of leaving us together, and sat late. It was midnight before I took him round to Essex Street, and saw him safely in at his own dark door. When it was closed upon him, I experienced the first moment of relief I had known since the night of his arrival. I had never felt before so blessedly what it is to have a friend.

"What," said I to Herbert, "what is to be done?"

"My poor dear Handel," he replied, holding his head, "I am too stunned to think."

"So was I, Herbert, when the blow first fell. Still, something must be done. He is intent upon various new expenses — horses, and carriages, and lavish appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped somehow."

"You mean that you can't!"

"How can I?" I interposed, as Herbert paused. "Think of him! Look at him!" An involuntary shudder passed over both of us.

"Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate!"

"My poor dear Handel," Herbert repeated.

"Then," said I, "after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already! Then again, I am heavily in debt — very heavily for me, who have now no expectations — and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing."

"Well, well, well!" Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."

"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but for the prospect of taking counsel with your friendship."

"Anyhow, my dear Handel," said he presently, "soldiering won't do. You would be infinitely better in Clarriker's house, small as it is. I am working up towards a partnership, you know."

Poor fellow! He little suspected with whose money.

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is a man of a desperate and fierce character."

"I know he is," I returned. And I told him of the encounter with the other convict.

"See, then," said Herbert; "think of this! He comes here at the peril of his life for the realization of his fixed idea. In the moment of realization, after all his toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing that he might do under the disappointment?"

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it ever since the fatal night of his arrival."

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

"But get him where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

"Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him, do you?"

"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"

"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

"Then you must get him out of England. That done, extricate yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it out together."

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

*London: Magwitch tells his story, and we learn about Compeyson and the man named Arthur.*

Dear boy and Pip's comrade. I am not a-going to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it to you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English; in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's *my* life pretty much, down to such times I got shipped off, after Pip stood my friend.

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could — though it wasn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over — ready to give me work yourselves — a bit of a poacher, a bit of a labourer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man.

"At Epson races over twenty year ago, I got acquainted with a man whose skull I'd crack with this poker, like the claw of a lobster. His right name was Compeyson; and that's the man, dear boy, which you saw me a-pounding in the ditch.

"He set up for a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentle-folks. He was good-looking, too.

"Compeyson took me on to be his man and pardoner. Compeyson's was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen banknote passing, and such like.

"There was another in with Compeyson, as we called Arthur — not as being so christened, but as a surname. He was in a decline, and was a shadow to look at. He and Compeyson had been in a bad thing with some rich lady years ago, and they'd made a pot of money by it; but Compeyson betted and gamed, and he'd have run through the king's taxes. So Arthur was a-dying and a-dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife who Compeyson kicked mostly was a-having pity on him when she could, and Compeyson was a-having pity on nothing and nobody.

"I should have taken warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I was particular where would be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? So I begin with Compeyson, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house (over night Brentford, it was), and Compeyson kept a careful account of him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time as I ever see him, he came a-tearing down into Compeyson's parlour late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat. Then he lifted himself up hard, and he was dead.

"Not into the things that Compeyson planned, and I done — which would take a week — I'll simply say to you, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, that that man got me into such

nets as made me his slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a-working, and always a-getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times! "Did I tell you I was once tried, alone, for misdemeanour while with Compeyson?"

I answered, "No."

"Well!" he said, "I *was*, and got convicted. As I was arrested on suspicion that was twice or three times in the four or five year that I lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last, I and Compeyson were both committed to felony, on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation, and there were other charges also. Compeyson said to me, 'separate defences, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jagger's.

"When we were put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compeyson looked, with his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkerchief, and what a common sort of wretch I looked. When the evidence was given in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had to come forward, and could be swore to, how it was always me that seemed to work the thing to get the profit.

But, when the defence came on, then I saw the plan plainer; for, said the counsellor for Compeyson, "My lord and gentlemen, here you have afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up; and one, the elder, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions; the other, the elder, always seen in them and always with his guilt brought home."

"And wasn't it me as had been tried before, and as had been known uphill and down dale? And when it comes to speech-making, wasn't it Compeyson as could speak to them with his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkerchief — ah! And with verses in his speech, too; and wasn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal'? and when the verdict came, wasn't it Compeyson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could against me, and wasn't it me as got never a word but guilty? And when I said to Compeyson 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yours!' Wasn't it Compeyson who prayed the judge to be protected? And when we were sentenced, wasn't it him that gets seven years, and me fourteen? I was given to understand as Compeyson was out on them marshes, too.

"And now," says I, "as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back." And I'd have swum off, toward him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd have got him aboard without the soldiers."

"Is he dead?" I asked after a silence.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compeyson."

"He hopes I am, if he's still alive, you may be sure," He said with a fierce look, "I never heard any more of him."

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compeyson is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover.

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Herbert, and put the book by; but we neither of us said anything, and both looked at Provis as he stood smoking by the fire.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

### *Richmond and the Satis House: Estella's News*

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative. If Compeyson were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence.

Compeyson stood in mortal fear of him and would release himself for good from a dreaded enemy by the safe means of becoming an informer.

I said to Herbert that before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. This was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day.

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell me that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me. I could make nothing of this, except that it was meant that I should make nothing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

Next day, I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any meanness towards Joe or his name. Provis was to be strictly careful while I was gone, and Herbert was to take charge of him.

Having thus cleared the way for expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was out in the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gateway, toothpick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummle! As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very lame pretence on both sides, the lamer because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast, and where I had ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

"Oh?" said I, "it's you, is it? Do you stay here long?"

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummle.

"Do you?" "Can't say," said I.

Mr. Drummle looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh!" and laughed.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummle?"

"No," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public-houses — and smithies — and that. Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, sir."

"I say. Look here, you sir. The lady won't ride to-day; the weather won't do."

"Very good, sir."

"And I don't dine, because I am going to dine at the lady's."

"Very well, sir." Then Drummle glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jawed face that cut me to the heart.

I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone, when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-coloured dress appeared with what was wanted, and as Drummle leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed with a jerk of his head towards the coffee-room windows, the slouching shoulders, and ragged hair of this man, whose back was towards me, reminded me of Orlick.

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were he or no, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

In the room where the dress-table stood, and where the wax candles burnt on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet.

Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that from the look they interchanged.

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?" Though she looked steadily at me, I saw that she was rather confused. Estella, pausing a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday, to speak to Estella; and finding that some wind had blown *her* here, I followed."

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant to be."

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked that she attended to what I said — but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering me how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder, that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here, as any other chance boy might have come — as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Aye, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

"And that Mr. Jaggers —"

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence. He holds the same relation towards numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one." Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

"But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

"Yes," she returned, again nodding steadily, "I let you go on."

"Was that kind?"

"Who am I," cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor, and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, that I should be kind?" Waiting until she was quiet again — for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way — went on.

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you that you deeply wronged both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert, if you

suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of anything designing or mean."

"They are your friends," said Miss Havisham.

"They made themselves my friends," said I, "when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket and Mistress Camilla were not my friends, I think."

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said quietly: "What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, "as that I could hide from you that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you could spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service without his knowledge, I could show you how."

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself, more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it I cannot explain. It is part of the secret." She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire.

"Estella," said I turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, "you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly." She raised her eyes to my face and her fingers plied their work. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her and from her to me.

"I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now." With her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

"I know," said I, in answer to that action; "I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house." Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

"It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, horribly cruel, to practise on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own trial, she forgot mine, Estella." I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and held it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

"It seems," said Estella very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies — I don't know how to call them — which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love

me, I know what you mean as a form of words, but nothing more. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this, now, have I not?" I said, in a miserable manner, "Yes."

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it. Now, did you not think so?"

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. Is it not true, that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?"

"It is quite true," she replied.

"That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?" She seemed a little surprised but again replied, "Quite true."

"You cannot love him, Estella?" Her fingers stopped for the first time.

"You would never marry him, Estella?" She looked towards Miss Havisham. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

"Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside for ever — you have done so, I well know — but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you."

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon."

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy — or man?"

"Oh Estella," I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, do what I would restrain them; "even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife?"

"Nonsense," she returned, "nonsense. This will pass in no time."

"Never, Estella!"

"You will get me out of your thoughts in a week."

"Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read, since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since —

on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. Estella, to the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of me. O God bless you, God forgive you!"

I held her hand to my lips some lingering moments, and so I left her. But ever afterwards, I remembered that while Estella looked at me merely with wonder, Miss Havisham, her hand still covering her heart, seemed resolved in a ghastly stare of pity and remorse.

All done, all gone! It was past midnight when I crossed London Bridge. I was not expected till tomorrow, but I had my keys, and, if Herbert were gone to bed, could get to bed myself without disturbing him.

I came in at the White Friars gate and as I was very muddy and weary, I did not take it ill that the night porter examined me with much attention as he held the gate a little way open for me to pass in. To help his memory I mentioned my name.

"I was not quite sure, sir, but I thought so. Here's a note, sir. The messenger that brought it said, would you be so good as read it by my lantern?"

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. It was directed to Philip Pip, Esquire, and on the top were the words, "PLEASE READ THIS HERE."

I opened it, the watchman holding up his light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing: "DON'T GO HOME."

## Chapter Thirty

*London and Walworth: Wemmick and Herbert take action.*

Coming from the Temple gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet Street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night.

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room of cold soot and hot dust.

DON'T GO HOME.

Whatever night-fancies and night noises crowded on me, they never warded off this DON'T GO HOME.

I left directions that I was to be called at seven, for it was plain that I must see Wemmick before seeing any one else, and equally plain that this was a case in which his Walworth sentiments only could be taken. It was a relief to get out of the room where the night had been so miserable, and I needed no second knocking at the door to startle me from my uneasy bed.

The castle battlements arose upon my view at eight o'clock. The little servant happening to be entering the fortress with two hot rolls, I passed through the postern and crossed the drawbridge in her company, and so came without announcement into the presence of Wemmick as he was making tea for himself and the Aged. An open door afforded a perspective view of Aged in bed.

"Halloo, Mr. Pip!" said Wemmick.

"You did come home, then?"

"Yes," I returned; "but I didn't go home."

"That's all right," said he, rubbing his hands. "I left a note for you at each of the Temple gates, on the chance. Which gate did you come to?" I told him.

"I'll go round to the others in the course of the day and destroy the notes," said Wemmick. "Would you mind toasting this sausage for the Aged P.?"

I said I should be delighted to do it.

"Then you can go about your work, Mary Anne," said Wemmick to the little servant, "which leaves us to ourselves, don't you see, Mr. Pip?" he added, winking, as she disappeared.

I thanked him for his friendship and caution.

"Now, Mr. Pip, I accidentally heard, yesterday morning, that a certain person had made some little stir in a certain part of the world where a good many people go, by disappearing from such place, and being no more heard of thereabouts. From which said Wemmick, "conjectures had been raised and theories formed. I also heard that you at your chambers in Garden Court, Temple, had been watched, and might be watched again."

"By whom?" said I.

"I wouldn't go into that," said Wemmick evasively; "it might clash with official responsibilities."

"You have heard of a man of bad character whose true name is Compeyson?" He answered with a nod.

"Is he living?" One other nod.

"Is he in London?" He gave me one last nod, and went on with his breakfast.

"Now," said Wemmick, "questioning being over" — which he emphasized and repeated for my guidance — "I come to what I did, after hearing what I heard. I went to Garden Court to find you; not finding you, I went to Clarriker's to find Mr. Herbert."

"And him you found?" said I, with great anxiety.

"And him I found. Without mentioning any names or going into any details, I gave him to understand that if he was aware of anybody — Tom, Jack, or Richard — being

about the chambers, or about the immediate neighbourhood, he had better get Tom, Jack, or Richard out of the way while you were out of the way. Mr. Herbert, after being all of a help for half an hour, struck out a plan. He mentioned to me as a secret that he is courting a young lady who has, as no doubt you are aware, a bedridden pa. Which pa, having been in the purser line of life, lies a-bed in a bow window where he can see the ships sail up and down the river. You are acquainted with the young lady, most probably?"

"Not personally," said I. The truth was that she had objected to me as an expensive companion.

"The house with the bow-window," said Wemmick, "being by the riverside, down the Pool there between Limehouse and Greenwich, and being kept, it seems, by a very respectable widow, who has a furnished upper floor to let, Mr. Herbert put it to me, what did I think of that as a temporary tenement for Tom, Jack, or Richard. Now, I thought very well of it, for three reasons I'll give you. That is to say, firstly, it's altogether out of all your beats. Secondly, without going near it yourself, you could always hear of the safety of Tom, Jack, or Richard through Mr. Herbert. Thirdly, after a while, and when it might be prudent if you should want to slip Tom, Jack, or Richard on board a foreign packetboat, there he is—ready." Much comforted by these considerations, I thanked Wemmick again and again, and begged him to proceed.

"Well, sir! Mr. Herbert threw himself into the business with a will, and by nine o'clock last night he housed Tom, Jack, or Richard—whichever it may be—you and I don't want to know—quite successfully. At the old lodgings it was understood that he was summoned to Dover, and in fact he was taken down the Dover road and cornered out of it. Now, another great advantage of all this is that it was done without you, and when, if any one was concerning himself about your movements, you must be known to be ever so many miles off, and quite otherwise engaged.

"And now, Mr. Pip," said he, "I have probably done the most I can do; but if I can ever do more — from a Walworth point of view, I shall be glad to do it. Here's the address. There can be no harm in your going there tonight and seeing for yourself that all is well with Tom, Jack, or Richard before you go home.

"But after you have gone home, don't go back. Let me finally impress one important point upon you." He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and added in a solemn whisper: "Avail yourself of this evening to a packet-boat, lay hold of his portable property. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let anything happen to the portable property.

"Time's up," said Wemmick, "and I must be off. If you had nothing more pressing to do than to keep here till dark, that's what I should advise. You looked very much worried, and it would do you good to have a perfectly quite day with the Aged—he'll be up presently." I soon fell asleep before Wemmick's fire, and the Aged and I enjoyed one another's society by falling asleep before it more or less all day. We had a loin of pork for dinner, and greens grown on the estate, and I nodded at the Aged with a good intention whenever I failed to do it drowsily. When it was quite dark, I left the Aged preparing the fire for toast.

Eight o'clock had struck before I got into the air that was scented, not disagreeably, by the chips and shavings of the long-shore boat builders. All the waterside region of the upper and lower Pool before the Bridge was unknown ground to me.

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank, a house with a wooden front and three stories of bow-window, I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there Mrs. Whimble. That being the name I wanted, I knocked, and an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance responded.

She was immediately deposed, however, by Herbert, who silently led me into the parlour and shut the door. It was an odd sensation to see his very familiar face established quite at home in that very unfamiliar room and region.

"All is well, Handel," said Herbert, "and he is quite satisfied, though eager to see you. My dear girl is with her father; and if you'll wait till she comes down, I'll make you known to her; and then we'll go upstairs.

"*That's her father.*" I had become aware of an alarming growling overhead, and had probably expressed the fact in my countenance.

"I am afraid he is a sad old rascal," said Herbert, smiling, "but I have never seen him." While he thus spoke, the growling noise became a prolonged roar, and then died away.

"To have Provis for an upper lodger is quite a godsend to Mrs. Whimble," said Herbert, "for of course people in general won't stand that noise. Mrs. Whimble is the best of housewives, and I really do not know what my Clara would do without her motherly help. For Clara has no mother of her own, Handel, and no relation in the world but old Gruffandgrim." In his two-cabin room, I found Provis comfortably settled.

He expressed no alarm, and seemed to feel none that was worth mentioning, but it struck me that he was softened—indefinably. I asked him first of all whether he relied on Wemmick's judgment and sources of information.

"Aye, aye, dear boy!" he answered, with a grave nod, "Jaggers knows."

"Then, I have talked with Wemmick," said I, "and have come to tell you what caution he gave me and what advice." I told him how Wemmick had heard, in Newgate prison<sup>5</sup> (whether from officers or prisoners I could not say), that he was under some suspicion, and that my chambers had been watched.

Herbert, who had been looking at the fire and pondering, here said that something had come into his thoughts arising out of Wemmick's suggestion. "We are both good watermen, Handel, and could take him down the river ourselves when the right time comes. No boat would then be hired for the purpose, and no boatmen; that would save at least a chance of suspicion, and any chance is worth saving. Don't you think it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs, and were in the habit of rowing up and down the river? You fall into that habit, and then who notices or minds? Do it twenty or fifty times, and there is nothing special in your doing it the twenty-first or fifty-first."

I liked this scheme, and Provis was quite elated by it. We agreed that it should be carried into execution, and that Provis should never recognize us if we came below Bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But we further agreed that he should pull down the blind in that part of his window which gave upon the east, whenever he saw us and all was right.

Everything arranged, I rose to go, remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would take half an hour's start of him.

"I don't like to leave you here," I said to Provis, "though I cannot doubt your being safer here than near me. Good-bye!"

"Dear boy," he answered, clasping my hands, "I don't know when we may meet again, and I don't like good-bye. Say good night!"

"Good night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good night, good night!"

All things were as quiet in the Temple as ever I had seen them. The windows of the rooms of that side lately occupied by Provis were dark and still, and there was no lounge in Garden Court.

Next day, I set myself to get the boat.

It was soon done, and the boat was brought round to the Temple stairs, and laid where I could reach her within a minute or two. Then, I began to go out as for training and practice.

At first, I kept above Blackfriars Bridge; but as the hours of the tide changed, I took towards London Bridge. Still, I knew that there was cause for alarm, and I could not get rid of the notion of being watched. I was always full of fears for the rash man who was in hiding.

## Chapter Thirty-One

*London, weeks later: Mr. Wopsel sees a ghost.*

Some weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the castle, I might have doubted him: not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even I myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some easily spared articles of jewellery into cash. But I had quite determined that it would be heartless fraud to take more money from my patron in the existing state of my uncertain thoughts and plans. I felt a kind of satisfaction in not having profited by his generosity since his revelation of himself.

As the time wore on, an impression settled heavily upon me that Estella was married. Fearful of having it confirmed, though it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) never to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this last wretched little rag of the robe of hope that was rent and given to the winds, how do I know? It was an unhappy life that I lived.

Condemned to inaction, I rowed about in my boat, and waited, waited, waited. There were states of the tide when, having been down the river, I could not get back through the eddy-chafed arches and starlings of Old London Bridge: then I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom House. I was not averse to doing this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the waterside people there. From this slight occasion sprang two meetings that I have known to tell of.

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; I thought I would afterwards go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph was in that waterside neighbourhood.

In the first scene it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red curtain-fringe for his hair, engaged in displaying great cowardice. And I observed with great surprise that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye that I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterwards, and found him waiting for me near the door.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

"Saw you, Mr. Pip!" he returned.

"Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there?"

"Who else?"

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle.

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning.

"Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, "I can't be positive." Involuntarily I looked round me.

"Oh! He can't be in sight." Said Mr. Wopsle. "He went out before I went off. I saw him go. I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you, Mr. Pip, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him, sitting behind you there like a ghost." My former chill crept over me again.

Of course, I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed, I see you do. But it is so very strange! You remember in old times a certain Christmas Day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gargarey's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

"I remember it very well."

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and that we joined in it, and that Gargery took you on his back? And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them had been severely handled and much mauled about the face by the other?"

"I see it all before me."

"And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torchlight shining on their faces — I am particular about that — with the torchlight shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?"

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that."

"Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you to-night. I saw him over your shoulder."

"Steady" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him, the more certain I am of him."

"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on of its being nothing more to me. "Very curious indeed!" I cannot exaggerate the terror I felt at Compeyson's having been behind me "like a ghost." For if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the hiding had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there.

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recall or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut.

No one was near me when I went in and went home.

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious.

## Chapter Thirty-Two

*London: Dinner with Jaggers, more about Molly.*

The second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter occurred about a week after the first. I had strolled up into Cheapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon my shoulder by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers's hand, and he passed it through my arm.

"As we were going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do not know, for I have not made up my mind."

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

"And are not engaged?"

"I don't mind admitting also that I am not engaged."

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me." I was going to excuse myself, when he added, "Wemmick's coming." So I changed my excuse into an acceptance.

We went to Gerrard Street, all three together, in a hackney-coach, and as soon as we got there, dinner was served.

"Did you send that note of Miss Havisham's to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?" Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

"No, sir," returned Wemmick; "it was going by post, when you brought Mr. Pip into the office. Here it is." He handed it to his principal, instead of me.

"It's a note of two lines, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, handing it on, "sent up to me by Miss Havisham, on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see you on a little matter of business you mentioned to her. You'll go down?"

"Yes," said I, casting my eyes over the note, which was exactly in those terms.

"When do you think of going down?"

"If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once," said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, "he needn't write an answer, you know."

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go tomorrow, and said so.

"So, Pip! Our friend the Spider," said Mr. Jaggers, "has played his cards. He has won the pool." It was as much as I could do to assent.

"So, here's to Mrs. Bentley Drummle," said Mr. Jaggers. "Now, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, how slow you are to-day!" She was at his elbow when he addressed her, putting a dish upon the table.

As she withdrew her hands from it, she fell back a step or two nervously muttering some excuse. And a certain action of her fingers as she spoke arrested my attention. The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master. Her look was very intent. Surely, I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands on a memorable occasion very lately! He dismissed her, and she glided out of the room. But she remained before me, as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair, and I compared them with other hands, other eyes, other hair, that I knew of, and with what those might be after twenty years of a brutal husband and a stormy life. I looked again at those hands and eyes of the housekeeper, I saw a face looking at me, and a hand waving to me from a stage-coach window; and how it had come back again and had flashed about me like lightning. And I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother. We took our leave early, and left together.

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over!" I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Havisham's adopted daughter, Mrs. Bentley Drummle? He said no.

"Wemmick," said I, "do you remember telling me, before I first went to Mr. Jaggers's private house, to notice that housekeeper?"

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah, I dare say I did."

"A wild beast tamed, you called her?"

"And what did *you* call her?"

"The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?"

"That's his secret. She has been with him many a long year."

"I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in being acquainted with it. You know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

"Well!" Wemmick replied, "I don't know her story — that is, I don't know all of it.

But what I do know, I'll tell you. We are in our private and personal capacities, of course."

"Of course."

"A score or so of years ago, that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman."

"Mr. Jaggers was for her," pursued Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, "and worked the case in a way quite astonishing. It was a desperate case, and it was comparatively early days with him then, and he worked it to general admiration; in fact, it may almost be said to have made him.

"The murdered person was a woman; a woman; a good ten years older, very much larger, and every much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. This woman in Gerrard Street here had been married very young and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman — more a match for the man, certainly, in point of years — was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle. She was bruised and scratched and torn, and had been held by the throat at last and choked. Now there was no reasonable evidence to implicate any person but this woman, and, on the improbabilities of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally rested his case. You may be sure," continued Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now." I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists that day of the dinner party.

"Well, sir!" Wemmick went on, "it happened — happened, don't you see, don't you see? — that this woman was so very artfully dressed from the time of her apprehension that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always remembered to have been so skilfully contrived that her arms had quite a delicate look.

"It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man — some three years old — to revenge herself upon him.

"To sum up, sir," said Wemmick, "Mr. Jaggers was altogether too many for the jury, and they gave in."

"Has she been in his service ever since?"

"Yes; but not only that," said Wemmick; "she went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been taught one thing and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning."

"Do you remember the sex of this child?"

"Said to have been a girl."

"You have nothing more to say to me tonight?"

"Nothing. I got your letter and destroyed it. Nothing."

We exchanged a cordial good night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, though with no relief from the old.

## Chapter Thirty-Three

*Satis House, the next day: Pip pays his last call on Miss Havisham.*

Putting Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day.

But I alighted at the Halfway House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance, for I sought to get into the town quietly by the unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting in the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

Doing as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece, where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air of utter loneliness upon her that would have moved me into pity.

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

"Thank you. Thank you." As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down, I marked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

"I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is anything human in my heart?"

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she was going to touch me.

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

"Something that I would like done very very much."

"What is it?"

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership.

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

"Quite as faithfully."

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

"Much more at rest."

"Are you very unhappy now?" She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. I could not reply at the moment, for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham, but I have other causes of disquiet that any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned." After a little while, she raised her head, and looked at the fire again.

"'Tis noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?"

"Too true."

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But there is nothing."

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were none there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets, mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money, to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here; but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand.

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, 'I forgive her,' though ever so long after my broken heart is dust, pray do it!"

"Oh, Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction far too much to be bitter with you."

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet, with her folded hands.

To see her, with her white hair and her worn face, kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her

up, but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it, and wept.

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances. Is she married?"

"Yes!"

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. "What have I done!"

"If you knew all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me."

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story." She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them.

"Whose child was Estella?" She shook her head.

"You don't know?" She shook her head again.

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

"Brought her here."

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

She answered in a low whisper and with caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and love, and save from my fate. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella."

"Might I ask her age then?"

"Two or three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella; I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. We parted.

Taking the brewery on my way back, I raised the rusty latch of a little door at the garden end of it, and walked through. I was going out at the opposite door when I turned my head to look back. A childish association revived with wonderful force in the moment of the slight action, and I fancied that I saw Miss Havisham hanging to the beam. So strong was the impression that I stood under the beam shuddering from head to foot before I knew it was a fancy.

I hesitated whether to call the women to let me out at the locked gate, of which she had the key, or first go upstairs and assure myself that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as I had left her. I went up.

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up.

In the same moment I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; then I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her, the more wildly she shirked; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through anything I thought or knew I did. I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door.

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved, or even touched.

Assistance was sent for, and I held her until it came. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt, for I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay mainly in the nervous shock.

By the surgeon's directions, her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table, which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterwards, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and had heard her say she would lie one day.

Though every vestige of her dress was burnt, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance, for they had covered her to the throat with white cotton wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that I had seen was still upon her.

I found, on questioning the servants, that Estella was in Paris, and I got a promise from the surgeon that he would write by the next post. Miss Havisham's family I took upon myself, intending to communicate with Matthew Pocket only, and leave him to do as he liked about informing the rest.

Towards midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said innumerable times in a low solemn voice, "What have I done!" And then, "When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'"

## Chapter Thirty-Four

*London: The truth about Estella is revealed.*

My hands had been dressed twice or thrice in the night, and again in the morning. My left arm was a good deal burned to the elbow, and, less severely, as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but the flames had set in that direction and I felt thankful it was no worse.

Herbert was the kindest of nurses, and at stated times took off the bandages, and steeped them in the cooling liquid.

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. That was made apparent by our avoidance of the subject, and by our agreeing to make my recovery of the use of my hands a question of hours, not of weeks.

My first question when I saw Herbert had been, of course, whether all was well down the river. As he replied in the affirmative, with perfect confidence and cheerfulness, we did not resume the subject until the day was wearing away. But then, as Herbert changed the bandages, he went back to it spontaneously.

"I sat with Provis last night, Handel. He was very communicative last night, and told me more of his life. You remember his breaking off here about some woman that he had had great trouble with. Did I hurt you?" I had started, but not under his touch.

His words had given me a start.

"It seems," said Herbert, "there's a bandage off most charmingly, and now comes the cool one, makes you shrink at first, my poor dear fellow, doesn't it. It seems that the woman was a young woman, and a jealous woman, and a revengeful woman; revengeful, Handel, to the last degree."

"To what last degree?"

"Murder! Does it strike too cold on that sensitive place?"

"I don't feel it. How did she murder? Whom did she murder?"

"Why, the deed may not have merited quite so terrible a name," said Herbert, "but she was tried for it, and Mr. Jaggers defended her, and the reputation of that defence first made his name known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle in a barn. She was acquitted. My poor Handel, I hurt you!"

"It is impossible to be gentler, Herbert. Yes? What else?"

"This acquitted young woman and Provis had a little child, a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the object of her jealousy was strangled as I tell you, the young woman presented herself before Provis for

one moment, and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession), and he should never see it again. Then she vanished....”

“Did the woman keep her oath?”

“Fearing he should be called upon to testify about this destroyed child, he kept himself out of the way and out of the trial, and was only vaguely talked of as a certain man called Abel, out of whom the jealousy arose. After the acquittal she disappeared, and thus he lost the child and the child’s mother. How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard?”

“I think in my seventh year.”

“Aye. It had happened some three or four years, then, he said, and you brought into his mind the little girl so tragically lost, who would have been about your age.”

“Herbert,” said I, after a short silence, “you are not afraid that I am in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accident of last night?”

“N-no,” said Herbert, after taking time to examine me.

“I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river is Estella’s father.” Early next morning, I took my way to Little Britain.

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Mr. Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On these occasions Wemmick took his books and papers into Mr. Jaggers’s room. I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then hear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

My appearance, with my arm bandaged and my coat loose over my shoulders, favoured my object. While I described the disaster, Mr. Jaggers stood before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair, staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers.

I then produced Miss Havisham’s authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers’s eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the check for his signature. I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well polished boots, looked on at me.

“I am sorry, Pip,” said he, as I put the check in my pocket, when he had signed it, “that we do nothing for you.”

“Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me, “I returned, “whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her no.”

“Everybody should know his own business,” said Mr. Jaggers.

“Every man’s business,” said Wemmick, “is ‘portable property.’”

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, sir. I asked her to give me some information relating to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"I know more of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child than Miss Havisham herself does, sir. I know her mother." Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"And so have you, sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father, too." A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner assured me that he did not know who her father was. This I had strongly suspected from Provis's account which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers's client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity.

"So! You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes," I replied, "and his name is Provis from New South Wales." Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words.

"And on what evidence, Pip," asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he paused with his handkerchief half-way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim."

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence." My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into this pocket, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.

Then I told him all I knew.

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor dreams'; you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind."

I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing." He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he admitted nothing.

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this case. Put the case that a woman held her child concealed, and was obliged to communicate the fact to her legal adviser. Put the case that at the same time he held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up." "I follow you, sir."

"Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil, that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal court that he knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out."

"I follow you, sir."

"Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap who could be saved, whom the father believed dead, and dared make no stir about; as to whom, over the mother, the legal adviser had this power: 'I know what you did, and how you did it.'

'Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to bring you off. If you are saved, your child will be saved, too; if you are lost, your child is still saved.' Put the case that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

"I understand you perfectly."

"But that I make no admissions?"

"That you make no admissions."

And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

"Put the case, Pip, that the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellects, and that when she was set at liberty, she was scared and went to him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature, whenever he saw an inkling of its breaking out, by asserting his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

"Quite."

"Put the case that the child grew up and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father, unknown to one another were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

"I do."

"I ask Wemmick, to put it to *himself* very carefully." And Wemmick said, "I do."

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better of the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed, she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace, after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life."

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave. He gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same. Mr. Jaggers did the same.

"Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at when Mr. Pip came in?"

## Chapter Thirty-Five

*Back on the marshes: A narrow escape.*

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post.

Walworth. Burn this as soon as read.

Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of, if you felt disposed to try it. Now, burn.

When I had shown this to Herbert and had put it in the fire — but not before we had both got it by heart — we considered what to do.

For, of course, my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

“I have thought it over, again and again,” said Herbert, “and I think I know a better course than taking a Thames waterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honourable. I had thought of him more than once.”

“But how much would you tell him, Herbert?”

“It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes — then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?”

“No doubt.”

“Where?”

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what port we made for — Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp — the place signified little, so that he was out of England. Any foreign steamer that fell in our way and would take us up would do. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lay by in some quiet spot until we could pull off to one. The time when one would be due where we lay could be calculated pretty nearly. Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations.

We both did what we had to do without any hindrance, and when we met again at one o’clock reported it done. I, for my part was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join. These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

On opening the outer door of our chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me; a very dirty letter, though not ill-written. It had been delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these.

If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes tonight or tomorrow night at nine, and to come to the little sluice house by the limekiln, you had better come. If you want information regarding your Uncle Provis, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. *You must come alone.* Bring this with you.

I had had load enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now, I could not tell. And the worse was that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for tonight. Tomorrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. And again, for anything I knew, the information might have some important bearing on the flight itself. I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone but for the reference to my Uncle Provis. That, coming on Wemmick's letter, turned the scale.

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

My inn had once been a part of an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to cut my dinner, the old landlord with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own story — of course with my popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

I had never been struck at so keenly for my thanklessness to Joe, as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. The falser he, the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire for an hour or more. The striking of the cloak aroused me but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my coat fastened round my neck, and went out. I had previously sought in my pockets for the letter so I might refer to it again, but I could not find it, and was uneasy to think it must have been dropped in the straw of the coach. I knew very well, however, that the appointed place was the little sluice-house by the limekiln on the marshes, and the hour nine.

Towards the marshes I now went straight, having no time to spare.

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal.

The direction that I took was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned towards the distant Hulks as I walked on. I knew the limekiln as well as I knew the old battery, but they were miles apart, so that if a light had been burning at each point that night, there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

It was another half-hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. I saw light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house of wood with a tiled roof would not be proof against the weather much longer. Still there was no answer and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then, I looked at my watch, and, finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door. It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already. I turned back into the house, and stood just within the shelter of the doorway, looking out into the night. The next thing I comprehended was that I had been caught in a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!" "What is this?" I cried, struggling.

"Who is it? Help, help, help!" Not only were my arms pulled close to my side, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. A strong man's hand was against my mouth. Then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

Whom I had looked for, I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed.

He lighted the candle with great deliberation and dropped the match, and trod it out. Then, he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall.

"Now," said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, "I've got you." "Unbind me. Let me go!"

"Ah!" he returned, "I'll let you go. I'll let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time."

"Why have you lured me here?"

"Don't you know?" said he, with a deadly look.

"Why have you set upon me in the dark?"

"Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh, you enemy, you enemy!"

As I watched him in silence, he put his hand into the corner on his side, and took up a gun with a brassbound stock.

"You cost me that place as Miss Havisham's gate keeper. You did. Speak!"

"What else could I do?"

"You did that, and that would be enough, without more. It was you as always give Old Orlick a bad name."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm a-going," said he, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy blow, "I'm a-going to have your life!" He leaned forward, staring at me. "More than that," said he, folding his arms on the table again, "I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln."

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella's father would believe I had deserted him, would be taken, would die accusing me. Even Herbert would doubt me.

Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been. The death close before me was terrible, but far more terrible than death was the dread of being misremembered after death. And so quick were my thoughts that I saw myself despised by unborn generations — Estella's children, and their children — while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

"Wolf!" said he, folding his arms again, "Old Orlick did for your shrewd sister. I came upon her from behind, as I came upon you tonight."

"Wolf, I'll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman's lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again.

"And why was Old Orlick there? Old Orlick says to himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!' When I look for you, I find your Uncle Provis, eh? But when Old Orlick come for to hear that your Uncle Provis had most like wore the leg-iron what Old Orlick had picked up, filed asunder, on these marshes ever so many years ago, and what he kept by him till he dropped your sister with it, hey? When he come for to hear that, hey? In his savage taunting, he flared the candle close at me that I turned my face aside to save it from the flame.

"Old Orlick knew you were a-smuggling your Uncle Provis away; Old Orlick's a match for you and knew you'd come tonight! Now I'll tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that's as good a match for your Uncle Provis. There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch — yes, *I* know the name! — alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown and put them in danger."

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had

thought a prayer and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert before he turned towards me again.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space, he now slouched backwards and forwards. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes scowling at me. I had no grain of hope left.

I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only my head and my legs that I could move, but to that extent I struggled with all the force, until then unknown that was within me. In the same instant I heard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men, clear the table at a leap, and fly out into the night! After a blank, I found that I was lying unbound, on the floor, in the same place, with my head on some one's knee. Too indifferent at first even to look round and ascertain who supported me, I was lying looking at the ladder when there came between me and it, a face. The face of Trabb's boy!

"I think he's all right!" said Trabb's boy, in a sober voice, "but ain't he just pale though!"

At these words, the face of him who supported me looked over into mine, and I saw my supporter to be: "Herbert! Great Heaven!"

"Softly," said Herbert, "Gently, Handel. Don't be too eager."

"And our old comrade, Startop!" I cried, as he too bent over me.

"Remember what he is going to assist us in," said Herbert, "and be calm."

The allusion made me spring up, though I dropped again from the pain in my arm.

"The time has not gone by. Herbert, has it? What night is to-night? How long have I been here?"

For, I had a strange and strong misgiving that I had been lying there a long time — a day and a night — two days and nights more.

"The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night."

"Thank God!"

"And you have all tomorrow, Tuesday, to rest in," said Herbert.

I learnt that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop, found it very soon after I was gone.

Its tone made him uneasy and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing, he set off with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. So he and Startop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expecting there to find me, or tidings of me but finding neither, went on to Miss Havisham's where they lost me. Hereupon they went

back to the hotel. Among the loungers upon the Boar's archway happened to be Trabb's boy — true to his ancient habit of happening to be everywhere where he had no business — and Trabb's boy became their guide, and with him they went out to the sluice house.

When I told Herbert what had passed within the house, he was for our immediately going before a magistrate in the town, late at night as it was, and getting out a warrant. But I had already considered that such a course, by detaining us there, or binding us to come back, might be fatal to Provis. Wednesday being so close upon us, we determined to go back to London that night, there in the post-chaise. It was daylight when we reached the Temple, and I went at once to bed, and lay in bed all day.

Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of the window. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale; the coming sun was like a marsh of fire on the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly grey. As I looked along the clustered roofs, with church towers and spires shooting into the unusually clear air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst out upon its waters. From me, too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well.

Herbert lay asleep in his bed, and our old fellow-student lay asleep on the sofa. I could not dress myself without help, but I made up the fire which was still burning, and got some coffee ready for them. In good time they too started and we admitted the sharp morning air at the windows, and looked at the tide that was still flowing towards us.

"When it turns at nine o' clock," said Herbert cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

## Chapter Thirty-Six

### *London, on the river: Escape*

It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return were questions utterly unknown to me.

We loitered down to the Temple stairs. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready, and everything in order. After a little show of indecision, we went on board and cast off. It was then about high water — half-past eight.

Our plan was this. The tide beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend. There we meant to lie by all night.

The steamer for Hamburg, and the steamer for Rotterdam, would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning. We should know at what time to expect them,

according to where we were, and would hail the first, so that if by any accident we were not taken aboard, we should have another chance.

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate market with its oyster boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitor's Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping and to the stern could see with a faster beating heart Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond Stairs.

"Is he there?" said Herbert.

"Not yet."

"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"

"Not well from here; but I think I see it. Now I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!"

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked like a river pilot as my heart could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder, as he took a seat. Thankye, thankye! If you knew, dear boy, what it is to sit here along my dear boy and have my smoke, after having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me."

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again, within a few hours."

"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

"And think so?"

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me: "Aye, I suppose I think so, dear boy."

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council, a short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So they piled their oars once more, and I looked out for anything like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles.

At this dismal time we were all evidently possessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore. At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterwards ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be in the window of a public-house. A more solitary place we could not have found. We decided to remain there until near the steamer's time, which would be about one in the afternoon. Having settled this, we went to bed.

We were up early. We waited — sometimes lying on the bank wrapped in our coats, and sometimes moving about to warm ourselves — until we saw our boat coming round. We rowed out into the track of the steamer and we began to look out for her smoke.

It was half-past one before we saw her smoke, and soon after we saw behind it the smoke of another steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got the two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-bye to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands cordially, and neither Herbert's eyes nor mine were quite dry, when I saw a four-oared galley shoot out from under the bank but a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track.

A stretch of shore had been as yet between the steamer's smoke, by reason of the bend and us and wind of the river; but now she was visible coming head on. I called to Herbert and Startop to keep before the tide, that she might see us lying by for her, and adjured Provis to sit quite still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, "Trust to me, dear boy," and sat like a statue.

Meantime the galley, which was skilfully handled, had crossed us, let us come up with her, and fallen alongside. Leaving just room enough for the play of the oars, she kept alongside, drifting when we drifted, and pulling a stroke or two when we pulled. Of the two sitters, one held the rudder lines, and looked at us attentively — as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to shrink, and whisper some instruction to the steerer he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

Startop could make out, after a few minutes, which steamer was first, and gave me the word "Hamburg," in a low voice as we sat face to face. She was nearing us very fast, and the beating of her paddles grew louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us, when the galley hailed us. I answered.

"You have a returned transport there," said the man who held the lines. "That's the man, wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist."

At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley aboard of us. They had pulled one sudden stroke ahead, had got their oars in, had run athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale, before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board of the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. In the same moment, I saw the steersman of the galley lay his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and saw that both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that all hands on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking sitter in the galley. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed was the face of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face tilt backward with a white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

It was but for an instant that I seemed to struggle with a thousand mill-weirs and a thousand flashes of light; that instant passed, I was taken on board the galley. Herbert was there, and Startop was there, but our boat was gone, and two convicts were gone.

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing off of her steam, I could not at first distinguish sky from water or shore from shore; but the crew of the galley righted her with great speed, and, pulling certain swift strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking silently and eagerly at the water astern.

Presently a dark object was seen in it, bearing towards us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and all softly backed water, and kept the boat straight and true before it. As it came nearer, I saw it to be Magwich, swimming, but not swimming freely. He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles.

The galley was kept steady, and the silent eager look-out at the water was resumed. But the Rotterdam steamer now came up, and apparently not understanding what had happened, came on at speed. By the time she had been hailed and stopped, both steamers were drifting away from us, and we were rising and falling in a troubled wake of water. The look-out was kept, long after all was still again and the two steamers were gone, but everybody knew it was hopeless.

At length we gave it up, and pulled under the shore towards the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with no little surprise. Here I was able to get some comforts for Magwich-Provis no longer, who had received some very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

He told me that he believed himself to have gone under the keel of the steamer, and to have been struck on the head in rising. The injury to his chest — which rendered his breathing extremely painful — he thought he had received against the side of the galley. He added that he did not pretend to say what he might or might not have done to Compeyson, but, that in the moment of his laying his hand on his cloak to identify him, that villain had staggered up and staggered back, and they had both gone overboard together; when the sudden wrenching of him (Magwich) out of our boat, and the endeavour of his captor to keep him in it, had capsized us. He told me in a whisper that they gone down, fiercely locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle underwater, and that he had disengaged himself, struck out, and swam away.

I never had any reason to doubt the exact truth of what he had told me. The officer who steered the galley gave the same account of their going overboard.

When I asked the officer's permission to change the prisoner's wet clothes, he gave it readily, merely observing that he must take charge of everything his prisoner had about him. So the pocket-book which had once been in my hands passed into the officer's. He further gave me leave to accompany the prisoner to London.

When I took my place by Magwich's side, I felt that it was my place henceforth while he lived. His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, in an easy position, but it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should die. I told him how aggrieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

"Dear boy," he answered, "I'm quite content to take my chance, I've seen my boy, and he can be a gentleman without me."

No. I had thought about that while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own; I understand Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

"I will never stir from your side," said I, "when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!"

I felt his hand tremble as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat-softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: that he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

*London, later: picking up the pieces*

He was taken to the police court the next day, and would have been immediately committed for trial but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison ship from which he had once escaped, to speak to his identity.

Nobody doubted it; but Compeyson, who had meant to dispose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone to direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival overnight, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case would be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealth. Mr. Jaggers was angry with me for having "Let it slip through my fingers," and said we must by and by try for some of it. But I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterwards abided by the resolution, that my heart would never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

There appeared to be reason for supposing that the drowned informer had hoped for a reward out of his forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwich's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognizable by the contents of his pockets; notes were still legible, folded in a case he carried. Among these were the name of a banking-house in New South Wales where a sum of money was, and the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both those heads of information were in a list that Magwich, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His

ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him; he never mistrusted but that my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr.Jagger's aid.

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said: "My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you." His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go, Handel, when you most need me."

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you, but my need is no greater now than at another time."

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the near prospect of our separation — for, it is very near — be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?"

"No, for I have been afraid to think of my future."

"But yours cannot be dismissed; indeed, my dear, dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a few friendly words go, with me."

"I will," said I.

"In this branch-house of ours, Handel, we must have a —" I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel, in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?"

"If you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while —"

"For any while," cried Herbert, "Six months, a year!"

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and he said he could now take courage to tell me he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

"And Clara?" said I.

"The dear little thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Ms. Whimble confides to me that he is certainly going."

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he cannot do better than go."

On the Saturday morning in that same week, I took my leave of Herbert — full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me — as he sat on one of the sea-port mail coaches.

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down, after an unsuccessful application of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen him alone since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight, and he had come, in his private and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in the reference to that failure.

"The late Compeyson," said Wemmick, "had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of some of his people in trouble (some of his people always being in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have them shut, until I heard that he was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now that it was a part of his policy, as a very clever man, habitually to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope. I tried to serve you, with all my heart."

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, scratching his head, "and I assure you I haven't been so cut up for a long time. What I look at is the sacrifice of so much portable property. Dear me!"

"What I think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him. I do not think he could have been saved. That's the difference between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

He laid in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I would not have otherwise had.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him were said: how he had taken into industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and reputably. But nothing could unsay that fact that he had returned, and was there in the presence of the judge and jury. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him guilty.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. The number of days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed; "I thought you were late, But I knew you couldn't be that."

"It's just the time," said I. "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always wait at the gate, don't you dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of time."

"Thank'ee, dear boy, thank'ee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy." I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

The allotted time ran out, while we were thus; but, looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing near me, and he whispered. "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully.

"Dear Magwich, I must tell you now at last. You understand what I say?" A gentle pressure on my hand!

"You had a child once whom you loved and lost." A stronger pressure on my hand!

"She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!" With a last faint effort, he raised my hand to his lips. Then he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

## Chapter Thirty-Eight

*London: Pip has a kind nurse.*

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the meanwhile to underlet them. I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. Rather I could have been alarmed if I had had energy enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else.

For a day or two, I laid on the sofa, or on the floor — anywhere, according as I happened to sink down — with a heavy head and aching limb, and no purpose, and no power. Then there came one night which appeared of great duration; and when in the morning I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it, I found I could not do so.

Whether I really had been down in Garden Court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that was supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had been harassed by the distracted talking, laughing, and groaning of someone and had half-suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay on my bed.

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

"Well, sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

"What is the debt?"

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, Jewellers account, I think."

"What is to be done?"

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house." I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them, they were standing a little off from the bed, looking at me. I still lay there.

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here, I think I shall die by the way." Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. Forasmuch as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

That I had a fever and was avoided, that I suffered greatly, that I often lost my reason, that sometimes struggled with real people, in belief that they were murderers, and I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer then to lay me down, I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people — who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size — above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later, to settle down into the likeness of Joe.

After I had turned the worse point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed, this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me, still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside, Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "Is it Joe?" And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it here, old chap."

"Oh, Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!" For Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side, and put his arm round my neck, in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me were ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride, what larks!" after which, Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back towards me, wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, whispering, "O god bless him! O god bless this gentle man." Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me, but I was holding his hand and we both felt happy.

"How long dear Joe."

"Which you mean to say, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap."

"Yes, Joe."

"It's the end of May, Pip. Tomorrow is the first of June."

"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I said to Biddy when the news of you being ill were brought by letter, that how you might be amongst strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a visit at such moment might prove unacceptable. And Biddy, her words were, 'Go to him, without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the words of Biddy."

That Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or nor, and that I as to submit myself to all his orders. So I kissed his hand, and lay quiet, while he proceeded to write a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

Evidently Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again in pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter.

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until the next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

"Is she dead, Joe?"

"Why, you see, old chap," said Joe, "but she ain't —"

"Living, Joe?"

"That's nearer where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

"Dear Joe, have you heard what became of her property?"

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it does appear that she had settled the most of it, which I mean to say tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had written a little codicil in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? 'Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

I never discovered from whom Joe derived the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds, but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool. This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done.

"Any now," said Joe, "You ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more not one additional shovel-full to-day. Old Orlick he's been a-busting open a dwelling-house."

"Whose?" said I.

"Not, I grant you, but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe apologetically; "still, an Englishman's house is his castle, and castles must not be busted except when done in war-time. And whatoever the failing on his part, he were a corn and seeds-man in his hart."

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his cash-box. But he knew Orlikck, and Orlick's in the county jail."

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the lane, Joe wrapped me up, got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air.

When we got back again and he lifted me out, and carried me so easily across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not yet made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in him, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?"

"I heard," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

"Well! I heard as it were a person what sent the person who gave you the banknotes at the Jolly Barge-men, Pip."

"So it was."

"Astonishing!" said Joe, in the most placid way.

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with increasing diffidence.

"Which?" Him who sent the bank notes, Pip?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Joe, after mediating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I did hear that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction."

"Did you hear anything of his circumstances, Joe?"

"Not particular, Pip."

"If you would like to hear, Joe —" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa, "Look'ee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?" I was ashamed to answer him.

"Very good, then," said Joe, as if I had answered; "that's all right; that's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two such must be for ever unnecessary?"

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're a'most come round, sir."

"It has been memorable time for me, Joe."

"Likeways for myself, sir," Joe returned.

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I know, that I did for a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

"Pip," said Joe, appearing a little hurried and troubled, "there has been larks. And, dear sir, what have been betwixt us have been."

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning.

"Yes, dear Joe, quite."

"And are always a-getting stronger, old chap?"

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a husky voice, "Good night!"

I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet. I hurried then to the breakfast-table, and on it found a letter. These were its brief contents.

Not wishful to intrude I have departed, for you are well again, Dear Pip and will do better without Joe P.S. ever the best friends.

Enclosed in the letter was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my creditor had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed Joe's having paid the money; but Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

What remained for me now, but to follow him to the dear old forge, and to relieve my mind and heart.

I would go to Biddy. I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back. I would tell her how I had lost all I once hoped for, that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then, I would say to her, "Biddy, I think you once liked me very well, when my errant heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like only half as well

once more, if you can take me with all your faults and disappointments on my head, if you can receive me like a forgiven child, I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was not much, but a little. And, Biddy, it shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me which I set aside when I was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you." Such was my purpose.

### Chapter Thirty-Nine

*Back at the forge: Biddy and Joe and Pip's plan to leave England.*

The tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall, had got down to my native place and its neighbourhood before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar's demeanour. Whereas the Boar had cultivated my good opinion with warm assiduity when I was coming into property, the Boar was exceedingly cool on the subject now that I was going out of property.

It was evening when I arrived, much fatigued by the journey I had so often made so easily. The Boar could not put me into my usual bedroom, which was engaged (probably by some one who had expectations), and could only assign me a very indifferent chamber among the pigeons and post-chaises up the yard. But I had as sound a sleep in that lodging as in the most superior accommodation the Boar could have given me, and the quality of my dreams was about the same as in the best bedroom.

Early in the morning while my breakfast was getting ready, I strolled round by Satis House. There were printed bills on the gate and on bits of carpet hanging out of the windows, announcing a sale by auction of the household furniture and effects, next week. The house itself was to be sold as old building materials, and pulled down.

When I got back to my breakfast in the Boar's coffee-room, I found Mr. Pumblechook conversing with the landlord. He was waiting for me, and addressed me in the following terms.

"Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected!" As he extended his hand with a magnificently forgiving air, and as I was broken by illness and unfit to quarrel, I took it.

It was pleasanter to turn to Biddy and to Joe. I went towards them slowly, for my limbs were weak, but with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them.

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, and I thought all that countryside more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet.

The school-house where Biddy was mistress, I had never seen, but the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake, took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Biddy's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her, busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated.

But the forge was a very short distance off, and I went towards it under the sweet green times, listening for the clink of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chestnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen, but the clonk of Joe's hammer was not in the midsummer wind.

Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up, and still,

But the house was not deserted, and the best parlour seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly towards it; meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Biddy stood before me, arm in arm.

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she because I looked so worn and white.

"But, dear Biddy, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear Pip."

"And Joe, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear old Pip, old chap."

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then —

"It's my wedding-day," cried Biddy, in a burst of happiness, "and I am married to Joe!" They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had laid my head down on the old meal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder.

"Which he wasn't strong enough, my dear, for to be surprised," said Joe.

And Biddy said, "I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy."

They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete! My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips.

"Dear Biddy," said I, "you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have; but no, you couldn't love him better than you do."

"No, I couldn't indeed." Said Biddy.

"And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as ever you deserve to be, dear, good, noble Joe!" Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and put his sleeve before his eyes.

"And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill-repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over, I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!" They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

"But I must say more, Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney-corner, of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honoured you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did."

"I ain't a-going," said Joe, from behind his sleeve, "to tell him nothing of that nature, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't"

I sold all I had and put aside as much as I could for my creditors — who gave me ample time to pay them in full — and I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month, I had quitted England, and with two months I was clerk to Clarriker & Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. For the beam across the parlour ceiling at Mill Pond Bank had then ceased to tremble under Clara's father's growls and was at peace, and Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern branch until he brought her back.

Many a year went round, before I was partner in the house; but I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. It was not until I became third in the firm that Clarriker betrayed me to Herbert; but he then declared that the secret of Herbert's partnership had been long enough upon his conscience, and he must tell it. So, he told it, and Herbert was as much moved as amazed, and the dear fellow and I were not the worse friends for the long concealment, I must not leave it to be supposed that we were ever a great house, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits, and did very well.

## Chapter Forty

*Home again, eleven years later: A new Pip, a new Estella.*

For eleven years I had not seen Joe or Biddy with my bodily eyes — though they had both been often before my fancy in the East — when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and I looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever, though a little grey, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire, was — I again!

"Give him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side (but I did not rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do."

I thought so, too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the churchyard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, Late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana Wife of the Above.

"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."

"No, no," said Biddy gently. "You must marry."

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding ring that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"

Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words that I secretly intended to revisit the sight of the old house that evening alone, for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella's sake!

I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for anything I knew, she was married again.

The early dinner-hour at Joe's left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But what with loitering on the way to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But the stars were shining beyond the most, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden-walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out: "Estella!"

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it I had seen before; what I had never seen before was the saddened, softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

"I have never been here since."

"Nor I."

"And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still."

"Still."

"And doing well, I am sure?"

"Yes, I am doing well!"

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

"Have you?"

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth."

"You have always held your place in *my* heart," I answered.

And we were silent again until she spoke.

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

"But you said to me," returned Estella very earnestly, "God bless you, God forgive you!" And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now. I have been bent and broken, but I hope into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.

— THE END —

### Questions:

Before answering these questions, refer to notes on theme, plot, characterisation, and point of view in Intermediate English Book-I for Class XI.

1. What is the theme of the novel, *Great Expectations*?
2. Write a comprehensive note on the character of Pip.
3. Write a comprehensive note on the character of Joe.
4. Write a comprehensive note on the character of Estella.
5. Write a comprehensive note on the character of Miss. Havisham.
6. Write short notes on the minor characters: Pip's sister; Biddy; Herbert; Jaggers; Megawitch; and Pumblechook
7. Who is your favourite character? Give reasons.
8. Who is the narrator of the novel?
9. Write a summary of the Novel.
10. Write a note on the most interesting or romantic scene in the novel.



*... I saw no shadow of another  
parting from her.*



## NOTES

### *Great Expectations*

#### **Charles Dickens (1812 - 1870)**

Charles Dickens is much loved for his great contribution to classical English literature. He is the most typical representative Victorian author: his epic stories, vivid characters and exhaustive depiction of contemporary life are unforgettable.

His own story is one of rags to riches. He was born in Portsmouth on February 7, 1812, to John and Elizabeth Dickens. The good fortune of being sent to school at the age of nine was short-lived because his father, inspiration for the character of Mr Micawber in *David Copperfield*, was imprisoned for bad debt. The entire family, apart from Charles, were sent to Marshalsea along with their patriarch. Charles was sent to work in Warren's blacking factory and endured appalling conditions as well as loneliness and despair. After three years he was returned to school but the experience was never forgotten and became fictionalised in two of his better-known novels *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*.

Like many others, he began his literary career as a journalist. His own father became a reporter and Charles began with *The Mirror of Parliament* and *The True Sun*. Then in 1833 he became parliamentary journalist for *The Morning Chronicle*. With new contacts in the press he was able to publish a series of sketches under the pseudonym 'Boz'. In April 1836, he married Catherine Hogarth, daughter of George Hogarth who edited *Sketches by Boz*. Within the same month came the publication of the highly successful *Pickwick Papers*, and from that point on there was no looking back.

As well as a huge list of novels he published autobiography, edited weekly periodicals including *Household Words* and *All Year Round*, wrote travel books and administered charitable organisations. He was also a theatre enthusiast, wrote plays and performed before Queen Victoria in 1851. His energy was inexhaustible and he spent much time abroad - for example lecturing against slavery in the United States and touring Italy with companions Augustus Egg and Wilkie Collins, a contemporary writer who inspired Dickens' final unfinished novel *Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

He was estranged from his wife in 1858 after the birth of their ten children, maintained relations with his mistress, the actress Ellen Ternan and died of a stroke in 1870. He is buried at Westminster Abbey.

## Great Expectations

Studying any work at school or for an exam can make it seem boring. Dickens uses language we find off-putting: his vocabulary often seems unfamiliar to modern readers, and his sentences often long and complex.

Dickens is a great lover of verbal irony: he uses words in such a way that he seems to be saying the opposite of what he really means; he expects the reader to understand this from the tone or the details of the immediate context (what comes before and/or after a word or passage, to help us understand its meaning).

Dickens also loves caricature (extreme exaggeration for comic or grotesque effects): the peculiarities of his characters are often amplified for comic purposes; if we do not understand this, we will miss much of his humour. At a deep level, Dickens is very serious about his subjects, but on the surface, he is often ironical, sarcastic or whimsical. What is good about Dickens is his all-round strength:

- there is a huge range of characters, all well-drawn;
- places and other details are described vividly where necessary to the story and omitted where irrelevant;
- dialogue is lively and varied (though prone to comic exaggeration);
- mood and atmosphere are convincingly conveyed, while
- the plotting of the novels is faultless.

### Ways into Great Expectations

Once you have read through the novel (you may need published notes to help you, but these may slow you down, and you should read as quickly as you can), you should identify subjects for study. We can arrange these in categories.

- One would be characters and their relationships. In this novel many of the characters are best considered in pairs, as they resemble or are mirror images of others. Try and arrange them into pairs or small groups.
- Another category is themes. Themes are important ideas, which recur through the novel; often they are connected with particular characters. What, in your view, are the important ideas in this novel?
- The third category is perhaps the hardest of the three to consider: this is the author's technique, how the story is told. Technique includes:
  - the plot and structure;
  - the style of narrative and dialogue;
  - the viewpoint of the narrative;
  - symbolism and imagery, and
  - other decorative or "poetic" features.

You will see from this, that there are special words used for writing about literature. The best critical writing is simple and natural; in your work, you should not try to write complex or long-winded commentaries. But certain key words (like plot or symbolism) cannot be avoided, as they are the only standard names for the ideas they express. You should always ask your teacher to explain any such words that you do not understand. You can't learn maths, science or music by guessing which words stand for which ideas, and the same is true of the study of literature!

What many examiners dislike is anything that looks like retelling of the story, without comment. On the other hand selected details from the story may be written about, so long as they are used to support your comment. In fact, interpretation of the text must be supported by evidence. Where possible, you should give the chapter number from which the evidence is taken. Do not write at great length about the first few chapters of any novel, and then leave out reference to the later parts of the text. You must show that you know your way around the whole of any novel.

## Themes and motifs

There is great unity in this novel: it is principally about guilt and shame, and these ideas are reinforced in many ways. Pip is made to feel guilty for being a child, yet has genuine cause for guilt in his dealings with Magwitch. Pip feels shame at his lowly origin and pride in his sudden rise in fortunes; he continually contrasts the elegant lady, Estella, with the disgusting felon (criminal), Magwitch, while chance occurrences (the two convicts on the coach, say) reinforce such thoughts. It is central to his understanding of Magwitch's essential goodness, and his reconciliation with him, that Pip sees the common humanity of Estella and her convict father. To idealize Estella and demonize Magwitch is seen as an error of which Pip must repent. His acceptance of Magwitch marks his redemption in the reader's eyes. Pip's shame at his origins fuels his desire to be a "gentleman", and the novel is very much about what makes a gentleman. Other motifs (recurring images) arise out of the novel's setting: the river as a metaphor for human experience, and the mists which descend or are rising at various points in Pip's story.

## Pip's guilt

Dickens convincingly depicts the oppressive sense with which guilt can lie on the young mind. Pip is repeatedly told by his elders that he lacks gratitude (for them that "brought him up by hand") and that the young are "naturally vicious". The child senses the injustice of such views but is denied opportunity to dispute it, as is Joe, who correctly sees that defending Pip leads to his harsher treatment. When Magwitch forces Pip to steal from the forge, Pip believes he is guilty of a serious crime, but is unable to confide in Joe, as he fears (wrongly) that he will lose Joe's love. Magwitch's "confession" to the theft and Pumblechook's ridiculous "explanation" of it further compound Pip's dilemma. In the novel's third chapter Pip, in the mist, sees accusers in the phantom finger-post and the

clerical ox, while in the next chapter he sees how remarks about the general wickedness of youth are directed at him; while keenly aware that, as yet, his sister and Pumblechook have no reason to accuse him of vice, he has committed a crime which must at any moment be discovered.

At this stage in the novel, the reader's disapproval of the smug diners is balanced against sympathy for the "poor wretches" on the marshes articulated by Pip's "pitying young fancy" no less than by Joe's kindness to a "poor miserable fellow-creature". On a frosty night Pip thinks how awful it would be for a man "lying out on the marshes" and seeing "no help or pity" in the stars. When Mrs. Joe prepares Pip for his visit to town, he likens himself to a "penitent in sackcloth", "trussed up" and "delivered over" to Pumblechook, who is compared to a sheriff.

Pip's visit to Satis House leads to his awareness of himself as coarse and common; he is ashamed of the limitations imposed upon him by his social class; the great opportunity of his associating with Miss Havisham has led only to dissatisfaction. The stranger with the file in the Three Jolly Bargemen and the fight with the "pale young gentleman" (Herbert) have only added to Pip's feelings of guilt. In Chapter 14, Pip explains at some length his shame and ingratitude: ironically he is guilty (as regards Joe) of the very sin of which hitherto Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe have falsely accused him. Pip's half-holiday visit to Miss Havisham gives Orlick the motive and opportunity for his attack on Mrs. Joe; while Pip's earlier meeting with Magwitch provides the weapon.

Pip, his "head full of George Barnwell" at first thinks himself to be guilty; later he correctly guesses that Orlick is the assailant, but is still troubled by having provided the weapon, "however undesignedly", and contemplates confessing all to Joe, but never does so.

Pip becomes wrongly ashamed of his home and occupation and desperate to rise socially, but knows this to be impossible. Biddy wisely questions his motives but Pip, while aware of his inconsistency, cannot take her good advice, retreating into a fantasy of Miss Havisham's making his fortune. The discovery of his "great expectations" and the unusual secrecy of his patron lead Pip into an error of which neither Miss Havisham nor Mr. Jaggers cares at first to undeceive him. He becomes proud, patronizes Biddy and considers ways to make Joe a suitable companion. He is anxious to hide Joe from his London companions, though he knows them to be worthless. He is uncomfortable in behaving in this way, but not enough to alter his conduct. In narrating all this, of course, the older, better Pip is filled with shame for his betrayal of Joe.

Pip is proud to take the inherited money (as he thinks) of his adoptive fairy godmother but has a horror of his real benefactor. And yet Magwitch has, by hard work in an honest occupation, earned the wealth to make a gentleman of his "boy". Pip has, in fact, got exactly what he has wished for. When Pip meets Magwitch his snobbish distaste for the

convict (for which Magwitch does not at all blame him) is only slightly restrained by recognition of what the man has risked for him. He does, to his credit, feel it his duty to help Magwitch escape and resigns himself to being his companion.

But it is only as Magwitch lies dying in the prison infirmary that Pip comes to know him and love him. The earlier shame of association with a criminal gives way to a tolerant and sympathetic view not unlike that expressed by Joe, years before, on the marshes. Pip writes critically of the sentencing of "two-and-thirty-men and women" but sympathetically of the prisoners who work as nurses in the infirmary: "malefactors, but not incapable of kindness, GOD be thanked". The understanding of the common humanity of the beloved Estella and the convict has helped Pip to this view, but his addressing him as "Dear Magwitch" is sincere: he petitions the Home Secretary for mercy, he brings him comfort as he dies, and he prays for him as a penitent sinner.

Pip is now fully cured of his snobbery. He resists depending on others, but his illness makes him accept Joe's help and he is not too proud to take the job Herbert offers him. Joe's tact makes him withdraw when Pip is well, but Pip returns to the forge and is happily reconciled to Joe and Biddy. Pip has already suffered for his folly, but years of honest work and contentment with his lot in life are needed to complete his redemption. It is because he has accepted that he may never marry, that he has lost Estella, and that happiness is to be found in the friendship of Herbert and Clara, of Joe and Biddy, that his unexpected reuniting with the also older and humbler Estella is not implausible.

Pip as a child has an exaggerated sense of guilt but enough awareness to doubt Mrs. Joe's, Hubble's and Pumblechook's view of the young. He trusts Joe's judgement, but too soon mistakes Joe's lack of learning for lack of wisdom. His association with Magwitch wrongly troubles him, and his horror of the man is, even more wrongly, exaggerated by his love of Estella. Chance occurrences, always linked in the narrative with Estella, reinforce this sense of guilt (the man with the file, his reappearance later, Orlick's use of the leg-iron, a visit to Newgate and even Wopsle's recitation of the murder of George Barnwell, to say nothing of Jaggers' business and Wemmick's mementoes of crime).

But when Pip goes to London any guilt at his own crime is lost in a snobbish sense of shame at the degraded social status of the convict and the thought of how such association would strike Estella. The Estella of the last chapter might view her paternity without disgust, but there is no hint in the narrative of Pip's telling her of it (as he tells Jaggers and Wemmick). Pip has weak feelings of guilt for his treatment of Joe, but these are sacrificed to his need not to lose face with the "Finches". With the death of Magwitch and Joe's reappearance in the novel the snobbery gives way to an open confident expression of love and gratitude. The ingratitude of which Pumblechook accuses Pip is a fault he is guilty of to Joe. The narrative voice of the thirty-something Pip conceals nothing but shows all of the failings of the younger self.

## Being a gentleman

In the novel we are introduced to two different ideas of what makes a gentleman.

- One idea is that a gentleman is made what he is by his social status or class: this is measured in terms of his understanding of rules of social etiquette (table manners and so on), habits of dress and speech and the standing of his family; of course, wealth is important, too. Even a "poor" gentleman, such as Mr. Pocket employs a number of servants. Early in the novel Pip forms this idea: meeting Estella makes him desperate to be her social equal; at the same time he becomes ashamed of his honest master, and disgusted by the recollection of his dealings with the convict, Magwitch.
- A quite different standard is apparent to the reader from early in the novel, and eventually to Pip: that being a true gentleman is a matter of virtue and honesty, of having a station in life which one can fill with dignity, as Biddy says of Joe.

Dickens, in the novel, exploits the ambiguity (having more than one meaning) of the term gentleman. Then, as now, it would mean someone who behaved in a certain way (truthful, honest, considerate etc.). But it also carried a sense of belonging to a separate class. Gentlemen and women (or gentry) derived their wealth from owning land. This wealth had been kept in families for generations by marrying within their own class. Ordinary people would work as farm-labourers or domestic servants. Trades people formed the middle class and could, by marriage, move into the upper class. Elder sons usually inherited whole estates (to prevent their being broken up); younger sons would go into the army or navy or the church. Daughters would receive a dowry but would only inherit where there was no male child (and not always then; an estate might be "entailed" to the nearest male relation).

By Dickens' time, a new factor had entered this situation, which had hardly changed for centuries: the industrial revolution and foreign trade had enabled men of very humble backgrounds to achieve immense wealth. They might eventually retire, move to a part of the country where they were not known, buy a title, and thus gain entry to the higher social circles. These were the nouveaux riches and might be disapproved by the more "established" families. In Great Expectations we meet no one from the highest social ranks (no aristocrats, for example). Bentley Drummle is from a landed family but is Mr. Drummle (he has no title, though he is "next heir but one to a baronetcy"). We are told in Chapter 25 that Drummle's family is from Somerset, but in Chapter 43 Pip speaks to him of "your Shropshire", and Drummle does not correct him.

It is possible that Pip is deliberately inaccurate (to annoy his rival) but Dickens would certainly be aware of the distance between the two counties. Miss Havisham's fortune comes from the brewery (now disused) at Satis. Herbert notes astutely that brewers, unlike trades people generally, are admitted to the circles of gentility: "I don't know why

it should be a crack thing to be a brewer; but...while you cannot possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day". And while a gentleman "may not keep a public house" (a pub or inn) yet "a public house may keep a gentleman." This explanation both accounts for Miss Havisham's (and thus Estella's) social standing and provides comment on the illogicality of Victorian notions of gentility. Magwitch's crude idea of buying the position of gentleman would seem initially absurd to Dickens' contemporary readers; and yet money has bought status for Estella (acceptable because her criminal parents are not known).

There is a paradox here: Miss Havisham with money for which she has not worked can do what is impossible for Magwitch's honestly gained wealth. The only other genteel characters we meet in the novel are the Pockets, who are related to Miss Havisham, Startop and Jaggers (Jaggers has worked his way up in society by his skill in the law). Jaggers keeps a fairly modest establishment; he is an attorney (solicitor) and cannot plead (represent people) in the higher courts (see Chapter 48). He is unlike most gentlemen in working (hard) to keep up his position in society.

Dress and speech are two things that mark a person's social class. Among the first things Estella says in the novel is her reproach of Pip for speaking of "Jacks" rather than "knaves" (this refers to playing cards - in modern English Pip's term jack is the more common, though we meet the Knave of Hearts as a stealer of tarts in nursery rhyme). Pip is conscious of his own dress in visiting Satis House; he repeatedly remarks that Joe looks well in his working-clothes, but in his "best" resembles a scarecrow. When Pip begins his elevation (rise) in fortune both Biddy and Joe take to calling him "sir". Pip dislikes this, but they would feel uneasy not to use formal terms to one of Pip's new station. When Magwitch returns, Pip finds it impossible to disguise him effectively: whatever he wears, he retains the bearing and actions of a convict.

Against this we can set Pip and Estella who do manage the transition from one class to another successfully. Though Estella's status as Miss Havisham's ward is known, her adoption in infancy seems to silence guesses about her origins. Even as a child she seems a perfect lady, as she has the speech and bearing to complement her dress and beauty. Her success is a challenge to those who believe "good breeding" to be essential to a lady or gentleman. The opposite of this is Drummle who is favoured by background but stupid and brutal. Pip is early aware of his uncouth manners, but needs a patient friend such as Herbert to show him how to behave. We see Herbert's excellent blend of gentle humour and patience as he teaches Pip table manners while giving him an account of Miss Havisham's deception and jilting.

Compeyson has had some advantages ("been to a public boarding-school") but, for reasons we do not know, has resorted to crime as a means to wealth. As a young man (and already married) he deceives Miss Havisham; he is later convicted for circulating counterfeit notes. It is interesting that, according to Herbert, his father claims that

Compeyson is not a gentleman, because "no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was...a true gentleman in manner". Quite clearly, Compeyson is not a gentleman "at heart"; but he does have the outward manners of a gentleman. If Mr. Pocket is referring to such things as table-manners and delicacy of speech, he is wrong, but if he means Compeyson's whole conduct towards others he may be right, and this leads us to considering the second sense in which we come to understand the term "gentleman".

It was obvious even to the most conservative reader in Dickens' own day that social class and virtue did not regularly overlap. This leads to the notion of a gentleman or lady as someone who acts with integrity, who occupies with dignity his or her own proper place in society. Dickens quite clearly approves of social mobility for those, like Pip, who have the means to achieve it. But he recognizes that this is more the exception than the rule. Joe does not want to be a gentleman; he has a craft and a position in the village's society, which "he fills well and with respect". If we consider this second sense of the term, we will see that Dickens arranges characters (this is plausible, because Pip, as narrator, sees them in these terms) according to their integrity or lack of it.

Thus we contrast Joe with the hypocrite Pumblechook; Matthew Pocket with his toady relations; Drummle with Startop or Herbert; Magwitch with Compeyson; the young Biddy with the young Estella, and so on. Dickens does not make the sentimental error of supposing all village people to be simple but good, while those in the town are bad. There is a range of types in both places, from Biddy to Orlick, from Herbert or Wemmick to Compeyson.

Pip wants to be a gentleman so he can win Estella. His thinking of his expectations in romantic terms, with Miss Havisham as fairy godmother, suggests that this is an immature and foolish notion. The ridiculing of Pip by Trabb's boy is just, in a way: although Pip has not snubbed the boy, he has treated Joe and Biddy badly, by staying at the Blue Boar, rather than his old home. At the end of the novel, we believe, Pip has become a true gentleman: he no longer cares for outward pretence, he is reconciled to Joe and Biddy, he has abandoned his romantic delusions and he has worked for his (modest) wealth. His new position he owes to the one virtuous use he made of Magwitch's money (setting up Herbert in business).

The Estella of the final chapter is also a lady in a truer sense than the young snob or the callous heartbreaker of earlier times. Herbert and Biddy are exemplary in their industry, patience, tolerance and good sense (although Herbert is led into extravagance by Pip); while the most virtuous character in the novel, Joe, is the subject of frequent comment by Pip, in regard to his ignorance or rejection of conventions of genteel conduct.

Although Dickens examines issues of social class with seriousness, there is also much humour in the treatment. The convict's quaint notion of "buying" a gentleman as good as any other one is laughable, all the more so because Magwitch almost succeeds (he seems

pleased to find Pip rather snobbish; Chapter 39). The reactions of such as Pumblechook and Trabb to Pip's changing prospects are comic in their extravagance (Pumblechook's continually asking to shake Pip's hand, Trabb's abuse of the boy "morally laid upon his back" by "the stupendous power of money").

The folly of those for whom being a gentleman is a matter of show and outward forms of conduct is perfectly exemplified by the "Finches of the Grove". A ridiculous example of how common sense is defeated by such superficial judgments comes in Chapter 23. Sophia, the Pockets' housemaid, has reported the cook for being drunk and having stolen the butter, to sell it. Although her husband sees this for himself, Mrs. Pocket complains of Sophia as a mischief-maker and defends the cook for having always been "a nice respectful woman" and for having supported Mrs. Pocket's deluded idea of her own value by claiming she "was born to be a Duchess".

## Characters

In the novel we meet a great range of characters. It is not possible to comment at length on all of them, but you should be able to answer questions on the principal characters, and their relationships. Remember to write about a character's depiction in the whole novel (use the plan above). Do not write about the early chapters only.

### Pip

So much has been said about Pip in the sections on themes and the narrative voice, that little more is needed here. Pip is shown both through his own portrayal of his younger self, and in his relationship with others. In outline, he is, at the start of the novel, a kind and intelligent child, who lacks formal learning but is aware of the humbug of Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe. He sees Joe's goodness, but mistakes his simplicity for lack of wisdom. His ambition at this time is to avoid "Tickler" and in due course to become Joe's apprentice. His introduction to Satis House gives him a glimpse of another world, to which he is anxious to gain access socially. Its unattainability is embodied in Estella. He becomes unhappy with his lot and only remains at the forge because Joe is so good to him.

The discovery of his "expectations" seems to give Pip reason for his shame at his origins, and he is swift to place some distance between himself and his home village. He retains his fondness for Joe, but cannot admit it openly, and is embarrassed by Joe in London. Pip confirms his snobbery by keeping a servant and joining the "Finches of the Grove". He exceeds his income and leads the impoverished Herbert into extravagance. His smugness is shattered by the discovery that Magwitch is his patron; he has supposed himself to be part of a grand design, leading to marriage with Estella.

His treatment of Magwitch is at first unpleasant, but he softens as he realizes what the man has risked to see him. He still dislikes him, however. Magwitch's account of his hard life brings more sympathy, and Pip begins to like his "uncle" by degrees. When the man falls ill, this turns to genuine affection, which issues in practical comfort. Pip has become a much better man. He recognizes how ungrateful he has been to Joe and is reconciled to him, first when Joe cares for him in London, and later when he returns to the forge on Joe's wedding-day. Pip atones for his past errors by hard work abroad, but is resigned to a life of bachelorhood: his earlier notion of marrying Biddy would have been a mistake, and he is thankful he did not make the proposal, as Joe would have doubtless given way to Pip. He can only ever marry one person, Estella: without her, he is better single. When she is softened and humbled by her own harsh lessons in life, she may be able to accept him.

The novel's revised and ambiguous ending suggests that Estella and Pip will stay together.

This short outline does little justice to a subtle and complex portrait; we know Pip as fully as we might know many a real person. We also discover how the adult Pip judges his earlier conduct for good or ill. He is an attractive character, but foolish in youth. His honesty as narrator is such that he leaves no stone unturned in presenting the case against himself.

### **Joe Gargery**

While it suits the plot for Pip's protector to be a blacksmith (he has the means to remove the convict's leg-iron) it also seems a fitting occupation for the man Dickens wishes to depict. The job is hard and requires skill, yet no formal learning, so Joe seems a fool to those around him. We forgive the child, Pip, but Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook by turns patronize Joe and ignore him. Miss Havisham, a shrewder judge, seems to see what Joe is really like, in spite of his awkwardness, when she signs Pip's indentures. Joe becomes self-conscious and tongue-tied in unfamiliar surroundings, yet is not without eloquence. This does not appear in his intended epitaph for his father ("Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart"), but in his earlier comment about his hammering and his remark about keeping a pig in Barnard's inn (both quoted above).

Joe appears to be a poor scholar, but Biddy's patience succeeds where Pip has failed, and he learns to read and write. The physical strength of blacksmiths is proverbial (so much so that Pip's rowing tutor almost loses his pupil by saying Pip has the arm of a blacksmith) and Joe conforms perfectly to this idea. Orlick, himself a big man, is knocked down by Joe "as if he had been of no more account than the pale young gentleman", and Pip knows of no-one who could stand up long against Joe, although Joe is not at all

aggressive. In defending (as he thinks) Pip's interests before Jaggers, he becomes menacing but Jaggers swiftly placates him.

But Joe is typically a gentle giant. He does what he can to protect Pip from "Tickler" (the stick with which Mrs. Joe beats Pip), but sees that too much interference will lead to more trouble later. The reader is amused by the picture of Mrs. Joe's constant assaults upon this great man, who never retaliates, for fear of becoming like his bullying father.

Joe's great size is a metaphor for his moral stature. He knows what he can do well in life and does it. He sees what is wrong with Pip's fantasy existence in London long before Pip does. He is always faithful to Pip, but for long allows Pumblechook to take credit due to him. (Pumblechook is, in the composition of the novel, the character most clearly contrasted with Joe, or depicted as his opposite; we note similar structural pairings in Estella and Biddy, Magwitch and Miss Havisham and so on.)

Though Joe (in Chapter 27) tells Pip he will never see him again out of his forge and his working-clothes, he is man enough to go once more to London when Pip is ill and in danger of prison. His money, earned by honest toil, pays off the immediate debt. Joe wants no thanks and is embarrassed when Pip alludes to it: he does not give the matter a second thought, just as there is no question whether he will take time off from his business (and so lose income) to look after his friend. Both the older Pip (who tells the story) and Biddy (at the time of the events narrated) point the reader to Joe's virtues. There are touches of sentimentality in the depiction of this honest, simple but deep character; but they are only touches, and Pip, remember, aware of his earlier ingratitude to Joe, can be excused for indulging them. The portrayal of Joe is convincing and very moving.

### **Magwitch and Miss Havisham**

These two are as far apart socially as can be imagined, and never meet in the course of the novel. From the start they, their worlds, and how he thinks of them are contrasted in his narrative by Pip, yet he often thinks of them together. They are linked in that both are the dupes of Compeyson, and each responds to his cruelty in the same way, adopting a child and trying to influence the child's upbringing.

Of the two, Magwitch would seem much the better as benefactor. Miss Havisham's disappointment in love is great, but her attempt to lay waste all around her is a terrible mistake: she suffers from it more than anyone else, and her power to destroy does not go beyond Satis; more to the point, Compeyson does not deserve such a magnificent gesture, and the desire to be revenged on an entire sex is immoral: Compeyson may not be unique in his treachery, but he is far from typical of all men. Moreover, Estella may cause some suffering but those who love her have not necessarily deserved it. Drummle, the chosen victim, is, as Pip sees, not capable of suffering the pains of true love, while Jaggers fears

Drummle may have more strength for a contest of wills than Estella has. Finally, the corruption of a child to be the agent of this revenge is immoral.

Miss Havisham's injury is great, but her reaction insane and disproportionate. Yet apart from this she seems a clever and civilized woman. She sees through her flatterers, becomes as fond of Pip as she is capable of liking any boy, treats Joe with courtesy, shuts out Pumblechook and helps Herbert financially, while offering help to Pip, which he declines. She realizes early on that Pip thinks her to be his benefactor, and knows enough from Jaggers to let him continue in the delusion. It is his error, but she as an older person might easily put him right; yet it suits her not to do so.

When she is confronted by Pip with the enormity (great wrongness) of her actions she explains but does not seek to excuse her conduct, before asking for his forgiveness. The fire (from which she never fully recovers, as Joe tells Pip; Chapter 57) symbolizes her moral cleansing: it drives out the beetles and spiders and destroys the faded bridal dress which represents (for her as much as for the reader) her imprisonment in the past; now she can ask for the forgiveness, which Pip is more than ready to give her, as his parting gesture shows.

She and Magwitch strike the young Pip as beings from another world. In both cases the characters' strangeness is suggested by bizarre details of dress and appearance, and by their surroundings, Magwitch in the churchyard, Miss Havisham amid her faded wedding finery. Unlike her, Magwitch rapidly vanishes from Pip's life, though he haunts his memory. Magwitch is a simple man, but having at length understood how Compeyson has used him has a simple desire for vengeance. His desire for revenge seems not so much selfish as motivated by an urge to punish the evildoer. Magwitch looks like a brute, as the young Pip notes, and Compeyson's lawyer exploits this when they are tried. He is strong and capable of violence, as Compeyson's scar shows, but he is not habitually violent. Given his background, he is as decent as could be expected; his conduct towards Molly and their child is exemplary. He is too simple to see that he might harm Pip by giving him his "great expectations". Though he wants to hit back at those who have harmed him, he genuinely wants to promote the interests of the child who helped him on the marshes, and reminded him of his lost daughter. Magwitch is happy to see his "gentleman", fearless of his sentence, and finally comforted to know Estella lives.

### **Estella and Biddy**

Apart from Clara, whom Pip does not meet until late in the novel, Biddy and Estella are the only young women Pip seems to know. He considers both as possible partners, but for very different motives. At first, it seems that, in her circumstances and background, Biddy is much the more suitable, but it becomes clear eventually that Estella's experience almost exactly matches Pip's own. Biddy, like Joe, is somewhat idealized. She is also used rather schematically for purposes of contrast with Estella. For much of the novel she almost

serves as the voice of Pip's conscience, and certainly she expresses the reader's view against Pip's false judgements.

Biddy is a village girl, slightly older than Pip, like him an orphan and "brought up by hand". While she lives with her grandmother, she is industrious but unkempt. When she comes to the forge, she quickly becomes clean and tidy. She is presented to the reader as a pretty and obliging girl. For this Pip likes her, but she cannot exercise the power over him of the haughty and distant Estella. "She was not beautiful - she was common and could not be like Estella - but she was pleasant and wholesome." Pip adds that her eyes "were very pretty and very good". As Biddy is literally near to Pip in the house, so she is metaphorically. She begins as his teacher and becomes his confidante. "I shall always tell you everything," says Pip. He asks her advice concerning Estella and being a gentleman, and considers how he "might even have grown up to keep company" with her. It does not occur to him that Biddy might love him, nor that he is patronizing her.

Though she is "not over-particular" for herself, she does stand up for Joe, when Pip suggests a scheme for his education and "improvement". Biddy is remarkable for her ability to learn everything - a virtue arising from her disadvantaged start in life. As well as acquiring housekeeping skills and basic literacy, she is "theoretically as good a blacksmith" as Pip in his apprenticeship. When she comes to the forge, she quickly alters its domestic character. She is a tender nurse for Mrs. Joe, whose death, though it at first takes her from the forge (a single woman could not live alone with a man to whom she is not married), ultimately enables her to marry Joe.

Biddy makes good use of every opportunity to better herself, and achieves a typical and respectable progress, rising from the ragged orphan we first meet, to an educated woman, village schoolmistress, model housewife and mother, married to a respectable craftsman of reasonable means. This would be as much as any woman of the village could reasonably hope for, and Biddy is more than happy with her lot. Her ambitions are modest, but she achieves them; they are contrasted with the impossible longings of Pip.

Biddy is warm as the forge she makes her home, but Estella is as cold as her adoptive home at Satis. Dickens' educated readers would know the meaning of her name though the young Pip, who knows no Latin, makes the comparison for himself, as her light comes "along the dark passage like a star". Like a star, she is cold and distant; like a star she is a point by which Pip steers the course of his life. She signals her haughtiness in her addressing Pip repeatedly as "boy" and ridiculing his speech and "thick boots". The one show of affection, when she allows Pip to kiss her, is a reward for his knocking down Herbert.

Even Miss Havisham, having brought her up to be proud and insulting, is alarmed by her own creation as she reproaches Estella for being cold to her. When Estella goes to

Richmond, she makes Pip her friend and confidant; she likes him and wishes to spare him the torment she intends for others.

Estella thinks it impossible that she will ever love, and so does not ever entertain the idea of Pip's courtship; as a friend she repeatedly warns him off. We regard a woman without feeling, who torments others, with disapproval, but Estella is not a selfish femme fatale. Her defective emotions are the result of Miss Havisham's cruel experiment. Estella has obeyed her adoptive mother perfectly. And Estella is always honest about herself with Pip. The Estella of the final chapter, chastened by her experience of marriage to Drummle, seems at last prepared to admit Pip to a closer relationship, the course of which is left open to the reader's guesses.

Estella, like the convict, is present to Pip, even when absent (which is much of the time). She is forever in his thoughts, the source of his obsessive desire to be a gentleman. Biddy suggests that she does not deserve Pip's love. In fact, given that she is outwardly cold and haughty, Dickens makes her surprisingly sympathetic; we do not feel that Pip is simply wrong to love her. This is partly due to the fact that she, like Pip, is the victim of another person's grand scheme. It is also partly due to her true origins, which Pip discovers and divulges only to Jaggers and Wemmick: her parents are the lowest of the low, socially, and yet she has risen to the pinnacle of elegant society. The warmth with which Pip tells Magwitch of his lost daughter is surely shared by the reader.

### **Herbert Pocket**

Herbert, like Biddy, is somewhat idealized in Dickens' portrayal. He is, like Biddy, deferential and considerate. When we meet him, he is seeking employment, and "looking about him" for an opening. In this he seems rather ineffectual (perhaps he is not pushy enough) but given the opening in Clarriker's House (note that here Pip becomes the anonymous benefactor) Herbert works with great industry, and fulfils the Victorian dream: a little capital creates a business, trading in the east, which eventually brings moderate wealth to Herbert and to Pip. Herbert's courtship of Clara is a conveniently ideal relationship against which to judge Pip's problems with Estella, and Clara is somewhat of a cliché, with her mild manners and her tyrannical father, who dies at just the right time. Herbert is important to the plot, as a link with Miss Havisham and Pip's past, in his loyally helping Pip with Magwitch, and in his rescuing Pip from Orlick. In London he becomes Pip's intimate confidant, as Biddy has been hitherto.

# *Great Expectations*

## Glossary

Words	Meanings
aberration (n)	deviation from what is normal, expected or usual; departure from truth, morality; a lapse in control of one's mental faculties
absolve (v)	to pronounce not guilty; acquit
accosted (v)	to approach, stop and speak to a person
acquittal (n)	a discharge, release from a crime, obligation; found not guilty
allude to (v)	to refer indirectly, briefly, or implicitly
allusion (n)	a passing reference or mention
anvil (n)	a heavy iron or steel block on which metals are hammered
anxiety (n)	a state of uneasiness or tension caused by apprehension, fear
apparition (n)	an appearance of esp. of ghost or ghost-like figure
appertaining to (v)	to belong to as a part, function or right
appreciative (n)	feeling, expression, or expressive of thanks, gratitude
apprenticed (adj)	binding a beginner as an apprentice to a skilled person
astride (adj)	standing with the legs far apart
asunder (adv, adj)	in or into parts or pieces
audacious (adj)	recklessly bold or daring; fearless
battery (n)	a mound of earth
bawling (v)	shouting loudly as in anger
beggared (v)	to win all the cards in a card game, beggar-my-neighbour
what the blue blazes (p)	slang for 'what the hell'
blusterous (adj)	speaking loudly or boastfully; boisterous
briars (n)	a thorny shrub
chaise-cart (n)	a light open horse-drawn carriage
Christened (adj))	baptised; given a Christian name
clustered (adj)	grown, fastened or occurring close together; grouped together
cogitation (n)	deep thinking; pondering
committal (n)	referral of a criminal to the court of law
composure (n)	calmness (esp. of the mind); tranquillity, serenity
confounded (adj)	confused or mixed-up
conjectures (n)	guesses; inferences; conclusions (based on incomplete evidence)
contraction (n)	shortening or tensing of a apart or organ
convict (n)	(with stress on 1 <sup>st</sup> syllable) a person found guilty of an offence
corn-chandler (n)	a corn merchant or dealer
corny (adj)	full of corn; abounding in corn
countenance (n)	the face, esp. when considered as expressing mood or expression
credentials (n)	(pl) a letter or certificate of a bearer's identity or competence
crouching (v)	hiding with limbs pulled up close together
depreciation (n)	the reduction in value of a fixed asset due to use, etc.
desolate (adj)	uninhabited, deserted
desperation (n)	anxiety, despair, worry, sorrow

despised (adj)	hated; scorned
devouring (adj)	voracious, avid, earnest, impatient
discomfiture (n)	uneasiness, confusion, frustration
discrepancy (n)	a conflict or variation a between facts, figures, or claims
disdain (n)	dislike, contempt, scorn
divulged (v)	disclose a secret or something private
dram (n)	one sixteenth of an ounce (1.8 gram)
drudging (v)	working hard at wearisome menial tasks
dumbfounded (adj)	struck dumb with astonishment; amazed
dwindled (v)	passed, declined,
eddy-chafed	made sore or worn by water current
eloquence (n)	ease in using language to best effect; powerful/effective language
eluded (v)	escape or avoid; dodge or duck; escape
emphatically (adv)	forcefully; categorically
engender (v)	to bring about or give rise to; produce or cause
entreatingly (adv)	imploringly; earnestly; appealingly
erudition (n)	scholarship; knowledge; learning
execution (n)	carrying out; implementation; operation
expatriated (v)	exiled or banished from one's native country
explicit (adj)	precisely and clearly expressed;
extricate (v)	to get free from complication difficulty; disentangle
fain (adv)	compelled; obliged; restrained
farinaceous (adj)	starchy; having a mealy (powdery) texture or appearance
fawners (n)	those who try to please by extreme friendliness/fondness
felony(n)	a serious crime, such as, murder or arson
file (n)	a hand tool with rough surface used for smoothing metal/wood
forfeiture (n)	payment as a penalty; property confiscated by law as a penalty
forge (n)	a place where metal is worked by heating and hammering
forging (v)	the act of forgery; reproducing something for deceitful purpose
fugitive (n)	an escapee, runaway, from the law
galley (n)	a long rowing boat
ghastly (adj)	bad or unpleasant; terrifying or horrible
Gothic (adj)	12 <sup>th</sup> to 16 <sup>th</sup> centuries Western European style of architecture
groping (v)	to feel or search about uncertainly with the hands as in the dark
grovelling (adj)	taking pleasure out of someone's misfortune/troubles
growled (v)	to utter (words) in a gruff or angry manner
gypsies (n)	wanderers, nomads
haggard (adj)	careworn or gaunt or ghastly as from anxiety, sleeplessness
harassed (adj)	troubled, tormented or confused
haunting (adj)	visit frequently, persistently
hulker (n)	a large ungainly, clumsy, person or a thing
idolize (v)	worship, admire as an idol
impending (adj)	something about to happen; imminent
incoherently (adv)	lacking in clarity or organisation; inconsistently
indentures (n)	(often pl) a contract between an apprentice and his master
insolent (adj)	offensive, impudent or disrespectful

insolently (adv)	offensively, impudently, or disrespectfully
larceny (n)	( <i>law</i> ) a technical word for theft
latch (n)	the bar that is used to fasten or lock a gate or door
limekiln (n)	a kiln in which quicklime is produced
livid (adj)	discoloured as from bruises
loiter (v)	to walk, stand, or act aimlessly or idly
ludicrous (adj)	absurd or incongruous; ridiculous, provoking laughter
lure (v)	to allure, tempt, attract, or entice
malignant (adj)	having or showing desire to harm others; hurtful, vicious
manacle (n)	a shackle, handcuff, or fetter
manifest (adj)	easily noticed or perceived; obvious, plain, clear
manifested (v)	revealed or displayed clearly
marshes (n)	low, poorly drained land at the edge of lakes; a swamp
mauled (adj)	abused; handled roughly; lacerated
meditatively (adv)	reflectively; contemplatively
mildewed (adj)	related to fungus; mould
misdemeanour (n)	any minor offence or transgression (less serious than felony)
mollified (adj)	soothing, pacifying
morose (adj)	ill-tempered; gloomy or depressed
mottled (adj)	of different shades of colour
mumbling (v)	to use ineffectually or with difficulty (of hands, words, etc.)
musket (n)	a long-barrelled, muzzle-loading shoulder gun (16 <sup>th</sup> to 18 <sup>th</sup> C)
narrative (n)	an account, report, story as of events or experiences, etc.
nettles (n)	a weedy plant with stinging hairs or spikes
nightmare (n)	a terrifying and deeply distressing dream or event
obstinate (adj)	adhering fixedly to a particular opinion, attitude; headstrong
oracle (n)	a prophecy, often obscure and allegorical; prediction; revelation
oration (n)	a rhetorical public speech
pardoner (n)	a person licensed to sell papal pardons or indulgences
parenthetical (adj)	an explanatory or qualifying phrase inserted in parenthesis
Parish (n)	a subdivision of a diocese with its own church and a clergyman
parlour (n)	a small room for guests in an inn or shop
patronizing (adj)	having a superior manner; condescending; snobbish
phantom (n)	a spectre; something unpleasant or horrific without material form
physiognomy (n)	a person's features or characteristic expression; personality
pitchy (adj)	dark undulating or wavy
plotters (n)	those who plan secretly to achieve an illegal purpose
portable (adj)	something that can be carried easily with hands
portmanteau (n)	a stiff leather suitcase, usually with two compartments
prancing (v)	to caper, strut, or dance about
prolix (adj)	long-winded, boring (speech or writing)
remonstrated (v)	to argue in protest; to object, dissent, or complain
remorse (n)	a sense of deep regret or guilt for some misdeed
repented (v)	to feel remorse for some misdeed
repugnance (n)	repellent to the senses; disgusting, distasteful or offensive
revelation (n)	the act or process of disclosing something previously unknown

ruminations (n)	brooding, meditation or contemplation
scarecrow (n)	a person or thing that appears frightening but is not so
settee (n)	a seat with a back and arms
shirked (v)	avoid, dodge, or duck; (also to avoid discharging work or duty)
shoeing-stool	a stool used to hammer horse-shoes
singed (adj)	burned superficially
slouched (v)	to droop, slump, or stoop
sluice-keeper (n)	a person who operate the sluicegate to control flow of water
speculated (v)	to buy or sell securities, property etc. in the hope to gain capital
speculations (n)	the act or instance of conjecture or supposition
spires (n)	a tall structure that tapers upward; a steeple
staid (adj)	grave, quiet, solemn; also of character, settled, steady, composed
stammer (v)	to speak in a hesitant way due to speech disorder or fear
steamer (n)	a boat or ship driven by steam engines
stifled (v)	to smother, suppress, muffle, hush or silence
stipulated (v)	to specify as a condition of an agreement
stipulations (n)	a contract in form of question and answer; conditions
stratagem (n)	a plan or trick to achieve something (usually to deceive enemy)
suffocating (v, adj)	to breathe with difficulty; uncomfortable, nauseating
sullen (adj)	unwilling to talk or be sociable; morose, gloomy, sluggish
superciliously (adv)	arrogantly, scornfully, or indifferently
susceptibility (n)	the trait of being easily impressed; vulnerability
swindler (n)	he who cheats others of their money; a fraudulent person
swindling (n)	the act of cheating others
tag and rag and bobtail	criminals and crooks
tarnished (v)	to lose or cause to lose the shine; stained or become stained
tenement (n)	a large building divided into separate flats
tombstone (n)	gravestone used to identify a grave
Tramping (v)	to wander about as a vagabond
tranquil (adj)	calm, peaceful, quiet
trot (v)	to move at a trot (the gait of a horse)
turnpike (n)	a tollgate or toll plaza
vanquished (v)	to defeat or overcome in a battle, argument or debate; to frustrate
veal-cutlets (n)	cutlets made of calf flesh
vestige (n)	a small trace, mark or amount
vicariously (adv)	imaginary sharing in another's experience
visionary (adj, n)	marked by vision or foresight; a person capable of foresight
waggoner (n)	a person who drives a wagon
war-mint (n)	varmint or varmint; a troublesome person; a vermin'; worthless
wavered (v)	to be irresolute; to fluctuate; to hesitate; be unable to decide
whisked (v)	to brush, sweep, or wipe off lightly
wittles (n)	<i>slang</i> for victuals; food or provisions
wrenching (v)	to remove something suddenly and violently

## *The Writers and Editor*

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Dr. Mujib Rahman is Professor at the Department of English and Applied Linguistics, the University of Peshawar. He received his Ph.D in Applied Linguistics from the University of Edinburgh, UK. Linguistics is the scientific study of language, its structure and use. Applied Linguistics is that branch of linguistics that seeks to solve pedagogical problems by bringing into the language learning situation (such as the language, classroom) implications and applications of, and insights gained from, theoretical and descriptive linguistics. Hence, the applied linguist mediates between the theoretical linguist and the language teacher.

Dr. Rahman has served as Head of the Department two times (1996–1999; 2001–2004). He has also successfully supervised two Ph.D scholars, the first ever Ph.D degrees in English awarded by the University of Peshawar. He is equally interested in English Literature and Linguistics.

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